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Commencement Number

Address by the Rev. John M. Vander Meulen, D.D., LL. D.

“The Burning Heart”

Fellowships and Prizes

Alumni Notes

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Vol. XXI

PRINCETON, N. J., May, 1927

No. 1

The One Hundred and Fifteenth Commencement

The Alumni gathered in large numbers for the One Hundred and Fifteenth Commencement. Some four hundred and twenty-five men sat down to the Alumni luncheon in the University Gymnasium and about two hundred and twenty-five ladies partook of luncheon in the Gymnasium of the Seminary.

On Sunday President Stevenson preached the Baccalaureate Sermon in Miller Chapel, taking as his text II Corinthians, 9:8. The Lord's Supper was observed as part of the service. The singing by the double quartette of Seminary students was a feature of the service. This quartette has received careful training as a Seminary choir under the direction of Mr. Raymond E. Rudy. On Sunday afternoon the graduating class held a fellowship meeting at President Stevenson's home.

In the evening a union service of the Seminary, the First and the Second Presbyterian Churches, was held in the Second Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Minot C. Morgan, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, was the preacher. The Seminary choir rendered a number of selections.

The Board of Directors held its usual spring meeting on Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning. On Monday afternoon President and Mrs. Stevenson received at "Springdale" the graduating class, returning Alumni and friends of the Seminary. In the evening a number of classes held reunions and several of the clubs of the Seminary assembled their Alumni at dinners.

The Commencement services were held on Tuesday, May 10th, in the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Maitland Alexander, D. D., LL. D., President of the Board of Directors, presided. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D. D., LL. D. Music was furnished by the Seminary choir. The Rev. John M. Vander Meulen, D. D., LL. D., President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Kentucky, delivered the Commencement Address on "The Burning Heart," which forms an article in this issue of the Bulletin.

After the conferring of degrees and announcement of fellowships and prizes, the President of the Seminary addressed the graduating class. His address consisted wholly of passages of Scripture and formed an appropriate message.

W. Van't Hof, Pastor, Reformed Church, Mariners Harbor, S. I., N. Y.

W. Van Peurse, further study.

D. K. West, Assistant, Second Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo.

F. R. Williams, further study.

C. J. Woodbridge, further study.

The Burning Heart

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS DELIVERED
BY THE REV. JOHN M. VANDER MEULEN,
D. D., LL. D.

Young Brethren, I want to congratulate you on your choice of the ministry as a calling. It is to your credit that you have done this in a materialistic age when perhaps more lucrative opportunities were alluring. Some one, the other day, asked a little newsboy who was lustily shouting his ware, "Sonny, what do you pay for those papers?" "Three cents a piece," said the boy. "And what do you get for them?" "Three cents a piece." "Then what do you get out of it?" was the astonished question. "A chance to holler," proudly replied the boy.

Well, that is about all you may get out of it financially. But in a great and glorious sense. And I congratulate you, unless you will always be whining about that and so "have your reward."

For you have gained infinitely more than you have lost and that in many ways. When I had graduated from college I was not sure whether I wanted to be a lawyer or a preacher. My mother had often said she thought I would make a good lawyer. She judged so from the interminable and useless questions I could ask, "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial." So I thought there might be something in her contention and on graduating from college I went off to teach for two years in a county seat where I could hear the lawyers and so decide this question of my vocation. I listened to them for two years and then decided to choose the ministry.

I might have done it on the principle of the man who had a poem to read for an alumni banquet. So to make sure he would have a good one, he wrote two poems and then asked a friend to decide which one of the two he should read. He read the first poem to his friend and his friend said: "Give them the

other one." "Oh, but," replied the poet alumnus, "you have not heard the other one yet." "It isn't necessary," replied the friend, "give them the other one."

So I am congratulating you and not in any sense pitying you for your choice of the Gospel ministry as a calling. You have gained so much even in minor ways, the opportunities for intellectual development, and for the formation of great friendships, and for real enjoyment. And rising always above all is the supreme and thrilling privilege of preaching to sinful men such a Gospel!

Now what I am concerned about in my message to you this hour is that you shall have the passion for preaching, that you shall have a burning heart.

All the great preachers of the Church, from Paul on through the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, the fiery Savonarola, the dramatic Whitefield, the massive Beecher, the loving Moody, have been impassioned preachers.

Most educated folk, I fear, have no great ambition for a burning heart. They are proud of the reputation of having a well-stocked mind, a balanced judgment, a keen insight and a firm will. Many of them would secretly even like to be thought of as possessed of that cynicism, which ex-Secretary Hughes has recently called "the corrupting luxury of educated minds." But, as a matter of fact, many good people, even many Christian people, would regard it as a little bizarre, something not quite within the bounds of conventional respectability, to be possessed of a burning heart.

But the truth of the matter is that it is just the lack of this and this only which stands between most of us and the living of a really great life. "Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world," writes Emerson, "is the triumph of some enthusiasm." A man can live a highly respectable life without that. But he cannot live a great and thrilling life without that.

It is certainly not least true of the preacher. Jesus thus once characterized the greatest preacher of that day: "He was a burning and a shining light." And Jesus put the burning before the shining.

And how was it that "the twelve," whom He Himself had trained, turned the world upside down? It was because tongues of flame had come upon them. It was because both before

the resurrection and after they had been baptized with fire. It was because of their flaming hearts. Take that away from Martin or Wesley or Luther or even Paul and they would be as common men.

Oh yes, I know that the message of the Gospel is a unique, because supernatural one. But what is still needed is force enough to burn it into the hard hearts of men. It is wonderful how a man of even common intellectual parts may do that if the great passion is in him. They used to tell me in Oklahoma that a cyclone would often drive a wooden splinter through a stone wall. Anaemic tapping will not drive a steel stiletto through a sheet of paper. "Give me only fire enough," said Bernard Palissy, "and I will burn these colors into this china." They laughed at him but he did it.

You young men are going forth to preach the one supreme message of God to men. You are going from these halls with illuminated intellects. I wish that I might believe you are going likewise with impassioned hearts. Alas! I fear that in all our seminaries, my own as well as yours, we succeed better in imparting light than heat. We have not yet learned or we have forgotten—let us confess it with shame—the secret of Christ in His training of the twelve.

So what I want to say to you is that if you have not yet found it, it is for you to seek the great passion, the passion for preaching. You must acquire a burning heart. For consider:

I. THE NEED OF THE AGE FOR IT.

As I look at decent modern society, there are three characteristics of this age that impress me.

1. The first is that its moral and religious colors are so neutral. They seem all to be drabs and duns and grays.

There is a story of an Irishman who went rowing on the Hudson River with a Jew. The Jew fell overboard. And this was the Irishman's account of it: "The Jew came up and cried, 'Help! Help!' So I said to him, 'Do yez belave in the Christian Religion?' He said, 'No,' and I ducked him. He came up again and cried, 'Help! Help!' and I said, 'Do yez belave in the Christian Religion?' He said, 'No,' so I ducked him agin. He came up for the third time and cried, 'Help! Help!' So I caught him by his black hair and I looked him in the eye and I said, 'Do yez belave in the

Christian Religion now?' And he said, 'Yis!' So I ducked him agin and he drowned and begorra he died in the faith!"

Now what I like about the Irishman is that religiously he had some coloring. I am not, of course, advocating the reintroduction of the methods of the Inquisition. But there is one thing I admire about the Irishman and that is that morally and religiously he was not neutral. He thought that some things mattered. And the tendency of our age is to think that religiously and even morally nothing matters. Our forefathers, it is said, often made as much of the crotchets as of their principles and were sometimes as willing to die for the one as for the other. I do not justify them in that. But I am thrilled that at least they were willing to die for something and that they thought something mattered. Our age is inclined to neither. And as for being willing to die for too many things that differ and being willing to die for none, I cannot but think the moral superiority lies with the former.

Everywhere about you will find men who regard as alike finicky a difference of opinion on the mode of baptism and the great vital distinction of Christianity centering in the fact that Christ was the incarnate God. Wipe out that difference and the next soon follows, that it does not after all make any difference what a man believes, that it is only life and conduct, ethical life and conduct that count.

And presently you are ready for another step in the devolution from moral and spiritual heterogeneity to moral and spiritual homogeneity, and the standard of morals has become both a purely subjective and elastic thing. Each man is free to decide his own. And finally you have landed flat-footed in the ethics of the barnyard.

Chesterton in his "Tremendous Trifles" tells us of an incident in his student days with a fellow-student whom he calls "The Diabolist." This fellow-student asked Chesterton one day, "Why are you becoming orthodox?" "I am becoming orthodox," replied Chesterton, "because I have come, rightly or wrongly, after stretching my brain till it bursts, to the old belief that heresy is worse even than sin. An error is more menacing than a crime, for an error begets crime. I hate modern doubt because it is dangerous."

"You mean dangerous to morality," replied

the Diabolist in a voice of wonderful sweetness. "I expect you are right, but why do you care about morality?"

They were standing by a bonfire. "That red fire," said Chesterton, "is only the flower (of joy and satisfaction) on a stalk of living habits, which you cannot see. . . . That flame flowered out of virtues, and it will fade with virtues. Seduce a woman and that spark will be less bright. Shed blood and that spark will be less red." The only answer of the Diabolist was: "Perhaps; but shall I not find in evil a life of its own? . . . What you call evil I call good."

Later on that same day, going down a low dark passage, Chesterton overheard one of the vilest students in the college tempting this man to a deed of unspeakable evil and assuring him with the assertion: "Nobody can possibly know." And the Diabolist replied: "I tell you I have done everything else. If I do this I shan't know the difference between right and wrong."

And at that, Chesterton had all he could stand and rushed from the place where a soul was at last passing into the gate of hell.

That is where tolerance when it has become indifference ends.

So what the world needs on the part of its spiritual leaders to-day is tolerance. But that is not now or ever what it needs first or most. It needs first and most and always not endurance in the things that do not matter, but conviction, burning, passionate conviction in the things that do, lest by and by nothing matters any more. Jesus once said that he came not to bring peace but a sword, to set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against her mother and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. Christianity has come to make a world of high lights and deep shadows. In the dark all cats are gray. It is a sign of growing moral darkness, not of dawning light when an age's moral and spiritual colors are drabs and duns and grays. Tolerance of other men is a fine thing and every man must be a gentleman, but it is a fine thing only against the background of a passionate conviction of one's own. When a preacher acquires his tolerance at the expense of his conviction he has paid too awful a price for it, the price of his own soul and that of other men, too.

And this is the first need of the world for passionate preaching to-day.

2. The second religious characteristic of this age is that it is an age of externals in which life is interpreted as mechanical motion.

Youth thinks life is going fast in autos or otherwise; business has become more and more quantitative; psychology is behavioristic. And the demand of religion is that it shall be above all things practical.

The length to which this goes is amusing as well as tragic. A popular author has written a best seller in which in his glib, superficial way he sets forth Jesus himself as a business man, an organizer, a twentieth century advertiser. The suggestive title he chooses for it in *The Man Nobody Knows*, the implication seeming to be that this author has now discovered him and will tell us.

It reminds us of the little girl of whom Slosson writes in one of his essays. She was drawing on a piece of paper. Her mother said to her: "Mary, what are you doing?" "I am drawing a picture of God," was the reply. "Why, Mary," said her mother, "no one knows what God looks like." "They will when I get through with this picture," said Mary.

There is an account of an itinerant Methodist minister of a former day who one day, on one of his journeys, came to the home of a woman over whose piety he was greatly thrilled. For early in the morning ere he had descended to breakfast he heard her singing a good old hymn. "Sister," said he at the breakfast table, "I cannot tell you how it inspired me this morning to hear you so early on this holy Sabbath day praising God in the use of that grand old hymn, 'Nearer, My God to Thee.'" "Law, mister," replied his hostess, "that's the hymn I cook my eggs by, three verses for soft and four for hard."

That was practical religion with a vengeance, the mystic lost in the philanthropist and worship in work.

Moreover, the religious motion of our day is the motion often of machinery rather than of life. This is an age of machines, machines in industry, machines on the streets and in transportation, machines in the homes, machinery in politics, too, and machinery in the church. It is no wonder that, as Dr. Streeter points out, the interpretation of life and the universe which naturalism would like to force on us is mechanico-morphic.

But under the impact of all this behaviorism,

in the roar and speed of all this machinery, under the pressure of this demand for practical religion men are in danger of losing the consciousness of their own souls. Who can help them rediscover themselves? Not the organizer or the go-getter. It must be a man who has not lost his own soul. It must be a man who can speak from soul to soul. It must be a man with a passion for finding souls. What the need demands is passionate preaching.

3. The third characteristic of this age is that it is an age of substitutes.

It is true in many ways and spheres. And it is true in religion. And its most insidious substitute in religion is that it seeks to put the brotherhood of man in the place of sonship to God.

I need not tell you how full this age is of the sentiment, aye, and of the practice, too, of brotherliness and neighborliness. And it would seem invidious not to rejoice in so good a thing save only that it still leaves a Father lonely for his children and children bereft of their Father.

You young men going into the ministry of the Gospel will presently be importuned to enter all sorts of circles, Masonic, Rotarian, what not, where you will find men of all sorts of brands religiously, meeting on a sweet and generous plane of human brotherhood with a great consciousness of moral merit and self-approval because of it. They will want the endorsement of your presence and position not only but the benefit of your gifts. It will be easy in your addresses to them to come down to the plane on which they have met, the friendly and easy, but morally and religiously colorless plane of human brotherhood. And so it will be easy to sin against and to lose your passion.

What I would have you in all these situations to remember is that what the world needs far more to-day even than the sense of human brotherhood is the consciousness of human sonship to God. Men are not brothers unless they have one common father. And they will not long continue to have the feeling of brotherhood if they shall lose the sense of filial obedience to God. This is the first and great commandment.

Now what modern society needs emphatically in a minister to-day is not merely that he shall believe this, but that it shall be a passion with him. In the midst of all sorts of humanitarian

subjects that will be pressed upon him for pulpit treatment, in the midst of all sorts of fraternal occasions where, like the Saviour, he will eat with publicans and sinners high and low, this passion and this alone will enable him, as with a true homing instinct, which it is, to find a quick and straight, though I trust tactful, road from the brotherhood of men to their sonship to God.

I ought to live in true companionship and brotherliness with my human brother, even if he cares nothing about our common Father. But I myself am neither a true brother nor a true son if the one opportunity to which I am ever on the alert be not to find some way to speak a good word about our common Father and try to bring the wanderer, back from his estrangement, home. There is, I fear, not much in my own ministry to which I can point you young men by way of example. But this I would like to urge on you to make it with me our common practice, not to speak on these occasions without somewhere and somehow bringing in a good word for the Divine Redeemer, Christ.

II. THE SECRET OF THIS PASSION.

I have spoken of this Passion as the need of the world. Let me now, in the second place, say a word about the secret of it.

First of all, then, passionate preaching is quite another thing than the passion for preaching. The latter is quite readily found; for a passion for preaching may be only a very common thing, no higher than the natural ambition of a man to make the most of a brilliant talent and do well in his chosen line.

Nor will a man find the secret of passionate preaching in something that he can put on externally either in the way of rhetorical adornment or physical delivery. It does not consist in and is not indicated by any artificial show of earnestness such as doubling his fists or kicking up his heels or pulling off his coat or climbing on top of his pulpit or engaging in any other sort of wild gesticulations. Let a man do all that if he can and must. It may be like the billboard, a good advertisement and attract those who else might not come. But like a billboard, it is purely on the outside and does not touch the matter of a great passion at all. For when a man has done all that, he will probably merit merely what a parishioner wrote of his new minister:

"His gestures amuse and his antics delight us;
He aint like St. Paul but he is like St. Vitus."

Let us remember that fireworks are not fire and are a thin substitute for warming the cold hearts of men.

Nor is the secret of passionate preaching in preaching to a mere fragment of a man's psychology, ranting at his emotions. You and I are in the pulpit to Christianize men's thinking as well as their emotions and their wills. What the doctor needs to remember in his psychology is that he must minister not merely to a sick lung or a sick stomach or a sick liver, but to a sick man. The minister needs to remember that even more. Not from a part to a part, as Phillips Brooks used to insist, but from a total life to a total life comes the revelation of God to man. It is a poor sort of passion that does not make a preacher's own head and that of his hearers think harder as well as their hearts beat faster. You can no more get your message to an intelligent man's heart without first passing it through his reason and imagination than you can put food directly into his stomach without first passing it through his mouth. All nourishment, both physical and spiritual, was intended by God to go into a man by way of his head. No, the secret of passionate preaching cannot be found by merely ranting at the emotions of man.

How then shall a man find the great secret of passionate preaching? Let me suggest three things.

1. The first is Great Brooding.

The birth of a great passion is like the birth of all living things. It must be hatched out, if I may use so homely a term. It must be nourished in silence apart from the haunts and fellowship of men.

I remember an experience of a classmate of mine soon after he had gone into the ministry. He had been a fine scholar here at this Seminary and had won the Fellowship in the Old Testament. But his mind was as yet more receptive than creative and he found it hard to preach. There were, moreover, certain evils in his church that he felt it his duty to tackle but before which he felt helpless.

But presently, in the Providence of God, he was laid off from his pulpit for a few weeks with what, if I remember right, was a contagious disease. He was shut off from the society of his fellows. He had time to think

and pray. He thought of the passion that Chrysostom had grown in seclusion and he, too, determined to brood over the need of human souls and his mission and message to them. The first Sunday he again entered the pulpit, he fairly startled his people with the earnestness and courage of his new found power as he burned his message home to their hearts. He told me about it with all his rare humility, but with a light in his eye not of land or sea. He was never the same man again. He died too early, after a pastorate of less than two years. But his congregation knew that he had become a preacher. Like Girolamo Savonarola, in his seclusion he had found the secret of a great passion.

You young men will perhaps most of you begin your ministry in some quiet, secluded place. That quiet place will be your making or your undoing. It will become a mental loafing place for small thoughts and small talk where you will lose all the possibility of greatness there is in you. Or it will be the brooding place where you will think out the great things of God and of human need and of God's red-blooded redemption for men and find your message and, pray God, your passion.

2. There is a second way, besides brooding, to awaken and nourish the great passion. It is in contact with and through contagion from a great personality.

For a man's altar may by his own brooding catch fire from spontaneous combustion, so to speak, or it may catch fire from another's altar.

Dr. Morrison tells us the story of Hazlitt, the noted English essayist. When he was a young man at home "his mind was dull and his faculties unawakened. But in one of those charming essays that he calls *Wintersloe*, he narrates how the poet Coleridge came to see his father and young Hazlitt walked several miles home with him. Hazlitt tells, in his own eager and eloquent way, all that the walk with Coleridge meant for him. It quickened his intellect, put a new radiance into the sunset for him, and a new note into the song of every bird. His heart began to burn, and it was not the talk that did it: it was the poet back of the talk."

Now moral and spiritual fire is more contagious than literary or poetical. Think of the many illustrations of it. A Joshua catches fire from a Moses, an Elisha from an Elijah, an Augustine from an Ambrose and many a man

from his mother or some other unformed but burning soul. And the second blaze is always different from the first and sometimes less, but sometimes also more.

What I counsel you young men as you go out into the ministry is to be careful of the associates you cherish in your own congregation. For, as I have learned by experience, there are some that will feed your blaze, but there are some, too, who, with the most amiable of feelings toward yourself, will yet with social frivolity and jest turn a prophet's message into an idle tale and quench your fire.

3. And yet even so, I have not touched the inmost heart of the matter. I will show you a more excellent way. There is one incident in the Gospels where you will find the whole clue. It is a wonderful incident. The Christ has been hung on a cross and buried in the tomb. And in the deepening shadows of depression two of his disciples have given up at last, have bidden Jerusalem a bitter farewell and are wending their way home, when a stranger joins them. You know the rest, how beginning at Moses and all the prophets he interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself and showed them in particular how it behooved Christ to suffer these things and so to enter into his glory. And you remember what they said: "Did not our heart burn within us, while He spoke to us in the way, while He opened to us the scripture?"

They received a burning heart from communion with the risen Christ. That is where Paul got it; that is where Bernard of Clairvaux got it; that is where Thomas Chalmers and John Henry Jowett got it. That is where all the greatest preachers of the world found it. The great secret of passionate preaching is when one's own brooding meets the contagious personality of the Risen Lord. The preacher and the mystic must become one.

And yet you have missed part of the incident if that be all. There is a tendency to-day to make much of the risen Christ at the expense of the historic Jesus. Even Dean Brown of Yale Divinity School in his latest book, "The Making of a Minister," says: "The Modernist also emphasizes the present Christ rather than the Christ of the past." And again: "But it is not the Christ of the past that we most exalt; it is the Christ of the present, the living, reigning, redeeming Saviour of men at this very hour."

It is a curious emphasis. I have a mother in heaven. And I rejoice in her being there, but I love her because of what she was to me in the past, the things she suffered and did. Apart from that, I would know nothing about her. She would have no mental content for me, as the psychologists say. Is it not much more true of Christ?

What evidently fired the hearts of those two Emmaus disciples was not merely their communion with the Risen Christ, but the fact that the subject of his meditation with them was the necessity of the death of the Historic Jesus and that this Risen Christ and the Historic Jesus were one and that he was known to them in the breaking of the bread. And that, I take it, is still the secret of the burning heart for you and me.

There is a great book that has recently come from the press, one of the finest I have ever read. You must read it if you have not already done so. It is written by a doctor, a learned psychiatrist. It is entitled, *Fear*. In that book a physician, called the Fear Hunter, leads his patient by ways best known to psychiatrists out of his phobias into serenity and assurance of mind. The final solvent which he prescribes for fear is the practice of the presence of God and he gives his patient books to read like "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas a' Kempis and "The Life and Letters of Robert E. Lee" and other books by such mystics and men of prayer.

But there is one last and climacteric thing the Fear Hunter does. It is to seek for himself and for his patient the secret of the great passion. So besides trying to lead them both into the presence of the Risen Christ, on Good Friday, he takes himself and his patient to see a great picture. It is the last scene of that great moving-picture, Ben Hur. Side by side, sitting there in the dark, they see that procession to Golgotha. They could see (the face is never disclosed in the picture) the right hand tense and almost exhausted bearing the cross, the left hand again and again stretched out to heal and bless as he passed and, in the dust of the street, footprints printed in his blood and, besides those blood stained footprints, drops of blood fallen from the head that had been crowned with thorns.

And as they sat there looking, the Fear Hunter kept repeating that Latin poem of Francis Xavier:

"Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,
Et mortem, ac haec propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore."

And then the next lines:

"Cur igitur non amen te,
O Jesu, amantissime."

Finally the Fear Hunter could endure it in silence no longer. "His thin clean-cut face was puckered and twisted. And he—he was crying."

"What a Master," he said, "a human Master—to follow! What an inspiration to us in this grasping material age of ours!"

"But—" his voice almost fell to a whisper. "But if—if—it was not a mere man—who bore that cross—who printed those bloody footprints in the dust of Jerusalem—why—

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think? So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving, too—"

"Ahh-h-h-h," he said. His breath came from between his lips like the lash of a whip,—
"Ah—so God loved the world.—And I—I light another cigarette."

It is so brooding in the presence of the Risen Christ with the cross of the Historic Jesus before your mind and heart all frivolity will go. Your hearts will burn within you and the great passion of preaching will come into your souls. That is the secret of it.

"Cur igitur non amen te,
O Jesu amantissime."

The Stone Lectures

The lecturer on the L. P. Stone Foundation for 1927 was the Rev. A. T. Robertson, D. D., Professor of New Testament in The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. His theme was "Paul and the Intellectuals or Gnostics" (dealing with the Epistle to the Colossians). The subjects of the successive lectures were:

- I. The Headship of Christ Proven. (Col. 1:1-20).
- II. The Mystery of God in Christ Explained. (Col. 1:21-2:5).
- III. The Triumph of Christ on the Cross. (Col. 2:6-19).

IV. The New Man in Christ Exalted. (Col. 2:20-3:17).

V. The Social Obligation of the New Man in Christ. (Col. 3:18-4:18).

This is the second time that the Seminary has had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Robertson as lecturer on this foundation.

The Students' Lectures on Missions

During the session just completed the Seminary heard as the Students' Lecturer on Missions the Rev. Herbert M. Woods, D. D., of China, in a course of five lectures on "A Contrast between the Gospel of Christ and the Great Religions of China." Dr. Woods has spent a life time in Shantung as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., and has taken his place as an authority on Chinese thought, and has been active in Bible translation and literary work in connection with missions in China.

Visiting Preachers and Lecturers

On invitation of the Faculty the following ministers preached in Miller Chapel:

The Rev. E. D. Warfield, D. D., of Chambersburg, Pa.

The Rev. Louis B. Crane, D. D., of Elizabeth, N. J.

The Rev. Samuel G. Craig, D. D., of Princeton, N. J.

The Rev. Archibald T. Robertson, D. D., of Louisville, Ky.

The Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, D. D., of Cairo, Egypt.

The Rev. J. Oscar Boyd, D. D., of Cairo, Egypt.

The Rev. Henry M. Woods, D. D., of China.

The Rev. William L. McEwan, D. D., of Pittsburgh, Pa.