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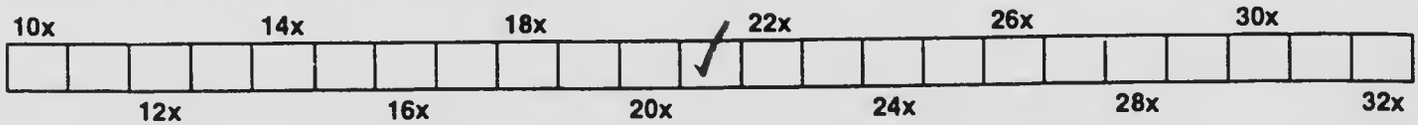

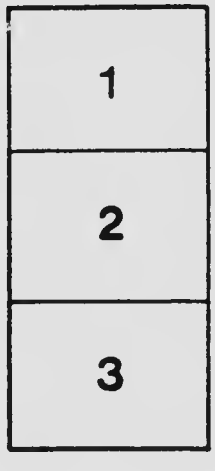

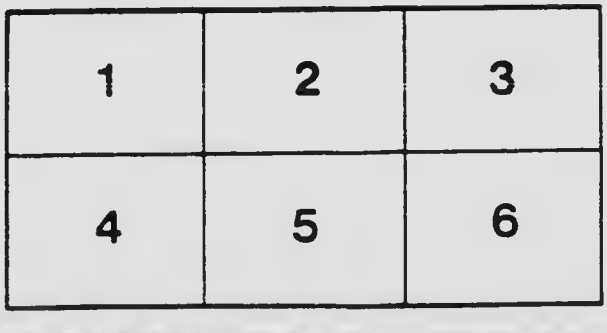

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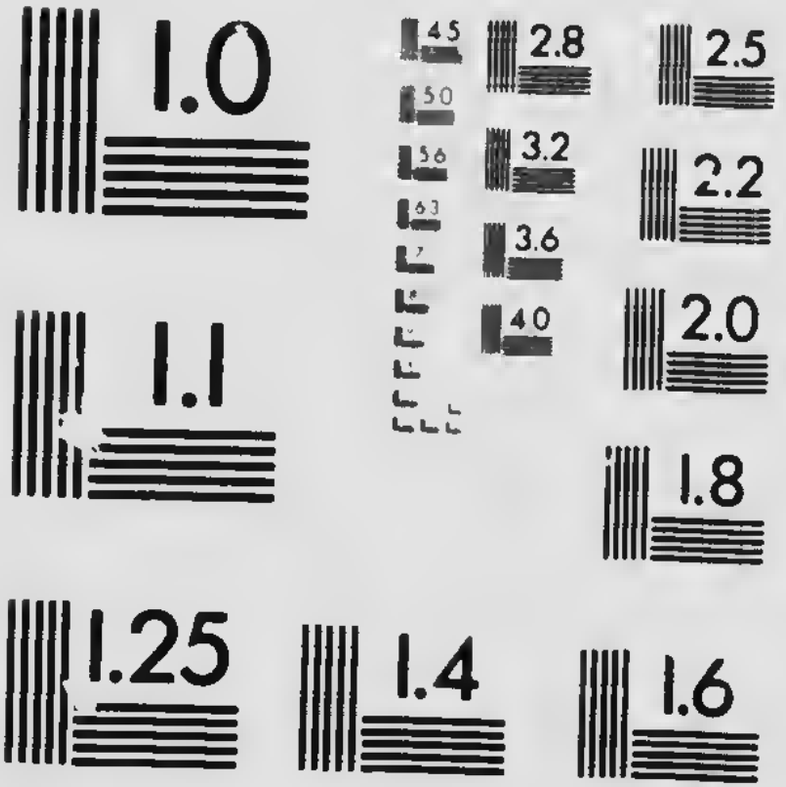

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COLLEGE AND RELIGION

Talks to College Students by a College Teacher

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PREFACE

The seven addresses herein are selected from my Sunday morning talks to students during the past three years. They have been chosen mainly because I have been able to ascertain through chance expressions of opinion among the young men and women themselves that these are all talks which have awakened a response in the hearers. I am bold enough to hope that this judgment may be endorsed in a wider field.

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.
June, 1920.

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"AND TO VIRTUE KNOWLEDGE"

"And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge."
2d Epistle General of Peter, 1, 5.

I HAVE heard it said that teaching is a monotonous profession; perhaps I have even thought so sometimes. It does involve a good deal of routine; t's must be crossed and i's dotted, *amo* is conjugated this year just as it was last year, $(x+y)^2$ continues to furnish the same old result. The same old experiments must be set up to prove the same old laws of nature, the same old volumes translated, the same old difficulties explained, and, as student tradition runs, the same old lectures delivered. But all this overlooks the coming into our college life year by year of a new generation of young scholars with all the wonder of varying personality they bring with them and all the possibilities they suggest. It was old

Friedrich Froebel, I think, who used to doff his hat to the children he met in the streets because he saw in them the leaders of to-morrow; he had the courage to carry into action what the real teacher feels at heart. Then, too, from each new class the wise teacher drains a draught of the wine of youth which it has so abundantly to spare, and renews with it his hope and faith and courage for the task of life. His is the great and the unusual opportunity, too often undervalued, to combine within himself a growing volume of experience and the gaiety of youth, which at the best is an ideal existence, and at the worst affords a means of growing old gracefully.

But it is not the teacher who has all the privileges; what of you before whom to-day swings open the portal of college life? Why, it is no exaggeration, even if it is sadly trite, to say that the world is yours at that age. Fortune coquettes with you at eighteen, twenty, twenty-two, while she seeks to know what is in you; by the time you are forty, she proves more a step-mother than a mistress, and puts you definitely in your place and bids you stay there. That is the reason why with each returning college year there comes a

yearning desire in my mind to say a word in season, not of a sort to save you from every mistake, because there are no such golden words as that for the game of life, but such as might set you thinking about one or two fundamentals in that game. It will be kindlier advice than sophomores give freshmen, though probably no better meant.

Writing many hundred years ago an ancient father of the Christian faith, Simon Peter, was moved to lay down for the youthful society a sort of curriculum, very remarkable for its range and yet equally for its conciseness. "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." This is the substance of one course or period of training in the school of character. The first post-graduate course follows; "and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness." A fairly ambitious programme! But there is yet another post-graduate course to which you are admitted after qualifying in the former two; "and to godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, love." Fortunately for us we do not now have to take into account these post-grad-

uate studies; you are just becoming undergraduates, and graduation, even from the first course, is blissfully far removed in a haze of golden days. So we open Simon Peter's calendar at the undergraduate course once more and read again in this catalogue which for brevity is unrivalled among college catalogues: "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge."

Is this as simple as it looks? "Giving all diligence;" is it easy to give diligence? Is it easy to go farther yet and to give *all* diligence in the prosecution of a study or the cultivation of a character? You and I know that it is not, and yet here it is made a prime condition, a prerequisite of getting along at all. And now you are anticipating the worst; well, it must none the less be said that you will not gain much knowledge to add to virtue without diligence. Genius has been defined times without number as a capacity for hard work, and there is nothing for which I have a more profound respect, nothing from which I anticipate sounder and more enduring results, than the patient industry that gives "all diligence." Here is the point. When you

are studying, give "all diligence." Don't be half on the football field and half at your text book; don't mix your dress for the sophomore hop with fragments of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. When you are doing calculus, concentrate and do calculus; build those castles in Spain some time to be sure, because building castles is a knightly occupation and Spain is a fair country, but don't build in calculus time. When you tell your instructor that you spent three hours in preparation, be sure in your own conscience you are not giving him one hour of preparation and two of war substitutes.

But did you ever realize that the making of character, the "adding to your faith virtue," is, just as much as your studies, a matter of diligence? Just consider a moment the wondrous chemistry of character; in that laboratory there are a hundred experiments going forward, many of them fraught with absolutely determinative results for your happiness and welfare, but you will have to give all diligence in the watching of them. It is a tedious business to be sure and entails hanging around the laboratory a good deal, but then there is no other way; God has

appointed this, and you and I *must* walk in it. If you want a character that is worth while to yourself and to other people you must "keep your heart with diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Keeping your heart means among other things setting a guard upon the tongue, it means the calling in of idle thoughts and of thoughts that have gone wandering in forbidden ways, it means discerning sound and true motives and translating them into actions sound and true. A great sage was once asked what was the happy life and replied: "The life that brings the fewest regrets." There will be many years for you to live when youth is passed; in those years it will be great gain that your life in retrospect should bring you the minimum of regrets. All this may sound dull, but it is not necessarily so tedious as it seems. You girls know how it was with the knitting when you began it, how painfully you watched and counted, and then by and by it became an instinct and you plained-and-purled with an unconscious ease. It is not quite so simple in adding character to your faith, but in a general way it is the same; such is the nature of the will that a good resolution adhered to a

few times in succession forms the nucleus of a good habit, which in turn almost automatically engenders good deeds. "Keep your heart with all diligence"; trifle with your studies a bit if you will, but beware of trifling with your self-respect, your sense of honor, your finer nature, your personal cleanness. These are all sensitive material and can be so irreparably damaged, and so life is soured and spoiled sometimes in its beginning and all its gold early turned to tinsel.

But you remember that Simon Peter spoke of this character, this "virtue," as an addition to your faith. Of faith let us take to-day the widest possible view; faith is a deep-seated belief in the reality of life and its purposes. That sort of faith seems to me fundamental; it is the sort of thing you have to have at the very base of your life if you are to go on living at all. Why get knowledge, why get character, why get temperance, why cultivate a dozen other good and engaging qualities if you are but a squirrel in a cage, working his poor treadmill furiously and in the end accomplishing nothing? I hope you have this faith in the real worth of life, in the reality of the Eternal behind life, and in the reality of

the task which in collaboration with God you must perform. Such a faith has nothing to fear from a university course; it is capable of making the adjustments that a widening knowledge will certainly suggest.

"And to virtue, knowledge." First faith in life and the reality of its purposes, then character built upon that faith, then knowledge the better to enable you to act your part whatever that may be. There opens up before you the glorious opportunity to complete the necessities of faith and character with the grace and the beauty of knowledge. There is the whole field of literature ancient and modern, sacred and profane, in which is gathered all the thought of all the ages to which you are now in the fullness of time become the heir, and not only is thought there but you will find it decked out with all the choice flowers of the garden of language. There is the marvellous book of science, that grand and stately volume the leaves of which are the starry heavens, the ocean-floors, and the eternal hills; you are to have a chance to peer at all the mystery within. There is the scroll of history pregnant with meaning for the present and for the

future to those who can interpret it and read understandingly therein, the store-house of the political and economic wisdom of a hundred generations and more of men. Surely no slackness, no arms that hang down or knees that are feeble, will keep you from getting what in these fields is justly yours.

For the fact remains that these things must be added, and that the addition means work. Somehow or other it does not seem to be the order of the universe that you can get anything that is worth while for nothing. The fine fruit of literature, the revelations of science, the lessons of history, do not enter into the fabric of your being unsolicited and unwrought for; they are all pearls of great price, and the price must be paid or there is no transaction. Don't think that you can add knowledge to yourself simply by attendance at college; knowledge is not an infection which you can incur at a seat of learning. No, you will not get much in the way of knowledge merely by attending lectures and seeing demonstrations and hearing interesting talks; you will have to offer more substantial coin than that. I hope you have come prepared with the price.

We may not to-day discuss those stages of education which the apostle represents as lying beyond the first course, but there are such stages, and an advance through these is what constitutes the full sum of education. Temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, love,—that is quite a formidable list. But are there any qualities in that list with which one who is seeking the perfection of manhood or womanhood would care to dispense? And if there are not, is it not desirable that we should know the way by which we may go on to attain all of them in some measure, even if we know that we cannot adequately attain in all? Now you know how it is at college; you must pass through certain lower courses to reach the more advanced courses, and you must obtain certain lower degrees as the passport to higher degrees. Are you aware of any principle in the great university of life which should cause th' gs to be different there? No, it is line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, the winning of this or that as a vantage ground from wh ch to push on to something else.

There is nothing in my reminder that knowledge is an essential step that is inconsistent with

the best of good times; it is your privilege with all this to reap a full harvest of the joy of youth. Still, youth is a season of preparation, too, and if you are ever to perforn. this great sum in the addition of qualities, you must be setting about it even now. God speed you as you begin and bring you in good time to the complete result.

PROVING AND HOLDING FAST

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."
1 Thessalonians, 5, 21.

THIS fifth chapter of First Thessalonians is remarkable for the number of abrupt, pithy sayings it holds in small compass. That is not St. Paul's ordinary style; he runs rather to long sentences, and sometimes gets himself so involved that he never succeeds in getting out of the tangle again even with the vigorous aid of all the commentators. But another mood was on him this day, and he writes very simply and directly, as if remembering how much like inexperienced children in a naughty neighborhood these Christians of Thessalonica were, and how much therefore like children they would stand in need, not of long, doctrinal sermons, but of practical precepts on which to lean in hour of trial. And so they come, these maxims, in a veritable string of pearls, each beautiful in itself but yet more beautiful in the necklace wherein it is set.

"Follow that which is good." *Follow* it, you observe; don't be worried for fear that you may possibly get ahead of it. The good is an ideal; you and I have never caught up to it and never will altogether, so great is the handicap the good has over us. Never mind; the point is not to sit down supine! but to be up and doing, to follow, —and that implies motion, activity,—in a good lead.

"Be at peace among yourselves." Paul, you remember, was a travelling bishop, *episcopos*, overseer, with quite a big diocese to cover and a good many churches to visit on his round. I imagine it is a trying experience; how weary he must have got of it all and them all sometimes with their eternal bickerings in which he had to act as umpire, adjuster, peace-maker and diplomatist until he must have wondered what use there was in trying to preach the "peace of God that passeth all understanding" to pagans when his Christian converts squabbled so pettily and wrangled over such futile points of difference. It would be a better world for nations and for individuals if we could only make up our minds to "be at peace among ourselves."

"Rejoice evermore!" What a good word! Don't frown, growl, or grouch; smile, laugh, be happy, "rejoice evermore." And "evermore," notice,—not just simply when you're feeling good and well-disposed and kindly, but at those other times too when your nerves are on the rack and you are sorely put to it for the next move, trying to keep your head

"when those about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

The happiness that you do not have to use on prosperous days lay aside as your balance for the days that are dull and full of sorrow and pain. Is it true what Father Faber wrote:

"Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of indifference or of blank despair"?

One does not like to think so, but does *our* countenance bring sunshine where it goes?

"Pray without ceasing." But how shall we of the modern world, crowded with pressing duties, innumerable engagements, insistent worries, and thronging cares,—how shall we "pray without ceasing"? Most of us solve it, I fancy, by ceasing without praying, from which state only five

minutes or so on a Sunday morning delivers us. But perhaps it all hangs on what you call prayer. You remember the psalmist's description of the stars, "there is no speech nor language, their voice is not heard." That is the way with unceasing prayer; it has no speech nor language necessarily, perhaps its voice is not heard, but just forms one of the diapason undertones of the harmony of the world. "Work is prayer" says the punning Latin, and it is true that we can so hallow and ennoble our work that it is all a prayer, and that men see upon our faces reflected a glory that comes from contact with the infinite. "Pray without ceasing." Prayer is like everything else in human experience; the reward is for perseverance, there are no honors to the slacker.

But of all these maxims the acme is reached in that which rings down the long hall of the ages with encouragement to scholar and thinker; 'prove all things, hold fast that which is good." The two parts of this must not be separated. "Prove all things,"—there you have the appeal intellectual which should be graven in letters of gold on tablets of silver at the gate of every school and college, and made axiomatic to their

being. Get knowledge and understanding, and use them to try, test, and prove the propositions moral, intellectual, spiritual, political, social, which force themselves on your consideration in these times. Don't jump at conclusions; prove all things, think them out to a finish, force them to undergo the acid test of thought. And, mark you, "all things"; there is none exempted before this tribunal, no, not one. Into the crucible of thought must go all our problems, and that means our religious problems as well as the others. "Prove all things"; as Plato puts it with the fine courage of the Greek intellect, "let us follow the argument whithersoever it leads," regardless of the fact that it may cross abruptly at right angles the lines of traditional belief and social convention, resolved that for us at least there must be a resolute facing of the issues and not merely a turning away of the eyes to vanity from pain.

But that is not all. St. Paul adds, "hold fast that which is good." This is really what I want to engage your attention in, the pleasure and indeed the privilege of entertaining some definite convictions. There is a class of people who sufficiently comply with the duty of proving all

things; they read, they study, they meditate, they go through all the intellectual motions preparatory to reaching a conviction, but never, so far as any one can discover, have they actually entertained a definite conviction on any thing. When you endeavor to ascertain their views they become as elusive as an eel and about as valuable intellectually. And the remarkable thing is that many of them pride themselves upon it and speak of their mental attitude as impartial, detached, unbiassed, and what not. Nay, I record with peculiar shame that the consensus of civilized mankind has given to such a state of mind the epithet "academic," which indicates how commonly in human experience professors get so interested in merely testing all things that they never attain to certainty in anything.

Now the intellectual test and the intellectual conclusion are of no avail unless translated into action. The mystic who stays forever up on the Mount of Transfiguration plays no part in the uplift of the world; it is the man who comes down among the crowd again with shining face that really counts. The real leader of mankind is some Moses who scales the Sinai peak and

brings back the law to the men of the plain. So then to intellectual judgment must be added moral resolution, to stand fast in the plain by what you feel you have on the mountain discovered to be true. A fine phrase that "hold fast"! To stand, to hold fast, to have some definite ideal of good in religion, government, education, and society, some exact purpose in life, some ordered view of man and existence, and to have the courage, the uncommon courage, to stand by your views, to have some definite convictions,—there is the measure of a man or a woman.

This does not mean just being obstinate; constantly in warfare the tactician will change his mind about the real value of a position and will relinquish it because he no longer thinks it worth while to hold it. So it is with every one of us; entertaining some definite convictions need prove no obstacle to change as we keep constantly proving them from time to time. If a man tells me that his views have not changed in ten years, I suspect him to be the victim of a strange disorder, the sleeping sickness. There is a dash of sentiment, no doubt, in saying that my father's political convictions are good enough for me, but it

does not argue much exercise of the thinking power. The conservatism of the mule is not usually the subject of a eulogium.

But what, you say, are these few definite convictions which you esteem it a pleasure and indeed a privilege to entertain? I hope you do not suppose I am going to inflict my particular set upon you or to suggest that there is any standard ready made to which you can make yours conform. It would be a dull world if we were all in agreement; it is out of the variety of convictions that progress arises. And if I have said "some" or "a few" it is only to suggest that there is an irreducible minimum of conviction which is essential to distinguish a man or a woman from a jelly-fish.

Oh these jelly-fishes in human life! They float everywhere upon its sea. They have no convictions about the social order in which they live, whether it is right or wrong, or partly right and partly wrong, and why; they are jelly-fishes floating in the tide of social conventions. They contract,—you know how sensitive jelly-fishes are! —at the bare mention of politics and at the idea of any one having strong and positive opinions

upon the parties and their policies, especially a woman, assuming apparently that government is a kind of Providence surrounding their lives, until some awful cataclysm comes in history and the government demands some return in service, yes, even from jelly-fishes. They have no views upon morals, private or public, except so far as these relate to the possibility of scandal; as to the origin, significance, and probable evolution of the moral ideal, as to its relation to religion, as to the possibility of its existence apart from religion, they have no convictions. And in religion the jelly-fishes run true to type; they are always found in very safe and very shallow waters, never venturing out into the depths of the stirring tide, especially when it draws once again into the vasty deep.

But why the pleasure and the privilege? First then, the privilege. A privilege, as its derivation indicates, was a special legal enactment under the Roman law in favor of some specific individual, or some special right acquired by an individual and recognized as valid by the law. It was something which distinguished him from the generality and set him apart. If you have a few definite

convictions upon life at which you have arrived after proving them this way and that, you have a privilege, never doubt it. God has legislated specially in your case and conferred on you a privilege. But remember that privilege like nobility, if it carries rights, implies responsibilities as well; not for no purpose have you been emancipated from the servitude of the jelly-fishes. This privilege of having some definite convictions is a crying need of our modern world; there seems to be abroad a general tendency to blur in every department of human thought, to talk increasingly about "suspension of judgment" which is often just a ponderous term for laziness, to get into that condition, that painfully "academic" condition, which was never better described than as "always learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth."

The pleasure you may think rather doubtfully of; the person of even a few definite convictions is likely to encounter trouble among the jelly-fish, some of whom nature has endowed with stings. Yet there is pleasure after all, the pleasure of standing square with the truth as you saw it and the pleasure of having exercised strength rather

than just having yielded to lassitude, weakness, and convention. It is not pleasure as the world commonly defines it; "peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you" but a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It is the *summa voluptas,* the highest pleasure of philosophy, the satisfaction in the exercise of the supremest powers of being. The world's lash will hurt and its sting will wound unless you are constituted with a peculiar skin of indifference round about you, but you will be compensated by the pleasure you will find in your own society, and after all, as Stevenson put it, to keep friends with one's self, to preserve self-respect, is no mean task.

I shall not pursue this thought farther; it is for you to make the personal decision for or against being a jelly-fish, though I should be sorry to think that any of you would thus deliberately climb down the ladder of life to a lower order of being. I hope some of you will think it worth while to try in your college years to get some convictions, to escape the reproach of Laodiceanism. "I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot . . . so then because thou art lukewarm and

neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." In the plan and purpose of God there is neither room nor place for the inveterate compromiser in the road of progress; men and women and churches and universities and societies and nations must prove all things in their constitutions, must attain some measure of conviction, must hold fast. And saith the Lord: "To him that overcometh,"—the warrior, you observe, not the jelly-fish—"will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

THE ALCHEMY OF STRUGGLE *

AH, you say, that is an odd-looking word, that "alchemy," not one of the friendly counters of everyday speech! It is a rare word now, but time was when the fond hopes of Europe centred upon it, for was not alchemy the magic that was to transmute all metals into gold? Getting rich quickly is no new dream; every age has its own form of the delusion, and of all these forms none is quainter, none more fascinating, than the search of the alchemists for the philosopher's stone, the medium by which all baser elements were to be converted into the noblest element of them all. Alchemy of the Middle Ages has settled down into the no less fascinating and far more scientific pursuit of Chemistry, but for all that we turn back a little wistfully at times to the days when magic hovered around the crucible and the test-tube, and when the man of science himself

* The writer acknowledges gratefully that the whole idea of thus interpreting Jacob's struggle comes to him from a sermon of the Rev. William Channing Gannett, entitled "Wrestling and Blessing."

believed in the occult properties of the elements he worked with.

I could have been more thoroughly modern, more strictly up-to-date, by making my subject, "The Chemistry of Struggle," but I believe it would have been at the sacrifice not only of romantic suggestion but even of actual truth. Chemistry implies an exact science wherein from things given follow inevitably certain things found and demonstrated; the magic touch has passed away like "the glory from the earth." But I am not willing to admit that it is just a precise science that explains the phenomena with which I propose to deal; there is in them a touch of another something, magic if you will, other than mere material forces and above them, which makes me cling to the less usual term "alchemy." And then too in the processes I shall consider the alchemist's goal is in part at least reached, and base metal is transmuted divinely into pure gold of character.

The story of Jacob's wrestling as we read it in the chapter of Genesis is an eerie legend of that sort which men of learning call *etiological;* it is one of that class of legends which purport to give

the historical explanation of some name, some custom, some religious rite. Among the children of Israel a strange practice prevailed of "eating not of the sinew which is upon the hollow of the thigh," and as men questioned themselves and others upon the origin of things in a more sophisticated age, the story of Jacob and the Mysterious Wrestler emerged. Such legends are common in the lore of all nations, arising from the natural and insatiable curiosity of man about himself and his environment.

But like many another legend, though of little worth from the standpoint of history or science, it is full of the deepest spirit of poetry. What a series of pictures you have there, so perfectly embalmed in the amber of tradition! The lonely Jacob, weary and depressed; the nameless visitor, all unannounced, who comes to grips with him; the close-locked wrestle through the long night hours; the miraculous touch; the desire on the stranger's part to be gone before daybreak, as all fairies and demons and ghostly visitants have ever wished; Jacob's invincible hold; his demand for blessing as the price of release; the new name of Israel, "prince with God"; the mystery of the

str nger's name preserved throughout; Jacob's shrewd guess and commemorative name, Peni-el, "God's face"; and then, as he crosses the brook Jabbok, sunrise, the golden dawn, daylight once more. I do not know that any literature contains a story more successful in combining in a short compass all the elements of fear, wonder, surprise, charm, beauty,—all that goes to make a great poem or drama.

But the really great poem or drama never remains content with mere success of form or arrangement of material; it uses these but as a shrine for the Spirit of the whole. It is not far to seek here. All night long in those silent hours men usually give to repose, Jacob wrestled body to body with a man of mystery who even lamed him before the struggle ended, but Jacob refused to relinquish his hold till from this Presence he had gained a blessing. Then when he thought it all over, he got a new view of what had been so fearsome in those night hours of agony, and concluded that he had seen in that struggle nothing other than "God's face." So, limping, he crossed the brook to join his company, and the sunshine burst full upon him in all its dawn-glory.

Night, struggle, sorrow, anxiety, all these gone; as a prince he had wrestled and proved his power with God, and as he wrestled, he had seen God's face. Here in simplest, loveliest language stands revealed the most eternal of truths, that from wrestling comes blessing, from darkness light, from storm calm, and coronation from the long determined fight.

But you say to me: "Ah, that is only a story after all, and it happened so long ago and so far away!" Wrong; no one of us escapes the experience of Jacob, though it seldom strikes us as poetry or seems to be jewelled in a poetic setting when it does come, at least, that is the way we feel. Each one of us wrestles, desperately sometimes, with mysterious forces that rob us of the hours of sleep. Some go down to defeat in that struggle so that they can have only God's mercy and not his seal and sign of approval, but others endure to the end, steadfast under maiming even of the heart and soul, and become princes with power, gaining a blessing so great that we find no words so adequate to describe it as the old words; they have seen God face to face.

He comes to us in different forms, this Mys-

terious Stranger who lays hold of us so suddenly as he emerges from the unseen, and with so powerful a grip. One of his very commonest disguises is *failure*. Often to the student above all others the Sable Wrestler comes thus. The courses at college prove harder than one had thought, or perhaps, worse yet, we feel that we have not the powers of mind we imagined we had. The first test-results are best veiled by charity, the daily quizzes are a succession of trials, the professors appear to be the mind-readers of what you know not. Those are hours of darkness indeed, and out of them the wrestler descends upon your soul and says: "Better give up. This is the wrong path for you to go. You have missed your calling. You are a failure." Dear lad or girl, he is touching the sinew in the hollow of your thigh to break your grip, but if you will "stay with him," as our phrase is, you will extort from him a blessing, even your heart's desire, and you will realize that you have been at Peni-el, and seen God's face. For the Sable Wrestler is none other than God and in the grim wrestle of the soul he sifts out the hearts of men and learns who best may serve as his collaborators. "You

will not hear me now," cried the young Disraeli to the jeering Commons, "but the time will come when you will have to hear me," and ultimately he spoke in that same chamber as Prime Minister. Professors who have not appreciated your freshman efforts may form an entirely different estimate of you before you graduate.

Or he may come to you in the form of a *recurring temptation,* the one to which your own heart tells you you are peculiarly susceptible, "the sin that doth so easily beset you." It will startle some of you to have me suggest that this is God's hand too, but I prefer to explain it thus than to be forced to the dualism of God and Devil. Well, in this matter of the recurring temptation we are all on common ground; "there is none righteous, no, not one." Oh, the strength of the Wrestler when he comes on this wise! He lays hold of the very roots of your soul with a giant strength, especially when, like Jacob, you are lonely, harassed, and depressed, wrestles with you through the black hours of your soul-night, and withers the sinews of your resolution. Time and again he has come off so nearly victorious that only a sudden and violent effort saved you,

but at last you gather up all your soul's force and say: "I must get the better of this thing now and here." The Temptation realizes your mood, would fain be gone, but you grip it all the harder and will not let it go "except it bless thee." And presently you emerge a victor. The alchemy of struggle has refined your character in its retorts; base metal has come forth pure gold. You know that that temptation will have no power against you forever; you are a prince with God and have prevailed; and in your struggle you have seen God's face. There is the magic of our alchemy; through things temporal you have seen things eternal, and they have exercised their charm.

Sometimes the Black Wrestler is curiously negative, as when he attacks you in the form of sheer inertia, physical, mental, or spiritual *slackness*. It is not then what he urges you to that is significant; it is what he would seek to withhold you from. All about you is work ready for your hands, your brain, your heart, but somehow nothing happens; it is clearly your move but no rock is more firmly rooted. The times are calling, oh, so loud and clear. Up, soldier, shoulder the rifle and take the field for freedom! Up, reformer,

mount the rostrum and speak a word for advance! Up, teacher and preacher, forget outworn traditions and beliefs and lift up the torch of the larger light, proclaim the wider gospel! For the love of all mankind, don't be a priest or a Levite and pass by on the other side; don't enroll yourself among the do-nothings when there is such a call for recruits in the army that is fighting for the positive purposes of God. Grip the Dark Stranger of Inertia, even when you feel him laming you. Grip him, man! Grip him, woman! Say: "Yes, I *will* go, I *will* work, I *will* fight, I *will* believe!" Oh, the boundless power of a positive purpose; it can say to mountains of doubt and discouragement and despair "Be ye removed hence and sunk in the depths of the sea!" No mere negation ever got anything anywhere. Come to grips then with inertia, doubt, hesitation, irresolution, hold fast to your purposes, and as the spirits of inertia leave you, you can demand of them the blessing. And in doing positive service, in performing this duty and that rather than rebelling against it, you will see that great, new light which is called God's face.

Perhaps he comes disguised as *illness,* either

some sudden physical disaster or a chronic malady, and by touching your soul's sinew would reduce you to miserable, hopeless, helpless, complaining invalidism. Assuredly this is a painful wrestle by the brook Jabbok; there is none more so. You cannot run and play, skate or dance, like the other boys and girls because of the cruel illness that left you hurt and maimed those many years ago; God grant you grace, child, for you have a hard wrestle to go through! Or you cannot see the flower's rare blossom break into bloom or catch the fleeting smile on a baby's face because the light in you is gone out by reason of that bullet at Passchendaale; perhaps from the struggle God can make light the darkness! Or you are just a little sick all the time with a malady that cannot be quite dislodged, and this is a perpetual trial because you live on the edge of the pleasant land where the healthy people are rushing about so vigorously; even in this there may be more of hope, more of prospect, than you had supposed. For think now! William, Prince of Orange and the third king of that name in the roll of British sovereigns, a statesman of wide vision and a general of skill and courage, was racked constantly

by asthma, both at home and in the field. Paul, the great apostle, had a thorn in the flesh, "the messenger of Satan to buffet him" as he calls it, for Paul was really a dualist in his conception of the moral government of the world. Parkman, whose historical works have illuminated Canadian history, was half-blind all his days from a blow struck during his residence at Harvard College. John Milton's light

> was spent
> Ere half his days in this dark world and wide,
> And that one talent which is death to hide
> Lodged with him useless,

and yet from that darkness emerged *Paradise Lost*. Or, if you will go to ancient Sparta, you will find there one Tyrtaeus, a poet, who though lame fired by his song the souls of warriors for the fray. How many a sick room you can think of in your own experience where the patient sufferer has wrestled with pain, not one night only unto the breaking of the day but many a night, and refused to give in, to go without the blessing, and has suddenly gained at last the vision splendid to illuminate what was dark and unreasonable before, so that callers, as they go out

from the room, whisper reverently, "Peni-el, God's face." The process of *this* alchemy is tedious to a degree, but its distillate is a rare essence indeed, the attar of roses of life.

But sometimes the Sable Wrestler who comes upon us out of the night is the darkest shadow that can fall across a human soul, *death,* the death of one we loved far better than life itself; "would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" Then indeed the sinew of the soul is withered, and the wrestler bids fair to elude our grip and leave us nothing but the recollection of an hour when all the sky went black at once. Into the inner secret of a struggle such as that it is not given us to penetrate save by experience, nor is it considerate or profitable to attempt a psychological dissection. I will just say that in these long years of war I have seen fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts, go through the agony and emerge with faces reflecting triumph over that last enemy, which is Death. God only knows how they won out, but I think in the end they must have had a glimpse of His face.

And so throughout it is the story that Greek

drama proclaimed and that Jesus confirmed when he set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem, the story of characters "made perfect through suffering."

> O Cross that liftest up my head,
> I dare not ask to fly from thee;
> I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be.

Suffering is the solvent which in the chemistry of character precipitates the unworthy elements and leaves the soul pure. It is not the native nugget which has the fairest shape but the gold refined under intense heat in the furnace and beaten into form under the infinite blows of the goldsmith's hammer. It is not the subject that came easiest to you that you really remember best or that goes most deeply into the tissues of your life; it is the one at which you wrestled even unto tears. It is not as a rule the child of ease and luxury who serves best the world and lives in the grateful hearts of men but some rail-splitter of Illinois, tried as by fire and refined by suffering till he reaches an apotheosis in the hearts of his countrymen and of the world. A strange alchemist this

life of ours, working quietly, though we know it not, to decompose and reconstitute our natures. You may laugh at he idea of conversion, but it is a process going on every day in your heart, not suddenly like the electric flash except in rare instances, but by the slow and steady operation of soul-change. There is much to hearten us in that reflection; "no affliction for the present seemeth joyous but grievous, but in the end it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Up then and on, if we have been hesitating to take hold of life steadily and whole and trying rather to dodge its difficulty and distress; let us wait on this side of the brook Jabbok, strong of heart, fortified in resolution, for the Wrestler who will join us presently to try for a fall.

A GREAT UNIVERSITY, ITS COURSE AND ITS DEGREE

Pilate therefore said unto him: Art thou a king then? Jesus answered: Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him: What is truth? S. John 18: 37-8.

Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him: If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. S. John 8: 31-2.

WITHIN twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers there was founded in New Towne, the future Cambridge, a college, the avowed purpose of which was, as the stranger may read from the inscription at the Main Gate facing the First Church, to secure a continuance of a godly and learned ministry for New England when their first pastors should lie mouldering in the dust. This was in 1636, and within a short time it received the name of its first benefactor for its own, and became Harvard College

in memory of John Harvard, minister of the church in Charlestown. There is no single finer thing at Harvard to-day than the statue of John Harvard sitting thoughtful and intent near Memorial Hall, and the simple words on the base, "John Harvard, Founder," compare favorably with the rather lengthy inscriptions to which Harvard runs.

It was a small foundation, that original Harvard College, but it was truly as the Harvard Ode says "the first fruits of the wilderness," and if meagre for long years in equipment and scholarship, how rich it was in promise and in the development of men of character and worth! Much Latin and Greek of a kind, some very elementary mathematics, some attention to writing clearly and to speaking, a little philosophy, that was about all the College offered, a veritable "oatmeal porridge" of education, the modern student would be apt to say. But you remember perhaps how upon Boswell's praising oatmeal and Dr. Johnson's bursting forth: "Oatmeal! Faugh! In Scotland the food of men, in England the food of horses!" Bozzy countered nicely by replying: "Ay, Doctor, and where will you find finer men

and finer horses?" The limited curriculum was soundly learned, and by it the soil of those young New England minds was broken for the sowing of great thoughts. If at the Harvard College of that day the student's field was circumscribed, perhaps it would be fair to say that in the Harvard University of to-day the field is all too vast.

And what a great university the tiny college of the seventeenth century has grown to be! Old Massachusetts Hall that carries us back two hundred years is but one among many brethren to-day. In that dear old yard with its lofty elms and green lawns, a place whose quaint simplicity is represented in the homely word "yard," have grown up many structures dedicated to all the ologies, with the plain old dormitories Stoughton, Hollis, and Holworthy, still standing among them as the landmarks of venerable tradition. And away beyond the old yard, which no doubt seemed ample room for the college of early days, the great university has spread, ever seeking new acres of earth's fields as the field of knowledge grows. For Harvard has been true to university tradition and has followed the gleam; where a new trail of truth seemed to open, Harvard has

been ever ready to pursue it. "Let us follow the argument whithersoever it leads," Socrates used to say to his circle, and could you think of a finer inscription to be written over the front gate of any university that was sincerely interested in learning? Let us not just follow the argument for a while till we see if it is going to bring us into conflict with the religious and economic conventions of society; no, let us have the courage to follow it *whithersoever* it leads, even if that be to loss of supposed friends and discomfort and some real unhappiness for the time being. I make bold to think poorly of a university training that has not inspired students with the "whithersoever" idea of Socrates, and the success of a university should be measured by the spirit of inquiry it arouses in its scholars. If it is doing that, then there is no endowment too precious for the state to give such an institution or for private benefaction to provide. It is the chief glory of Harvard University that in it academic freedom to think out and to speak out exists practically unchallenged.

There was another founder once, a preacher like John Harvard, who established in his life-

time a sort of peripatetic college, picking up his students everywhere. You remember how he found them. There were two of them who were fishing, and the teacher said: "Come along to my school and learn a greater fishing trade than that, the fishing for men's souls!" One was following the plough, another had a dull job in the Customs House, a third was a young doctor without a practice,—all of these heard the Founder's call and were prompt to enroll in this strolling university, the history of which has occupied ever since so large a space on the canvas of human history. Were there any academic inducements held out to them such as the B.A.'s and M.Sc.'s and Ph.D.'s and all the other alphabet of decorations that glitters before the student of to-day? Was there any prescribed course for them to follow or was all work just one glorious elective after another in the school of Jesus? Was it a school of really high aims, or was it, like some modern institutions, founded to bolster up ancient prejudices and decayed superstitions?

In the second passage I read you, Jesus, after challenging strenuously a hostile public opinion, speaks again in the midst of a group of those who

had believed on him and speaks so plainly that many even of these go their ways and walk no more with him. What a strange college head is this, boldly daring to offend students and to send them away because he knows that they are not fit for the course he has in view, a course which will lead through Gethsemane to Calvary! But among the words he utters at that time we find some that deal with Jesus' view of the possibility of reaching truth and the way of coming at it. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth." "Continuing in the word,"—there you have the condition laid down upon the fulfilling of which you may remain in college; by so continuing you show yourselves "disciples indeed," or, as we should say, real students. And what is the net result of so continuing and of being disciples indeed? Why, "ye shall know the truth,"—a liberal education, you see, the thing so often talked about at college and so seldom got. This is no unattractive calendar, this of the school of Jesus, especially in this last result so surely promised; let us investigate it a little.

"Continuing in my word,"—I do not see that

we must seek to attach to that phrase any mystic or peculiar significance; it seems to me to indicate nothing more than abiding by the Teacher's rule of life, using it constantly, illustrating it, so far as may be, in every deed and in every word. And did he then give, as other masters have done, any rule of life, any "word" whereby we might walk? Do you remember the story of that shrewd and clever man of law who stood up to tempt him and asked: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" and was made according to the soundest pedagogy to give the answer himself: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Ay," said the Master, "thus do and thou shalt live."

Eternal life begins here and now, since only by our life now are we prepared to step into life hereafter, so that the answer to the man of law gives the key for all life; "this do and thou shalt live," now and evermore. Love the Lord thy God with all thy powers; put thyself body, soul, and spirit in harmony with the Eternal Purposes; get in tune with the Infinite; be a co-worker with

God, help him to realize his work of creation by being loyal, kind, upright, honest, pure, by identifying thyself with all those great moral forces of the world to which life points through the ages of experience as to beacon-lights. Love thy neighbor as thyself, but lay not in thy zeal for thy neighbor too little stress upon thyself. Cultivate thyself, read, study, mark, learn, inwardly digest, get to love good music, to appreciate great books, to hang fondly upon rare pictures; raise thine own level and with it shall rise thy love for thy neighbor, thy desire that he too may enter in to the kingdom of the Beautiful and the Good.

And if we continue in his word, if we co-operate with God in his great purposes as revealed in experience and marked out by history, and if we cultivate ourselves and love our neighbor as ourselves, what shall be our reward? Mark you, we are elevated to the glorious company of disciples, *discipuli,* pupils, students. What a rare privilege! The student always thinks the teacher is to be envied, the teacher constantly envies the student the chance that is his to [illegible]art and study, unburdened by routine and committee meetings. Some fortunate ones are able to devote their

lives to study, and the mark of a rising civilization will be the extent to which we make it more possible for the deserving to do so. Disciples indeed! Much as I admire the winners of the V.C. and the D.S.O. and the D.C.M. and B.A.'s and Ph.D.'s and LL.D.'s, I admire still more those who are called to God's school to be "disciples indeed." I do not know that they will ever get a parchment or win a degree such as other schools have to offer, but I am certain that they are promised a wonderful knowledge, and that after all is what counts. I had rather have the knowledge without the degree like Charles Darwin who upset the world of thought than the degree without the knowledge for examples of which one might not need to go far afield.

And what is this promise? What is the promise made in the calendar of God's school for those who are enrolled for its courses as "disciples indeed?" "And ye shall know the truth." We go into this school, matriculating by loving God and our neighbor and ourselves, and we shall know the truth. What truth? Of science? The root of life, the secret of the rocks, the magic of the elements? Oh, no, not that! Of history? The

real right and wrong of things, the inwardness of the motive for this and that? Oh, no, not that! Of politics? The best form of government, the best way of administering the best form and of rectifying the less good? Oh, no, not that! What truth then? Friends, the truth that will dawn upon us in proportion to the soundness of our matriculation knowledge in Jesus' law of life is this, that above science and history and politics and literature and language and art, comes the question of our integration into the Eternal Not-Ourselves, the question of our relationship to God and man not as scientists or politicians or men of letters or linguists or artists, but as men and women with pulsing human hearts. That, I believe, is the answer to Pilate's question: What is truth? and I think that Jesus' whole life and his death are a commentary in support of this fundamental proposition, that you must as a human soul apart from all your dignities and pretensions get into touch with God and all other souls.

I said there was no degree in the school of the "disciples indeed." Perhaps that was wrong, for hear the rest: "and the truth shall make you

free." How one almost gasps at that word! "Free,"—the hopes and the ambitions of suffering humanity are gathered in that word; for freedom men and women too have died cheerfully and bravely; the magic of freedom's name drew our young men by tens of thousands overseas to withstand tyranny rampant. That word "free" has been ever the slave's sigh and the freeman's boast. But this freedom has been largely a question of the absence of physical restraint; it cannot compare with the freedom that truth shall confer upon us. The freedom truth brings in the school of the disciples is the freedom of soul that comes to the man who has realized his mission in the world as God's partner. For him life takes on a larger meaning; God's in his heaven and I am on the earth to do his will, not a mere arbitrary will imperious and tyrannical but a will that is seen through all time making for righteousness. Petty tasks grow great, little spheres large, one talent grows to five, ten, or fifty in the atmosphere of the New Freedom. I am free, free, no subject of a tyrant God but the willing abettor of Infinite Mind and Spirit which seeks to realize itself in its dealings with mankind, the willing helper who

chooses to collaborate, being free to reject. Is there any freedom of which you have ever heard or read to compare with that?

And with this freedom comes peace. Think of that, to be at peace and to be free. What nation would not be satisfied with that or what individual? Well, upon our great freedom in God supervenes peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. When the soul knows itself free and uses that freedom to re-dedicate itself to the great purposes of the Eternal, there comes to it inevitably a sense of abiding peace, and by that we may best measure our progress in freedom. Poor Pilate, though the procurator of the Caesar, knew neither freedom nor peace; Jesus, the Galilean peasant, knew both. We are permitted to enter into a like experience, one that we can hardly afford to forego, to know the truth and to have the truth make us free.

And so the end of true university training like the object in God's school which I have been discussing, is the attainment of freedom through truth. It is clear that much so-called university training, measured by this test, is sadly to lack, but the ideal remains. Even so there are many

who think they are quite far up in God's school and have as a matter of fact no matriculation standing; never mind, their assumptions cannot affect the truth for which God's school stands. It is in the combination of the purposes of these two schools, the university and life, that greatness of soul lies, and no one can afford to aim at less than greatness. It is for few to attain the seats of the mighty but not all the mighty are great; we may all be great, Truth's freemen, God's noblemen. I hope you will not be satisfied till you have added the degree that is conferred in the school of God to your academic distinctions. I do not know any better wish for your happiness with which I could send you away; it is the secret of happiness that I have told you. May you find it.

FAINT YET PURSUING

"And Gideon came to Jordan and passed over, he and the three hundred men that were with him, faint yet pursuing."
Judges 8:4.

THE primitive traits in our nature are manifold but elusive; they dwell unnumbered in the inner chambers of our spirit and yet we know for them no other name than Legion, for they are many. They are within us subtle undertones that stir to music when in speech or written word the charmed vocables emerge that can play the chords strung first in our remote forefathers and transmitted to us by heredity's mysterious laws after thousands of years; there are passions that rouse them from a sleep that was so death-like that we had not known they even existed in us. In a sense other than is usually given to the phrase we are the "heirs of all the ages"; there abides in us still some figment of those generations that have passed before, bound up in the marvel of your personality and of mine. And thus it is that

hearts that are gentle and that have never meditated violence, feel a surge of emotion, a thrill of ecstasy, as they read of the jousts of Arthur's knights of the Table Round where spears splintered and knight and horse went down thunderously. It is the joy of battle that moved in the heart of our remote sires in old, unhappy, far-off days when fighting was the rule and peace the exception, when men could truly speak of "the bloom and the beauty, the splendor of spears." And it is because of this no doubt that many of the narratives of the Old Testament, utterly to be condemned on any logical or humanitarian grounds, are still read with avidity by souls that in reality are living within the dispensation of the Newer and the Better Testament.

It is among these narratives that the story of Gideon which I read you in part this morning falls. You recall how it ran. There is Israel's primitively conceived God closely following the doings of his chosen people and speaking directly to Gideon, the marshal of the host. There is the self-elimination permitted to the faint-heart and the coward, and there is the quaint test proposed for the special selection of the instruments of

Jehovah's vengeance. There is the Midianite's dream and its sudden and fearful interpretation; there is the attack with its odd stratagem of pitchers, lamps, and trumpets, and that resounding battle-cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." And then the pursuit of the shattered host beyond Jordan by Gideon's little band, "faint yet pursuing."

A story for a story's sake needs absolutely no excuse, and the narrative of Gideon and the three hundred is a story of adventure well and graphically told. It is a story of resource and courage, even if it ends in blood and iron as well. I am truly sorry for the person whose blood does not pulse faster and whose every nerve does not tingle as he reaches this point:

> And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal; and they cried: The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

Oh, the rush of that sudden surprise, the wild fury of the midnight attack, the glare of the lamps, the blare of the trumpets, and the raucous chorus of that pealing battle-cry!

It is a bad fashion that at once proceeds to allegorize in every last detail a story such as that, which was to the Israelites no allegory whatever but a national legend of surpassing worth. As well try to allegorize Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and Sir Richard Grenville of the "Revenge"; they are no allegory to sons of the British stock but a part and parcel of our rude island story. I do not propose to fall into the trap, but I confess that my fancy has been caught with one phrase of the story particularly as being an inspiration to all who fight even though on other fields than those of war; it is the phrase that ended the lesson, "faint yet pursuing." Perhaps I may be excused for making through this a transition from Gideon to ourselves, from his warfare with Midianites to our own struggles with ourselves and our environment.

Not all that I have to say will be appreciated as much by you who are young as by those who have travelled somewhat further along the way of life. You young people can sense the value of that word 'pursuing," but hardly yet, let us hope, has there entered into your lexicon of life the

word "faint." But it sometimes happens that words we hear at one time, fall there upon stony ground and bring forth no fruit, while later on in other associations they are recalled and spring marvellously to life and bring forth a rich crop, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. You cannot yet in the mercies of providence afford to appraise the faintness of late days, but I should like to think when that faintness comes to one of you, some word of mine may return to you along the years, some word that may help you, however faint, still pursuing. For those others of us who have to confess to increasing age and occasional spells of faintness under the burden and heat of the day, the word of heartening or encouragement ever needs a special plea by way of justification. You have known what means sometimes to wonder how it would be if some morning you just did not wake up at all to resume those duties that seem to be grinding out your very life. You may have been half in love with easeful death. Your soul has been rasped and tortured in wrestling with pitiful detractors and in answering false accusations. You have been put upon the various racks that society ingeniously

applies to lovers of the beautiful and the true. Your life looks like a failure in retrospect and in prospect like torment. You have become very faint, and pursuing does not any longer appeal to you. You are wrestling in your Gethsemane with black doubts; you pray that this cup may pass from you, but you are a little doubtful about adding as Jesus did: "nevertheless, Father, not my will but thine be done."

It does not follow that your friends or even your family know how faint you are; they see in you a little malaise, a bad headache, which leaves you desirous of being left alone more than usual, or perhaps they find you indisposed to talk. It is greatly to the credit of our humanity that so many wrestlings of soul, yes, even to the utterance, as the old knights used to say, are carefully concealed from those who would be unnecessarily troubled and disturbed by the black cloud that hovers over us. Men fight their soul-battles as they go about their business, women as they arrange the details of a household day, and often the world is not much the wiser. "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break," but for each one that succumbs there are many

that fight the same battle and win through with blood and tears.

Pursuing seems to me, objectively in the story of Gideon and subjectively with each of us, to relate to ends and ideals. Gideon's purpose was to destroy his enemies utterly; his aim was really then to obliterate the object of his pursuit. Our end and object is supposedly different; we wish to catch up with our ideals not to destroy them but to take them in our arms of affection and make them our own. But there is a curious fatality in this business of pursuing ideals after all; so often as we overtake our ideals, we really slay them, and start the pursuit anew. The ideal that you set up for yourself five, ten, fifteen years ago you have undoubtedly in some measure attained, but the attainment was unsatisfying because at once you realized that other ideals lay ahead and that you had actually caused your old ideals to perish and had set out to pursue the new. And so you came to understand that there are many senses in which "to travel is better than to arrive."

This shifting character of ideals is something that all of us should try to understand. It seems to be the fashion for those who undertake to ad-

vise young people upon commencement days and other such high days, to talk to them a great deal about preserving their ideals. Well, I fear that ideals preserved are like a good many other preserved things, excellent museum material and nothing more. What is really wrong with a large number of people of mature years but of immature intellectuality and spirituality is that they literally fulfilled the advice so liberally ministered to them and preserved their first ideals till these ideals became mummified and their owners with them. The advice that would be of real service would be to tell them to prepare to alter their ideals as soon as they found themselves overhauling their first objective, to remind them that ideals are not fixed and invariable things, and finally to add by way of warning perhaps that each new ideal should be higher and harder than the last.

Of course this is harder to explain than the other and harder to get understood too, but that does not excuse either speakers or hearers from the effort. It is disconcerting as well to have to learn that no finality in ideals can be prescribed. In that respect ideals are like learning. There is

no finality in learning; learning is a quest of which we do not know the end. The end of learning is not the acquisition of a body of facts to be discharged upon the head of some luckless examiner; it is the pursuit of matter-of-fact truth from one of her lairs to another. The attainment of some particular point in this quest brings no finality; becoming a B.A. or an M.A. or a Ph.D. brings no release so far as the cause of true learning is concerned. Learning is a road that runs up a hill and tops a crest over which we cannot see. Ideals likewise are elusive; we pursue them from one stage to another, and, if we are the right sort, we shall be pursuing them to the journey's end.

But I hope that no one will think that the alteration in ideals which is the mark of a truly progressive life excuses one altogether from the attempt to cultivate ideals. As well say that because there is no known finality to learning, we should abandon research and give up the cult of knowledge. Humanity well knows that we cannot certainly descry the end of knowledge, and yet in every civilized state large expenditures are made to advance that v[illegible] knowledge the end of which is doubtful. A[illegible] with our ideals; we

cannot certainly affirm that you at twenty must take an ideal to serve you through all your life, or even promise that with a constant adaptation of ideals you will achieve a definite goal, but we do not think for a moment that this absolves you from the necessity of ideals.

Still, the cynic might ask, as in every age he has asked: "Why have ideals at all when you admit that the end is uncertain? There are the pleasures of life which are understandable, immediately realizable, and unprovocative of discussion about abstract ends." Against this one can set with confidence all the belief and the experience of the race. Here it is again as it is with knowledge. There are hosts of people who have little or no use for knowledge in their own lives, but they will nearly all join in the opinion that the cultivation of truth, the pursuit of matter-of-fact knowledge, should be promoted in our universities. So with ideals. It is a poor sort of business man or professional man who does not lay claim to ideals for the conduct of his business or his profession; the ideals may be low in all conscience or he may in practice contradict them, having one set of standards for public speech and

another for private action, but the fact that he will talk of ideals at all is a tribute to the power of the ideal in the world. Ideals are the voice of God to humanity; you may avoid the call of that voice as it comes through this medium or that, but I do not see how you can actually avoid it in human experience and in the consensus of human opinion. After all there was something in that dictum of St. Augustine's: *securus ijdicat orbis terrarum.*

And now you will have no difficulty in understanding why in the pursuit of the ideal we grow faint. Through the arch of the ideal

Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move,

and it is just because the margin fades and the delectable land retreats before us that we grow weary and faint. We yearn for finality; experience teaches us that there is none, and we are inclined to resent the discovery. Still, the laws of life are here; they were here before we were and will abide after we are gone. They sprang out of untracked eternity and to eternity they will stand unchallenged. Like Margaret Fuller then

we must "accept the Universe" and make up our minds that happiness is most to be realized in conforming to its laws. And of these laws none is more certain than just this, that we slay our ideal when we attain it. That is why I say so often that life is a quest that never ceases. In so far as we are true men and women we are all Knights of the Round Table questing after the Holy Grail, the vision of the perfection of the spirit. Among us all there will be few Sir Galahads to whom was vouchsafed the revelation of the holy vessel

"Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud"

but there is no reason why there should not be many a Sir Bors who despite imperfections of character had a vision which never faded from his mind and spiritualized all his life thereafter. And remember how the Knights of the Round Table fared in that quest, how they endured all manner of hard living, how they sojourned in the open under no canopy save heaven, how they fared afar

"O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,"

amid storms and cold, through strange peoples,

in peril of their lives, and with constant challenge of battle; they were often very faint with their pursuing, very heart-sick, very weary. To be sure we have not the outward glamor of knighthood about us, but it is ours to live the life of chivalry none the less; we too may win worship by knightly deeds, and we too carry shields of the spirit whereon is graven an escutcheon that we may not sully upon pain of shame that burns and stings. Our jousting days come sometimes when we are riding triumphant in the lists and bearing down opponents with our well-placed spears while the pavilions ring with applause, but there are the other days too when the search for the ideal carries us far away from Camelot and the Table Round with all its goodly fellowship into the land of dragons and oppressive men, a land where every turn in the woodland trail may bring a challenge and a combat.

There is no purpose served by denying that in those days we shall grow faint; it would be but contradicting the experience of the elders and creating an atmosphere of delusion for the young. The real point is to consider what shall sustain us in those days of faintness when we doubt the

value of those ideals we have been following, in those days when we would fain make an end of further ado. I think there are two such things, and you know them as well as I; they are retrospect and prospect. If a situation is bad, the only elevation of spirit you can win is gained by looking elsewhere, not to the neglect, mark you, of the desperate situation, but to the heartening of ourselves for handling it. Retrospect serves to remind us of those golden days when we seemed to be establishing contact with our ideals; they were days of rare inspiration for each one who has known them, those days when

> this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eye-ball is not light,
> The air that smites his forehead is not air,
> But vision, yea, his very hand and foot,
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision.

To lay up by earnest striving the memories of such days for ourselves is the best insurance against growing faint as we pursue; they form the gallery of the soul where it may in moments of dejection contemplate the thing that it hath been and draw strength from the view.

And then there is prospect. We are temporarily disillusioned, or our ideals are undergoing one of those shifts that come periodically in a normal life, and the present seems to afford nothing to look out upon; with retrospect over brighter days let us couple the prospect of days ahead when the clouds shall lift again. The wind does not always lash the trees nor the storm lower from the sky; there is radiance still ahead, be sure. From the temporary disillusionment we shall recover and with a deeper faith as our reward; we shall find presently new ideals just a little higher than those we have slain by overtaking. And apart from all this commonplace philosophy, we are Knights of the Great Adventure, which of itself always irradiates the future, and makes the present, however hard, seem but a stepping stone to experiences rich and strange. It was the spirit of Ulysses of Ithaca:

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the happy isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides, and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we
are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

This is the spirit of the Great Adventure, and it comes from one who had grown faint often enough in the wars at Troy and the long wanderings after before he reached his rocky Ithaca. "Though much is taken, much abides," and he knows the worth and the strength of the resolute will that recuperates itself.

O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers but he cannot suffer wrong,
He suffers, but he cannot suffer long.

But that is not quite all. There is a touch of finality to our ideals that I must not pass by; that touch is their association with God. All our ideals lead up to him and in him find their end; just what that end is and its ultimate significance

no system of philosophy or theology has ever attempted to show. It is here that faith comes in as faith inevitably must somewhere and somehow; God is the end, and we must trust God therefore for the validity of that end. And then too with regard to the relation of our ideals to God, we are to remember that, so far as we may judge, this world of God's is incomplete, and that for its completion, our collaboration is needed, else the work will not be done as it should be.

> Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks
> That this thy world is incomplete,
> That battle calls our marshalled ranks,
> That work awaits our hands and feet.
>
> What though the kingdom long delay
> And still with haughty foes must cope?
> It gives us that for which to pray,
> A field for toil and faith and hope.

The real reason, it may be, for this constant shift of ideals and for the faintness that comes to us in the long pursuit of the unattainable, as it seems to us, is that it is a section of the cosmic plan revealed in the life of each one of us. The watchword and keynote of the universal scheme would seem to be *development,* and this is an assiduous

process. It is a process that means change and readjustment, and changes and readjustments bring weariness oftentimes. Still

> Since what we choose is what we are
> And what we love we yet shall be,
> The goal may ever shine afar,
> The will to win it makes us free.

The very source of our freedom is the liberty to pursue the ideal, and it is this pursuit brings weariness, and the weariness earns the liberty, and there your circle is complete. Your liberty is bought with a price. That too I feel is part of the cosmic plan, that there is nothing worth while that can be had for nothing.

Finally then my own consolation in the press of unceasing and exacting duties is the belief that the things I do are minute but necessary cogs in the mill of God, and that the whole machinery is impeded to the extent that my part of it is imperfect. I know that if I fail Him, God cannot fully develop His work as He would like to do. It is as George Eliot wrote in her poem *Stradivarius:*

> If my hand slacked
> I should rob God, since He is fullest good,

Leaving a blank instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

And thus by the very demands of duty I rise to the divine, or realize the divine that is in me. I shall be faint but I shall not fail; I shall be still pursuing. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

MAKING THE GRADE

I THINK it is *Punch* that has a story of an English loafer who delivered himself as follows: "Work! W'enever I 'ears that word, I goes all of a tremble!" There are those who without being loafers probably feel that way about examinations; the mere word sets them all of a tremble. Few there be who look with favor upon examinations, but remember that this applies to examiners as well as to their victims.

The examinee thinks that examination season is a time when the examiner, a ruthless, cruel, calculating and cunning individual, gloats over the sufferings of his candidates as they attempt in the words of the negro preacher "to solve de insoluble, to explic de inexplicable, and to unscrew de inscrutable." But as a matter of fact (and this is quite different from the fiction of it) the examiner sees before him but a vista of thirty, forty, or even a hundred and forty papers in which the same time-honored passages of literature and the

same immemorial traditions of science will be exhibited in unbroken monotony until the drowsiness of the Lotos-Eaters' Land steals over him, and he becomes quiescent over the half-marked page, just an ordinary mortal overcome with sleep. He realizes as he reads the futility of examinations. He knows that they are in some respects sheer matters of knack, the knack which some students possess for writing papers, that often they are matters of mere chance, success or failure turning on the last formula at which the examinee glanced before he dropped his notebook and advanced with a firm step to the scaffold. Time and again too he thinks he discerns under a confusion of words a probability that the question is really being answered, and then he wonders whether the information is really there or if he is not in charity supplying the key that unlocks the riddle. Futile they certainly are, but just how shall we dispense with them?

And of course the examinee realizes much of this futility too. He knows how much knack counts for, especially if he has the gift himself; it will spread a little knowledge to a wonderful thinness over quite an area. Time and again he

has probably experienced, now with joy, now with sorrow, what matters of freakish chance they are, and how even with the best of preparation it is still necessary that the luck break with you a little at least. He realizes that the last answer he wrote was a trifle mixed up, but time pressed and he could not go back to amend or clarify. And knowing all these things and considering himself always and uniquely the sufferer, he is apt to treat the whole process as a more or less amiable humbug and to regard examinations as series of select puzzles for the mystification of the student and his reduction to a proper state of humility in the intellectual world.

Of course there is justification for all this. There have always been and always will be examinations that are unfair both in conception and phrasing. There are papers in which the whole object is to show the examinee that he knows nothing, others which seem designed to prove that the examiner knows everything. This of course is wrong. To demonstrate to a student his ignorance is poor business unless it be for the elimination of conceit or the stimulation of effort; to exhibit your learning is a poor piece of vanity

in a world which is such a guess-work world at best. The real object of examinations should be to ascertain, subject to all the known difficulties of the method, the relation of the examinee to a broad summary of the year's work; the more minute investigations should have been made sooner. But one has to be at the game a long time to realize this; the worst examinations are those set by very young and very earnest instructors who have just got through with being examined themselves.

One of the most delightful things about examinations is the modesty, real or affected, of examinees when the ordeal is over. To be sure, I have heard that *girls* actually get together and go over papers they have written and compute their percentages, though it seems too horrible to be true, but among the lads of my time an examination once written was absolutely committed to the vasty deep of the oblivious past, and the honored formula of reply in event of your being asked how you had done in a paper, was simply: "Oh, I guess I made the grade." I have called it an honored formula; honor strictly required that it should be used as well by the proudest com-

petitor as by the poor literalist to whom the phrase was not only an answer to a friend but a prayer, in the phrase of Henley, "to whatever Gods may be." It was a phrase that apparently indicated a fine contempt for results, a noble indifference for fate and its decrees, and a philosophic recognition of the essential futility of the whole business.

At the same time we were all interested beyond what our fixed and conventional phrase implied, no matter what our affected indifference. The best student wanted to know how far he had left the "grade" behind; the student who hoped that luck and the examiner's satisfaction in his last meal would play into his hands, had but one grade in mind and that a humble one, but he had it very much in mind night and day. And apparently there must be many such; are not the long lists of equals which regularly terminate our class-lists eloquent testimony to this truth? Most often "making the grade" looks to the minimum of achievement, not to the maximum.

And so one might go on indefinitely philosophizing about examinations, but no amount of philosophy would remove the examinations, even

as while there may be a philosophy which thinks away matter, you still cut yourself with a knife or bump your head in the dark hall. It has not been my purpose in this ramble to suggest a pleasant age in prospect wherein the wicked examiner shall cease from troubling and the weary student be at rest. True we have quite a band of amiable women who gather at mothers' clubs and such-like agencies of what is called uplift, to pass resolutions against children and young people being compelled to learn anything whatever or to prove by any method that they have learned anything, but society seldom worries much over these pronouncements and usually smiles the smile of long experience at these pacifists of education and passes by on the other side. Rather I have it in mind to urge that examinations with all their apparent one-sidedness and unfairness and their elements of luck and knack and all the rest, are not so very remote from the general experience of life, that all life is really an examination in which, whether we stop to realize it or not, we are candidates in the presence of the Great Examiner. Now this may not reconcile you to life, this having it compared with an examination, but perhaps

it will reconcile you to examinations to learn that they are really a microcosm of life, and being reconciled to examinations is very important at least several times a year.

Any examination that amounts to anything is of course a genuine test of powers, power of memory, power of reasoning, power of expression. It is in part a review of work traversed but it is also an inquiry into your ability to convert that old work to new uses. You memorize the formulæ of mathematics and the proofs for these, but can you use them for the solution of novel propositions? You can translate all the assigned Latin of your course, but can you take a piece of unseen Latin and make an understandable rendering of that? You have performed certain analyses in your chemistry course; how are you going to fare with the analysis of the unknown compound that you meet at examination time? You will hear a great deal of grumbling against examinations because they insist on going appreciably farther than the mere memory and trying out the reason as well; this is very childish if you really believe that a university has some duties in the field of education. Well, life

goes pretty much as examinations go. There is always plenty of review on the back-work, so much of it that the most patient of us at times get tired and sigh for relief from monotonous and humdrum duties, and perhaps it is because we get rebellious that we do not always make the showing we should on this part of life's paper. We are inclined to say: "Oh, I've done that thing ten thousand times and done it carefully and well; what's the use of bringing this up again?" just like the examinee who says: "Aw shucks, Professor X. has heard me translate that passage half-a-dozen times; why does he come asking for it here again on his paper?" and forthwith proceeds to do a sloppy piece of work. Perhaps life and examinations are both wrong; at all events they are curiously alike.

But life brings every now and then, sometimes in very rapid procession, a series of original problems for solution, and then the examination becomes critical. Everything that you have ever come to know through previous experience, every atom of accumulated judgment, is required to face the new situation and to reason out the new conclusion. Well, did you ever meet the type

of examinee who, after first objecting to one examination on the ground that it needlessly covered the old trails again, next assails a second examination because it made too much demand on the reason? You will find plenty of people acting that way in life's examination too. While things are going as they have always gone, they will be found complaining of the monotony of their existence; when life's storms descend upon them in the form of loss, sorrow, frustration of plans, sickness, situations which call for reason applied to experience for a solution, you will find them reproaching God for having deserted them or laid upon them a burden greater than they can bear. But that is rather feeble. We are apt to think poorly of the student who cries: "I don't want to have to face any new situation on my examination because that is something I can't prepare for;" in like manner we have a right to sense a lack of moral fibre in one who in life prays for tasks equal to his strength rather than seeks strength to measure up to his tasks. He will not make much of a showing in life's examination; he may "make the grade" in the poorest sense of the term, but you will not need to

bother looking for his name in the first division. He is not the material from which is made a Moses or Elijah or Socrates or Jesus or John Hus or Savonarola or Galileo or Cromwell or Lincoln or Cardinal Mercier or the other names before which we bare our heads. They were concerned with something better than making the grade, and so have won immortality.

Examinations are not ideal arrangements; no more is life. Examinations, sometimes by malice, more often by inadvertence, are unjust; life is likewise full of little injustices which are usually the result of carelessness, forgetfulness, or selfishness, and of greater injustices which can be set down mostly to sheer malevolence, and you have to take these injustices little or great along with the rest of the paper. A good deal of your education comes in the handling of these, and the test of your education will lie in the manner of man or woman you emerge from this part of the test. And remember that the real examiner who knows his business, never reads very far in the answer-paper before he discovers the error of inadvertence in the paper that he has set and makes due allowance for it; so too I doubt not

that God, the Great Examiner, as he looks over the answer-papers of life realizes how unfair his paper has been at times and in places to poor, stumbling individuals, and just cancels the score in the Book of Life.

The grades are hard to decipher in the returns from life's examinations except for the few conspicuous firsts we have all agreed to recognize. We are not very certain about our own performances, and the best people in the world, like the pleasantly diffident students I mentioned, will hardly do more than express the hope that they have made the grade. We are in the situation of a large class after the papers are handed in; certain ones, we know, have passed and passed well, but the fate of the general run of the class is in the hands of the examiner. So we stand in life. Some certainly have "made the grade" by devoted lives and heroic deaths; the common run of us write on and the Great Examiner in no way signifies what the result is. For ourselves, we shall probably learn only otherwhere how well or ill we wrought; others who remain after we have passed on, may be able to say of us that we got through. If dying we still live in a tender

heart or two that was the better for our living, I doubt not that, whether with distinction or no, we shall have made the grade.

St. Paul saw well enough that there are no one hundred per cent papers in life's examinations, and so he wrote: "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." Most of us are humble enough to admit at each day's end that the result St. Paul indicates is correct; what bothers us at the day's end is the sense of failure that it often brings, the sense that we cannot truthfully cry "Vixi! I have lived!" The glory of God is our ideal, the finest moral and spiritual ideal we can form for ourselves, not some physical nimbus or halo, as some people seem to think, who have never got any further through the wilderness than Mt. Sinai; it is the sun of our hopes, the star by which we steer our way, a sun that glows and a star that brightly beams, illumining all of life if we will but suffer it. The ordinary ideals of our life we sometimes overtake; this is in us the infinite ideal, and of it we necessarily fall short. But there is no need for gloom over that, no need to found upon St. Paul's word some appalling theory of everlasting

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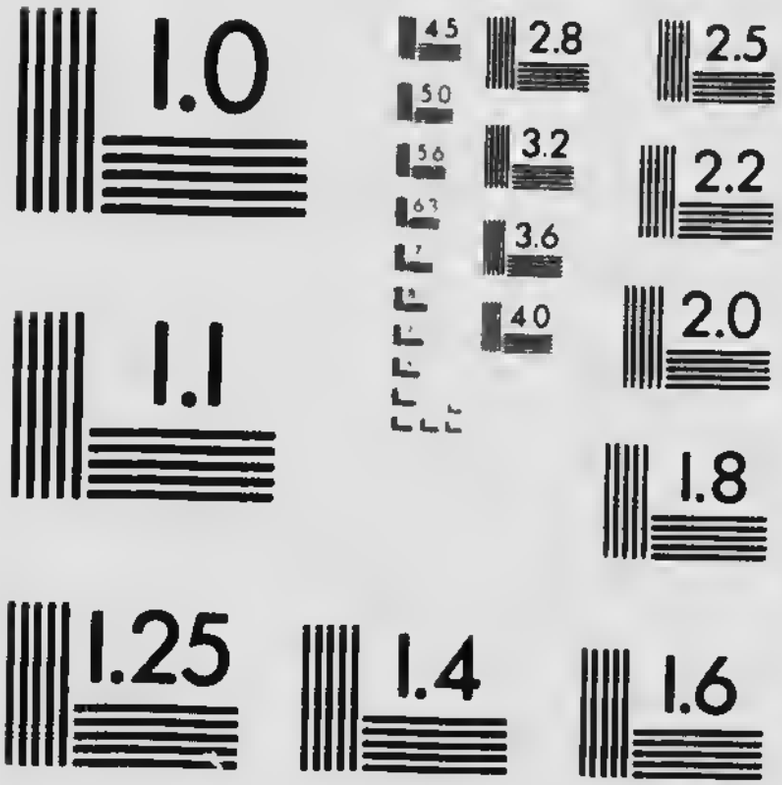

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damnation by an offended God; the real gloom is for those who reck nothing of the glory of God or of the fact that they fall short of it. They simply isolate themselves from moral development and lose much of the zest of the life that now is, and, I should conjecture, imperil their chances of progress in any life to come that there may be.

I have spoken once or twice of the Great Examiner under whom we are all candidates and whose papers we take, consciously or unconsciously. It is not possible to say much of Him because His revelation of Himself is such an individual experience that it almost eludes telling and in the telling seems to lose its certainty and its charm. But those who have known Him best, do not report Him as the stern and savage Examiner of whom we have so often heard, always more ready to pluck a candidate than to pass him. Indeed if He were such, He would be no fit Examiner in the scheme of the Universe, and God and the Universe are one. You as students would have a very poor opinion of a notorious "plucking" examiner who stopped more people than he passed because it suggests to your mind

injustice, and we may not form a conception of the Great Examiner which is unjust, which reflects upon His justice. The conceptions of God in the past were not flattering in this regard; now through the influence of liberal thought we feel that God as our Examiner wants to find out, not how bad we are, but how much progress we have made in appreciating the good, the beautiful and the true. It is true that He does not set easy papers, but He sets no papers that cannot be done, although some can be solved and answered only with blood and tears. And they must be taken; we cannot decline God's papers, because we are in fact at work upon them every minute of our lives.

And that is the way in which the Great Examiner's papers avoid the charge so often laid against examinations, that they have the result of encouraging a cram towards the last. I am afraid that there is no cram towards the last that will avail us much in God's papers; I have no confidence in mystic formulae which will at the eleventh hour save the situation and suddenly prepare an obviously unprepared candidate. That might possibly work at times in the

academic life; it will not work here. The examination is continuous; it is the building of character, and character-building is a process that is life-long, and it may be longer than even that. It is folly then to postpone any distinct effort on this examination; "now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation." Begin to think, not priggishly but seriously, of thoughts, words, and deeds, as part of your examination material, and study day by day to frame your answers a little less short of your own best ideal, which stands to you for the time being as the "glory of God." Then again—and this is good advice both for man's examinations and for God's—do not fasten your gaze too much on the examination material but keep an eye on the goal. It is bigger than the processes that bring you there, just as an education is bigger than Math. 6 or Latin 51. And only by cherishing the golden vision of the goal both in education and in life shall we escape the soul-weariness that examinations always bring; it is the will to win the goal that emancipates us from examination drudgery and makes us the free sons of God.

COMMENCEMENT

THIS is the ceremony which the English call "convocation." For myself I prefer the New England term "commencement." Convocation suggests to my mind all the dignitaries on the platform, governor, justices, chancellor, president, deans, professors, in a quite dazzling and unintelligible array of hoods and gowns and caps. But to the reflective mind these are not the figures of interest on the day of graduation; the vital feature is the galaxy of young seniors in the auditorium below, whose gowns are simple black and whose hoods do not so much suggest a spectroscopic analysis. It is of them we should be thinking; it is their day of days when the period of academic preparation is completed and they are ready at last to "commence," to enter upon the larger field. By all means let it be "commencement," which turns the spot-light on the proper place!

It is a pretty thought contained in that word,

rather a heartening thought too for a good many of you, I imagine. College days have been so joyful and on the whole so carefree despite professors, classes and examinations, that to some this day we call "commencement" takes on rather the aspect of the everlasting end of all things; it seems impossible to visualize life without the accompaniments I have just mentioned, and from what we cannot visualize, we usually shrink. And so these to whom I have just referred

> feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose guests are fled, whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed.

But courage! Life does not consist merely in the repetition of one type of experience; its marvel and wonder is made up in the succession of different experiences. You remember how Shakespeare has put that view in his seven ages of man; what he states cynically, I believe in practically as the thing that gives savor to living. It has been good to be a student, it has been a time of rare joys, wonderful friendships, ripening knowledge, frolicsome diversion; all true, but would you deliberately choose to remain forever

an undergraduate? No, you would not even if you could, because an instinct tells you it is not the law of the best life to live in a state of arrested experience, no matter how high or holy that experience may be. "Lord, it is good for us to be here," said Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, "let us therefore make all preparations to stay here," but God knew better and drew the vision to a close so that with Jesus the disciples might return to the plain to pick up the thread of life once more in the field of action. And so I have said that if any of you are feeling just a little gloomy about this day which marks the end of your undergraduate course, you should find cheer and encouragement in this good word "Commencement" which will serve to remind you that, while no doubt much is left behind, it is left behind only that you may step through the open-swinging portals into a larger life.

Let us think for a moment of what you are leaving; I do not refer now to the frolics and the fun and the friendships, but to the proper work of a university. You are leaving the place where for the first time in most cases you came to know intellectual responsibility. You came to

the university from the routine discipline of the school-room; that has been gradually relaxed through your several years until at the last lectures had quite succeeded recitations, and in the happier instances, frank conversation between student and teacher had succeeded lectures. In this way you were learning to stand intellectually on your own feet, and so gradual on the whole has the process been that your instructors have realized the change better than yourselves. Well, you must leave that process behind now so far as further formal development of it at the hands of your college instructors goes; the question for you is, are you going to leave it behind actually as well as formally, or are you going to carry out into the new life, the commencement of which lies so near, this principle of intellectual responsibility for yourself? In the church, in the political party, in the community, are you going to lean or are you going to do your own thinking? The great test of your education is the capacity it has developed in you to think straight and to think through; are you going from your very commencement to demonstrate that in some sense you really have gained an education? Your

answer is a very vital concern to the social group of which you are to constitute a unit.

I have used the phrase "to think straight"; that implies that you do not allow yourself to be drawn in this direction or in that overmuch by bias, prejudice, or distorted vision, but that with your eye fixed on the Pole Star, you steer for the goal of decision. "Shun thou extremes," save in those crises which will arise from time to time when, as Sumner, the great Massachusetts Senator, said upon the issue of slavery: "There is no other side"; ordinarily have much regard for the arguments from this side and from that, and decide in calmness the issue. I am not pretending that this is any simple or easy thing, or a thing in which men and women ordinarily succeed very well, but it is for you above all people to [illegible] virtue of your education.

You are leaving behind you your instruction in intellectual method, thinking straight, and your instruction in intellectual aim, thinking through; you are also leaving behind an atmosphere consciously permeated with the love of the true and the beautiful for their own sakes, a little kingdom in which the rarest treasures are often "all the

charm of all the Muses flowering in a lonely word," or, it may be, the discovery of a new star-world swimming into our astonied ken. It is the realm of the Mind, a realm where all who comprehend are kings and there are no slaves. I hope you have learned to think well of that enchanted garden which you can carry with you anywhere if you really love its brooks and flowers, so that the darkest place can be made light and the hardest road easy and the roughest places plain and the saddest days more cheerful and pain relieved and death assuaged in the contemplation of that garden and in sweet recollections that gather around it. Do not forget it as you go out into a world where thought for its own sake and beauty for its own sake is rather at a discount, the world whereof the poet felt wearily obliged to write

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

That single inspiration which above all others a university training should provide is such that he who has received it can afford to laugh at the

person who tells him that the real prizes of life lie elsewhere than in the life of the mind.

But do not understand me as warning you at the very time of the commencement of your life in the world, against that world. It is not an ideal world, but good, bad, or indifferent, it is *our* world, and we must treat it as such. There is much justice in Thomas Carlyle's grim rejoinder when some one reported to him that Margaret Fuller, the great transcendentalist, had said: "I accept the Universe." "Egad!" said the Chelsea sage, "she'd better; she's in it!" I do not warn you after the manner of some against loving the world and the things that are in the world. It is in many ways a great world, surely, full of wonderful experiences, opening many avenues of interest and usefulness before us, offering posts that it is honorable to fill, containing untold store of objects of art and beauty; it would be folly to advise you against that world. All I asked was that in that world you should seek to maintain some sort of mental perspective, a wholesome respect for thought, for straight thought and for thought leading somewhere. Sometimes, it is true, such an attitude will find

you cutting prejudice against the grain, but if you have the grace of speaking the truth in love, which seems to me as a virtue to overtop faith, hope, and charity, you will be able in the end to make the old world hear you.

Let us now for a little turn from the old life to scan the design of the new more closely. On your commencement day you stand fortunately on one of life's ridges from which you look backwards to be sure, but forwards as well; you contemplate the plain and the foothills along which you have come to your present eminence, and you see that to gain the next ridge, you will have to go down through a valley, the Valley of Adjustment, I should call it, your freshman year in the post-graduate university of life. What shall be your aims and hopes as you prepare to leave the elevation which for a short space you gain on Commencement Day?

There are three attitudes in any one of which you may leave college, the attitude of the indifferentist, the frankly selfish attitude, and the attitude of helpfulness and service. Of the two former I dread most indifferentism for any one of you. I can conceive of a selfishness directed

towards noble ends, and solely or chiefly vitiated by a desire to figure in the world's approving gaze; Laodiceanism is more serious. I do not mean that there are not just compromises which can and indeed constantly must be made in life, but what I want to urge upon you is this, the pleasure and the privilege of having a few definite convictions. One gets out of patience with the "perhaps's" and the "may be's" and the "I didn't mean's" and the "can't really say's" of so much of our modern conversation, which leave one wondering whether he is dealing with vertebrates or jelly-fish. Hold at least some few definite opinions, not dogmatically but upon thoughtful and reasoned bases, and be prepared to maintain your ground courteously but firmly in the face of opposition. This does not preclude you from the possibility of changing your opinions in the light of better evidence and more mature consideration; indeed, if in the next five or ten years you have not materially altered most of your present ideas, I should suspect that mental ossification had set in.

But if you escape indifferentism and avoid selfishness, there still remains the question of

what is the helpful and the serviceable in life. I wish here to record my dissent from much advice and exhortation that is put forward under this head; I mean that wild urge toward social service and the like which is so zealously applied by good-intentioned people to college graduates of recent standing. The young college graduate is a natural mark for every enthusiast connected with such enterprises; he is regarded as a useful ally because of his education, and as a person who having neatly canned the products of four years' thinking, will never have to lay in any further store, but is available for committee meetings and executive meetings and conferences night and day. Consider carefully before you thus commit yourself. Your education is but just begun; it is, like everything else at this time, but at its commencement, and you need most of the time and leisure which will be yours for the next two or three years for consolidating by reading more extensively those positions already roughly established in college work. The great trouble with so many people is that in reading the second of the terms of eternal life which Jesus laid down, they do not preserve an even

stress throughout, and yet the injunction reads: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself.*" And I strongly believe that in many cases there will not be much profit derived by neighbor from being "loved" by some social worker who has not taken the time to improve himself. There is no sense in going out to lift humanity up unless you are really sure that you are on a higher level than they.

This much by way of warning: it would be equally regrettable that you should merely wrap your talent in a napkin and bury it so that you might present it at least undiminished to your Lord. The first duty awaiting you is this, that you should perform with the utmost efficiency and devotion the work which is given you to do. You remember how the apostle puts it, "he that teacheth, on teaching, he that exhorteth, on exhortation, he that ruleth, with diligence." That is the first thing; that duty rendered, engage in some form of social activity, but without violence to the need of your own soul for study, refreshment, and repose. If there be those who feel no need of these, well and good,—for them, that is, though I doubt if it is well and good for the

rest of us,—but the educated man must have them; it is doubtful if he is an educated man if he does not want them, and it is certain that he will hardly remain an educated man if he does not get them.

You will see that I am not proclaiming to you that it is your duty to sally forth into a cruel world to slay dragons, to liberate oppressed princes, or to redeem princesses laboring under some magic spell; all that is very romantic and appealing, and there will be many commencement speakers to dwell upon the glorious careers opening before you. I am seeking rather to hold up for you an ordinary, common-sense ideal which may serve to sustain you as you gradually discover that it is but seldom that our feet cross the trail of true romance and that for most of us life is the daily round and the common task. Still, it is the faithful performance of that round that makes civilization possible, and as for us individually it may be that in the grind we become more perfectly polished gems.

I have said a good deal about loving yourself and a little about loving your neighbor, but there is yet one thing needful; there is the first commandment of the simple duologue of the Man of

Nazareth, in which is enjoined upon us the love of God. To explain to you what the term signifies to me would be an address in itself and is moreover unnecessary to our purpose; whatever our several interpretations, in the end it comes to this, that if we feel we can conscientiously use the phrase "love of God," we are recognizing some sanction upon life other than such as are merely obvious, that our souls reach out beyond the bourne of time and space and seek Him who is Eternal, abiding in the heavens, that we believe in the great purposes of this Eternal whom we call God, and are convinced that He stands in such a relation to us that it is indeed true that believing in Him, we shall never perish. It is the third of three animating ideas which most of us feel we need; we must first get into harmony with our own self, next, relate that self to society, and, finally, achieve a philosophy of our position in regard to the Infinite, the Not-Ourselves. I should think, at all events I should hope, that your years in college have not made this last task any less possible for you, but rather far more feasible and attractive. It will be strange indeed if difficulties have not arisen by the way, it will

be strange if your thought of God is quite what it was four years ago, but God will be God just the same; the point simply is that He has given you a new revelation of Himself in a dozen fields of thought, and your conception has altered and expanded. As I have said, I cannot presume to dictate any ready-made theology on which we could all agree, but I should like to feel that we are in tolerable harmony on this at least, that back of Diversity lies Unity, back of Discord, Harmony, back of the Transient the Eternal, back of Man and Nature, God, and that we are dignified in our mortal existence with the great privilege of being His collaborators, fellow-workers together with Him in the achievements of purposes which are ultimate, even if we cannot always see the goal. There is a great dignity lent to human life by such a belief, and ennobling is just what you will often feel your life requires as the bloom of youth begins to fade. Youth in itself ennobles life at one stage with the sheer joy of living; later, when the pulse beats not so fast, you will find the need of some high calling of God to make life seem worth while. I trust that at such a time some word, thought, inspira-

tion of your college days may be the golden key for the solution of your problem; a university that has done something for the spirit as well as for the mind is gratefully remembered as an Alma Mater.

Some of you, as I hinted, are thinking of things as finishing because your course here is at an end, but really you are just toeing the mark for the race of life. It is actually a relay race in which you are the next team, the team to whom your immediate predecessors hand on the torch. Yours is the task to hold it high, to keep it burning brightly, and to deliver it without fail to those who shall in turn follow you.