LIFE AND SERMONS

. . OF . .

Jonathan Allen,

Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., President of Alfred University

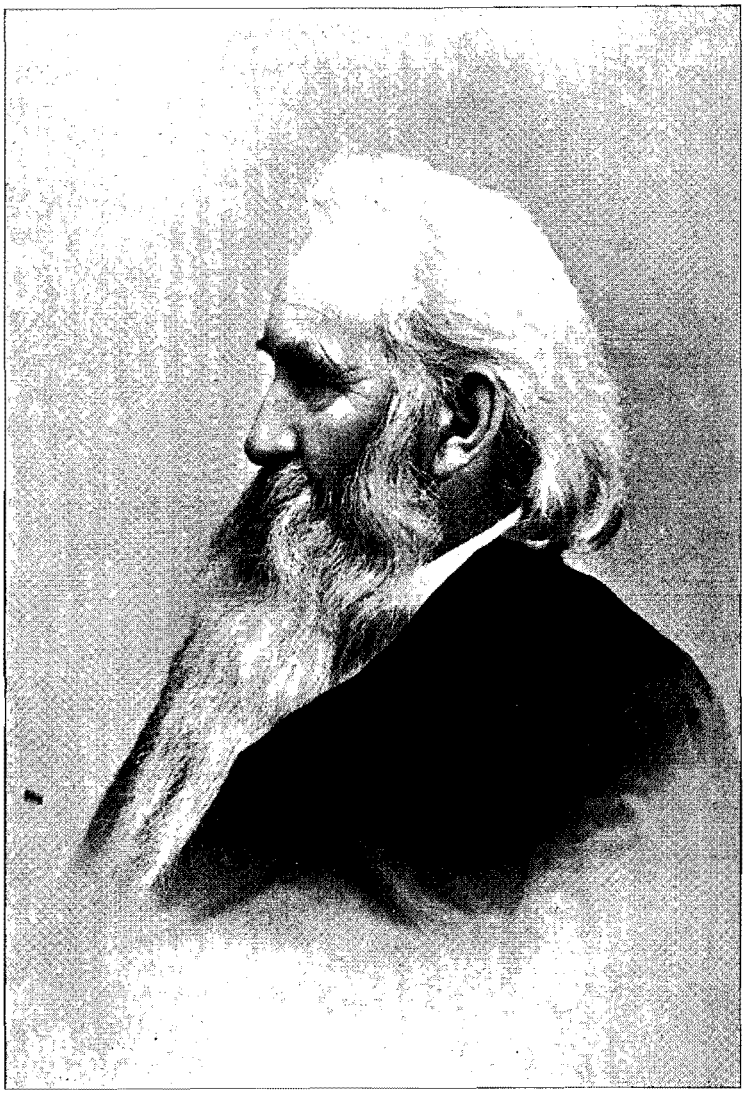
BY HIS WIFE

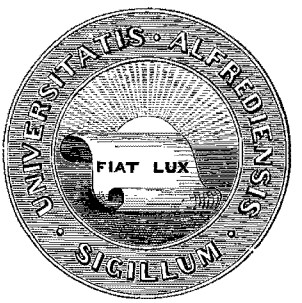
He glorified life, exalted duty, and brought
us face to face with God.—*Caroline H. Dall, LL.D.*

ILLUSTRATED.

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.
1894.

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING CO., OAKLAND, CAL.





TO

ALFRED STUDENTS,

THIS WORK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.—Most grateful thanks are due the many teachers, students, and friends, who have, by their written words and generous pecuniary help, made it possible to put these records in permanent form.

Many of these names will appear with what they have written in the book, but others, though not mentioned, may be assued they have given strength and courage to the author to go on with her work. The illustrations have been, with one exception, furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Irving Saunders.

OBJECT OF THE BOOK.

EVERY man's life is his own biography. He delineates himself in all his activities from childhood to the grave. President Allen's favorite motto was Cromwell's direction to his artist, "Paint me as I am." In these pages we wish to present such a true picture of the man that those who read them may feel the power of his personal influence. With some there may be a desire to know of the childhood, the environments and the struggles that helped to mould his character. We hope this book may bring to such, hours of pleasure and profit, and as their children shall know the life that he lived and the sermons that he preached to their fathers and mothers, the knowledge may help them onward and upward. Encouraged by this hope, and wishing to perpetuate his memory, we have prepared this tribute of love.

We trust that all students and friends of Alfred University, past, present, and future, will feel that it is to them, and for them, that this book has been prepared. That through these pages they may catch a glimpse of the noble, unselfish man so many of them have known and loved, is the fervent wish of the author,

A. A. ALLEN.

INTRODUCTION.

NO one understands better than the author herself how far short of what President Allen was can any word picture portray him. Those who knew him best continually found new surprises in the freshness and fullness of his investigations, in every phase of life and experience. We cannot do better than give his own ideas of biography, as he once wrote them:—

"Biography, the personal history of life and character, is an interesting and instructive branch of literature. It is the best possible substitute for the personal presence of those who have lived and acted for us. Their deeds and experiences are here presented for example or warning. In it we see the moving forces in the development of society, the origination of customs, laws, governments. The moving, controlling spirits in the world's progress are here revealed as struggling up through difficulties, from small beginnings, to high stations and commanding influences, becoming ever-burning lights for the inspiration and guidance of others.

"When a great, good, or original character arises, all have a desire to know the springs of his power, the details of his living and doing. Whatever came to such in opportunity and achievement, whatever influence he started for human well being, becomes of especial interest. Strength of mind and character, patriotism, love of liberty, poetic fire, religious elevation, and all true greatness become highly instructive and finely inspirational. Truths thus come to us, not as abstractions, but embodied, living, thinking, willing, accomplishing, thereby influencing, developing character. It puts to the test of practice multitudinous and abstract truths, reducing them to a concrete form. We see one excelling in patience, another in justice, another in temperance, another in benevolence, while perhaps now and then one seems to shine forth with all of the graces combined. Such lives are powerful influences for enkindling a longing for like living in others. The love of knowledge which has kept a youth to his studies, seeking from afar the cloud-capped summits of science, kindles in others a like love, producing a like seeking. The patriot awakens a love of country; the philanthropist, a love

of human kind; the reformer, a love of progress; the devout lights up the religious sentiments.

"In order for these goodly influences to become effective, biography must have for its subjects characters, not of the bad and ignoble, not given to dry, outward circumstances and conditions, not to accidental place and distinction, but rather of those which reveal the spiritual springs and processes, the power of great purpose, the force of high aims and earnest, persistent endeavor. Such make life real, earnest, inspirational, by permitting us to walk arm in arm with them, to walk face to face with them, breathe the same air, feel the same heat and light.

"Such being the influence of right biography, it evidently claims attention in all plans for reading, should occupy a prominent place in all libraries for the young. The wise, the good, the great, of all ages, should be permitted to walk with us, to cross the threshold of all our homes, sit by our firesides with us, enabling us to gather to ourselves those powers and methods by which they have helped on the world's progress, and thus enabling us to fitly meet the issues which they have bequeathed to us, thereby helping on the world to still higher issues."

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CHAPTER I.

ALFRED IN EARLY TIMES.

BIRTH OF JONATHAN ALLEN.

JONATHAN ALLEN, the eldest son of Abram and Dorcas Burdick Allen, was born in the town of Alfred, January 26, 1823. He was the true son of this mountain region, "this eagle's nest," as he was wont to call this lovely valley. The record of some of his ancestors could be traced back to the mountains of Scotland, and to the uplands of all the countries from whence they came, even to the sacred hills of Palestine. Thus in this wilderness they naturally sought a home among the hills.

The New England States, with their rocky soil and fast increasing population, became, early in the country's history, a difficult place for a poor man to procure a home and competence. Before and soon after the Revolution a few bold spirits sought and made homes in the Western wilds, as most of this part of New York was then known, but they had kept close to the lakes and the valleys of the Susquehanna and Genesee, with their tributaries. A few of the early settlers, however, had penetrated as far as the foothills of the Alleghanies, but it was not till after the year 1812 that safety from Indian raids, and the construction of State and military roads, made the country desirable for the general settler. Between the years 1815 and 1820 hosts of families from Rhode Island and other States came to make new homes in the part of the country where land was cheap, soil fertile, and there was an abundance of fuel for the long, cold winters. Deep into the unbroken forests; through roads often only underbrushed, up the winding valleys of the Chemung and Can-

acadea, came oxen and horses drawing the old Dutch wagons covered with coarse cloth that could be made into useful articles for the family. On this one vehicle was often loaded all the household goods, among which would be disposed father, mother, and children.

REMOVAL OF ANCESTORS FROM RHODE ISLAND.

Most of those that came to Alfred were from Rhode Island and were descendants of the Independent Thinkers, who, with Roger Williams, were driven out from the Plymouth Colony. They claimed the right to worship God according to the Bible and the dictates of their own consciences, but not according to the rules of the church. Such men have always made the pioneers in all advance work or thought.

In 1817 came John Allen, and his wife, Amy McCumber Allen, with three sons and four daughters, the eldest son remaining in the East, while the married daughter and her husband accompanied the parents in their removal. Katie, then a wee girl, often told us how the neighbors and friends came weeping to bid them good-by, never expecting to see their faces again this side of heaven. This little girl was the "Aunt Katie" of our memory, who, living nearly eighty years, welcomed often to her home not only many of these friends, but numbers of their grandchildren.

A yoke of oxen and a span of horses brought all the household goods of both families. Among these came the woolen and flax wheels, with the cards for combing and preparing both wool and flax, indispensable to the thrifty housewife of those days. She it was who must spin, weave, and make by hand most of the material used for clothing the family and furnishing the home.

SIX WEEKS' JOURNEY.

They brought with them little bags of seeds, especially of apple and pear, together with peach, plum, and cherry stones, in order to make a nursery as soon as possible. It took them six weeks to make the journey of five hundred miles—much of the way being through unbroken forest. Often the road was almost

impassable and the streams were without bridges. The able-bodied members of the family walked much of the distance, and all were often obliged to camp and sleep under the trees or in the wagons. Wolves and other wild animals sometimes made these nights a terror by their shrieks and howls, though some-one always remained as a sentinel, to keep up a blaze for safety to themselves and their teams, as wild animals never approach a bright fire.

Judge Clark Crandall, who, with a few other families, had come into this wilderness as early as 1808, was the pioneer father of the new settlement. It was he, with a few others, who gave a hearty welcome to our travelers and made them feel at once well repaid for the dangers and hardships they had endured in coming to their new home.

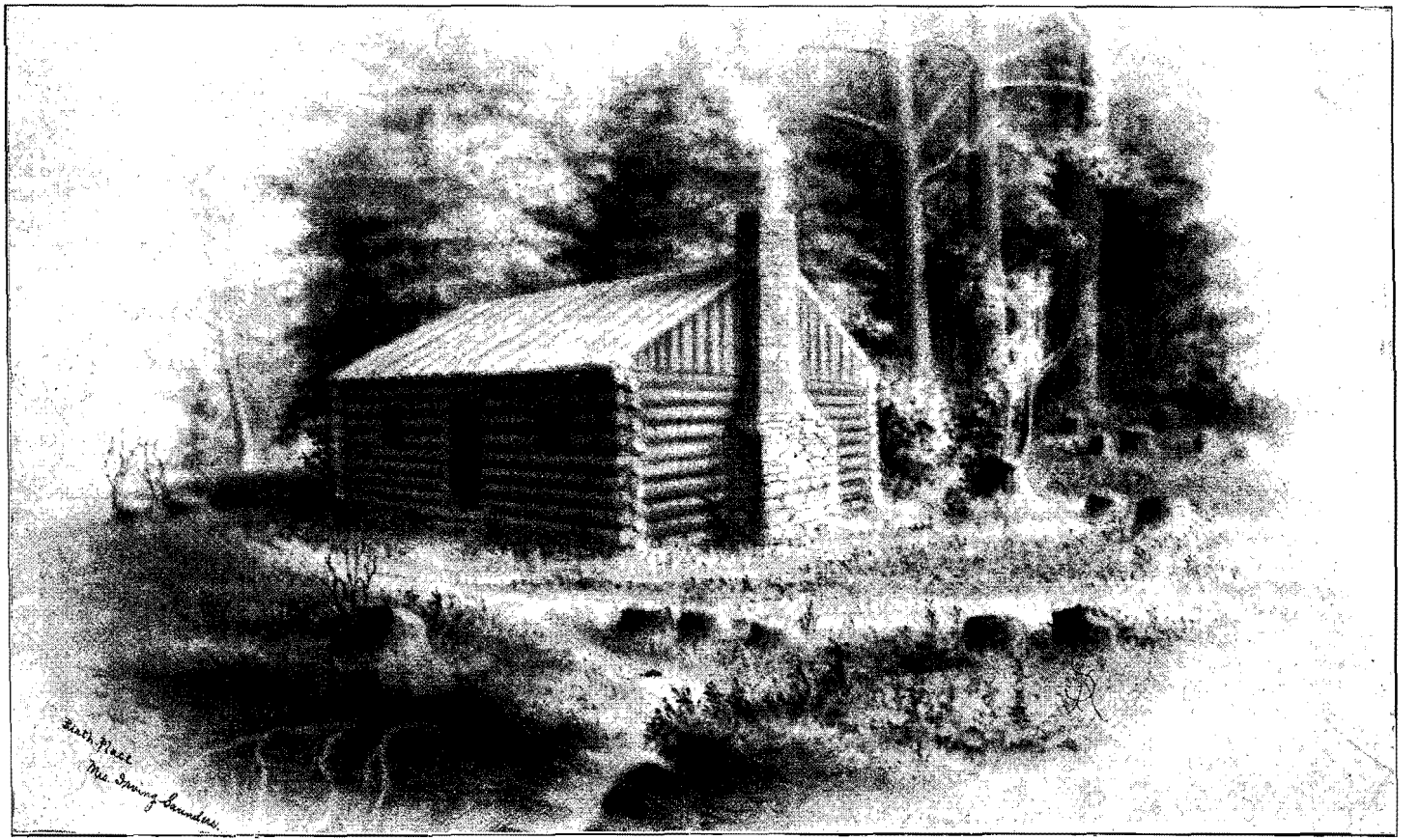
THE NEW HOME.

Grandfather Allen was very fortunate in the selection of his farm, one hundred and fifty acres of woodland, sloping to the south and east. The most distinctive feature of these sturdy Western settlers was their immediate preparation for intellectual and spiritual culture; consequently a building was erected for worship and schools almost as soon as their dwelling houses. These were of log, and rude, but answered the full purpose for which they were intended. While waiting for their new house, the family lived in a log schoolhouse, it being vacation. From here every morning at six o'clock grandfather and the three boys, John, of fourteen, George, of sixteen, and Abram, of eighteen years went a mile over the hill through the dense forest to cut down the trees and hew them into shape for building.

One morning when the noonday lunch was prepared for the builders, there was nothing left for the hungry little ones at home. Not a word had been said, but after they had gone, this brave Scotch mother saddled her horse and rode eight or ten miles to where a few families with means had come into the country some years before and now had an abundance of food. The Lockharts and Karrs of Karr Valley were among these. She

brought back some flax to spin, and the pay for it in advance, which consisted of a small bag of meal, some beans, and a little meat, that she might have supper ready for the father and boys when they returned. These horseback rides became so frequent that every family in the settlement not only knew this intrepid woman and her horse, but were glad to call her in to rest and share their comforts. This undaunted spirit she bequeathed to her grandson, as his especial inheritance.

James, the eldest son, married a Connecticut girl, and settled two miles to the west. Abram, the second son, married, in 1821, Dorcas Burdick, the daughter of a near neighbor. He secured one hundred acres of land, upon which was already a small log house. In this the family altar was erected, and here, in 1823, Jonathan Allen, the eldest of six children, was born.



BIRTHPLACE.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

IN this new household busy years followed for the young mother. The three brothers and two sisters that came during the next five years became Jonathan's especial care in all his early boyhood. He was always old and thoughtful for his years. His brother, Deacon Allen, writes: "He was ever our peacemaker, and the champion and protector of the little twin sisters, always called 'the babies.'" As soon as they were old enough to walk, all the bright, sunny days were spent in the fields and woods around the home. The little girls placed in the center, and the twin brothers one on each side, with the older brothers each taking a hand of these, made quite a string of babies, the eldest being less than seven years old. They would walk, run, and sing, hunting baby treasures. These children of the forest knew every sunny knoll where the first buds of spring would open, and their tiny hands gathered each day their little aprons full of the lovely hepatica, the long, glossy partridge vines, with their scarlet fruit, the brown, velvety moss, and spicy wintergreen. Some of these must always be kept for mother, whose tender smile would well repay the loving little hearts. So the bare feet pressed each sod on that bright hillside, where some new flower, leaf, or bird's nest brought zest to the new day. When weary, they would choose some sunny, mossy hillock or shady nook, and lie down, a group of tired children, all falling asleep save the ever-watchful Jonathan.

Perhaps, more than he himself knew, we owe his lifelong heroic defense of woman to the tender care of these little sisters. Rich or poor, black or white, he believed with all his soul that woman, as a child of God, had a right to live her own independ-

ent life, and work out her own soul's destiny. In him she always found a ready and fearless advocate. His counsel to every young woman was, "Go forward; trust in your own good sense and in God for success."

He showed very early an uncommonly sensitive nature, as his observations of all around him were keen, poetic, and lasting. Once, when a small child, he was allowed to see a little cousin buried. The horror of that baby being put into the ground never left him, and through his whole life it was a dark shadow, making him ever search eagerly for some better way. Indeed, this was the first foreshadowing of the idea which in later years developed into his earnest support of cremation.

VISITS TO GRANDPARENTS.

He was very fond of going to the homes of his grandparents. Grandma Allen and Aunt Katie would always have some choice apple or bit of sugar for their pet, and these expressions of love, so rare to him, were among his brightest memories. When staying the night, they would allow him to sit up later than his wont, in order to stand by the little work table and snuff the tallow dip. How he would watch the waning light, that his power could make shine again! They used to call him the "little candle miller." The same snuffers, iron candlestick, and three-legged table are now among the choice treasures of the Steinheim. How well he remembered the first time he was called a good boy, for to those stern characters praise was considered almost a sin, degenerating into flattery.

At Grandfather Burdick's there were two sick aunts, where his willing hands and feet always proved hasty messengers to minister to their many calls. Being at one time uncommonly patient and helpful, one of them said, "You are a good boy, Jonathan." The sensation was so new that he almost cried for joy. At another time one of them said, "You would make a good doctor." "I am too lazy for a doctor," came the ready answer; but, thinking it over, his childish fancy built up many an air-castle of how he would ride around the country, like Doc-

tor John Collins, his ideal of manhood, and make everybody well and happy. Yes, he would be a doctor, and know everything. He seems to have inherited the best traits from both his ancestries, developing from his earliest years the ready wit and quick retort, followed by the joyous laugh, showing the Norman blood of the Allens, while it was accompanied by the calm, conscientious judgment of the McCumbers.

New families were yearly added from the East to the community, and all the wild land was soon in the hands of these settlers. The deer were fast disappearing from the forest and the trout from the streams as sources of supply. With only a few acres under cultivation, it can well be imagined that it would be a hard struggle for Father Allen to make a living for a family of eight. He was well educated for the times, and ambitious, teaching in district and singing schools in the winter, working the farm in the summer, and surveying for all the country round. He made the first map of the town of Alfred, which is now in Steinheim. With all this variety of work, money was so scarce that he was compelled to take for pay, produce, or whatever the people had to spare. From one school, the only money he received was seventy-five cents, the amount of the appropriation for that district from the State funds.

WORK AT HOME.

The children were obliged to help about the work as soon as they were old enough to do anything. A child of five or six years could pull weeds, drop potatoes or corn, and do many other things, so that each member of the family was often employed from early morning till late in the evening. In the busy season they were tending the stock, chopping the wood, clearing new bits of forest, sowing, planting, hoeing, and reaping, besides doing the many other farm duties that country boys know so well. This intense toil for bread made it necessary to be astir at an early hour. Five o'clock during the short days and four o'clock during the long ones seldom found a healthy member of the family asleep. Father Allen's "Hello, boys!"

was not a very unwelcome sound during the warm season, but in winter, when in those open log houses the springing out of bed was often from under a snow bank into one, it was not a pleasant exercise.

Needed at home to help his mother, and being very diffident, Jonathan did not like school, yet he early learned to read and understand books, committing many things to memory, among which were Logan's "Lines to the Cuckoo." He often said its song and flight first gave him the idea of a world beyond the hills that surrounded his father's house. Being left-handed, and sensitive to ridicule, he did not learn to write until he was thirteen years of age. Only a few newspapers came to this section, but the circulating library in town was a never-failing source of happiness. His brother, Judge Ormanzo Allen, writes: "He never cared to read histories of war, nor the lives of warriors, but preferred books of travel, the biographies of famous men, such as Franklin, or Alfred the Great—benefactors of mankind; of these he was never tired. King Alfred's life he would read and reread, till many of its pages were memorized." Years afterward the "introduction" of this book composed his first speech, and was the first elocutionary exercise in Alfred School, the description of which will appear later as he tells it.

RICH INHERITANCE OF POVERTY.

Poverty, when accompanied by noble parentage, is often the richest inheritance of the young. Habits of industry, developed by useful work, with frugal fare, make strong, healthy bodies and clear brains. Not one of this large, struggling family but that in after years made a success in life. The little sisters became educated women and mothers, a saving influence in society wherever they went. Of the twin brothers one is a prominent lawyer, Judge Ormanzo Allen, of Austin, Minnesota, whom all delight to honor. The other, Doctor Orlenzo Allen, was a noted physician in the West. He was loved as few men are, and finally gave his life to save one of his patients. The eldest son, Deacon Loander Allen, is a noble Christian man, a trusted counselor in church and town.

SENSE OF JUSTICE TRIED.

Jonathan, though so timid, was an independent, daring thinker, and bold to speak when the right was in question. Going one winter to school to his father, his sense of justice was sorely tried by being severely punished for offenses that were simply reproved in the other children. At home one night he took the matter in hand and asked his father the reason of this injustice. His father said that he did not wish to appear partial to his own son. Although this was not fully satisfactory to the boy, it made him better understand his father's motives.

Another instance occurred about this time which illustrates his moral courage, but which shook his confidence in the judgment of others. He had thought of his Grandfather Burdick as the most perfect of men. He had also noticed that the whisky which people drank made them act foolishly, but every family in that day, whether rich or poor, must have a jug of liquor, which was thought to be as necessary for health as the daily food. Elder Eli S. Bailey, of blessed memory, deprecating its effects, not only upon church members but upon the ministers of the gospel, made a circuit of the churches on horseback, and, with all the fervor of his soulful convictions, his logic and eloquent tongue, portrayed the danger of this practice. He held a series of meetings in the schoolhouses and churches wherever he went, pledging both old and young to total abstinence. Jonathan's whole nature was aroused by the truths set forth, and he was among the first to give his name to the pledge. On his way home he ran in, as usual, to Grandfather Burdick's, where, telling of the meeting and of his pledge, his grandfather sneeringly said, "You boys must think yourselves much wiser than your elders." This, however, did not cause him to regret his pledge, but the grandfather from that time lost much of his power over the boy.

SABBATH IN THE HOME.

The Puritan idea of the sacredness of the Sabbath prevailed in this town. In this family, early on Friday afternoon the farm

work was put by, the evening duties finished, and the frugal meal of "hasty pudding and milk" partaken of, then the little sisters had their bath, said their prayers, and were snugly tucked away for the night. In warm weather the boys were allowed to go to the near-by swimming pool to make themselves sweet and pure for God's holy day. When in health the whole family were regularly seen in their places in the house of worship. Rev. Hiram Burdick writes: "When young, we attended the same church, and in warm weather we boys appeared barefooted, clad in tow or cotton cloth shirt and pants, with straw hats. Coats and shoes in summer were a long after consideration. During the cold season homemade suits of woolen cloth, with cowhide shoes, were worn by both boys and girls."

Another writes, afterward Dr. Orlenzo Allen's wife: "My first memory of the family was seeing them on their way to church as they passed our house. Father Allen was a very handsome man, tall and noble looking. He drove a span of fine gray horses, always with a full load. The two pair of twins, each pair dressed exactly alike and sitting together, made a very vivid impression upon my memory."

The habit of attendance upon public worship, and all the early influences of religious culture, proved a strong safeguard to the virtue of this community. As soon as homes were provided, a church was built, the members giving work, lumber, nails, shingles, and anything needed that they could provide. Missionaries were sent out, receiving one-half bushel of wheat per day for their labors. The minister was to receive what was in the heart of each to give.

SOCIAL LIFE OF PIONEERS.

The social life of a pioneer people usually will take the form of meetings for mutual assistance—bees, loggings, raisings, sheep-shearings, huskings, apple-cuts, quiltings, or spinning bees. Men, women, and children attended and lent a hand wherever needed. The evenings thus spent often made bright and restful the hard day's work. All their interests were freely

discussed—school, church, politics, or any news from the outside world.

Young Allen, strong and large for his age, was a very essential factor in these gatherings, from which he treasured every new thought. This habit of attention, and of selecting from all sources the best that was given, made him the thorough and versatile scholar that he became in after years. President Allen often said that his memory by nature was no better than that of most boys, but he worked over each new thought till it was his own, never to be forgotten. During his whole life the early morning hours were to him the best of the day, and from his home on that lovely hillside he could see the first blush of the sun rising over the opposite mountain, covered with pines. No Parsee ever worshiped with more zeal than did this boy this divine and daily miracle. The deepest grief of his boyhood came when it was necessary for the family to give up the home and move a mile away, into a deep, narrow valley, where the forest-covered hills hid the morning sun from view. He was now thirteen years of age, thirsting for knowledge, but with such limited opportunities for study that the future outlook was dark, and began to have its depressing influence upon his strong, buoyant nature.

CHAPTER III.

SELECT SCHOOL ESTABLISHED.

IN the fall of 1836, while chopping with his father and brothers near the home, a gentleman came to the woods. After a pleasant "good-morning" he said, "I have come into town to start a select school, and would like to have you send this boy," designating Jonathan. "I can't afford it," said the father. Bethuel Church, for this was the man, thought a moment: "We shall need wood, and I will take that for the tuition." How the boy's heart bounded when the father said, "If he will chop it, he can go." As four-foot wood was only fifty cents a cord, it would take six cords to pay the $3.00 tuition. If it had taken sixty it would not have daunted the boy. There was light and life ahead. But as father and mother talked over before him the *pros* and *cons* in the evening, it was made evident that he had nothing suitable to wear, and new clothing was out of the question, so father said, "Jonathan, I believe you must give it up." Argument was not thought of in that New England household, but the tears would come in spite of all the manly will to repress them. His father seeing this, and remembering his promise, said, "If he feels like that, he must go." His roundabout was made as presentable as possible, and he went, carrying a chair for his seat, as each of the others did. He has often said that with the memory of that experience he could never refuse taking wood as tuition from students. The encouragement thus given might be the turning point in some other life.

Two miles over a high, bleak hill, thinly clad, and through snowdrifts often covering the fences, might not seem a pleasant prospect to the schoolboy now, but to him it was a daily joy,

and, though he dared not, from fear of ridicule, eat the cold johnnycake that was his dinner, till on his return home at night, he was not hungry. There were no desks, so each pupil had to hold his books and slate as best he could till boards could be fitted up for that purpose. There were thirty-seven pupils, all gathered from Alfred and vicinity, save two from Genesee and one from Rhode Island. Allen was the youngest in the school, and the least advanced, so he was obliged to recite alone in arithmetic, but each lesson was perfect. After a week Mr. Church, looking over the pupils at their work, saw young Allen at work even beyond the others. "You there?" "Yes, sir." "Then go into the first class," and before the term was out he was one of the best in the most advanced class. In this select school blackboards and other new methods were first introduced.

FIRST DECLAMATION.

Of his first experience in elocution or declamation it is written: "Then came compositions. Our young student often found himself, as Virgil says, 'a goose among swans,' for he could hardly write his own name, much less a composition. As a compromise he was allowed to give a recitation. Yet without any previous acquaintance with anything like elocution, he had no idea how to proceed. When called upon for his piece he commenced to speak from the place where he was sitting. 'Come out on the floor,' said the teacher. Utterly bewildered, he grabbed a fellow pupil by the collar for support. 'Let go!' cried the pupil. He did let go, but saw or heard nothing till his selected paragraph—a fine passage from a standard author on Alfred the Great—had been 'elocuted' almost at one breath." From this experience dates his first determination to make a speaker of himself. In his boyish way he put into this new ambition the same ideas of perfection that characterized everything he did. He committed to memory many passages from his favorite authors, and began writing out his own ideas on various subjects, and then practiced speaking them. He not only carefully noted the subjects of sermons and lectures that

he heard, but studied attentively the manner of their expression and delivery. Elder Walter Gillett was his ideal as a speaker.

Mr. Church was the right man for such an enterprise, initiative, positive, enthusiastic, and having great faith in himself and his pupils. He preached at the church, as well as taught the school, during the winter, and his constant theme was education. His private talks to both old and young were of the needs in this community for a high school or academy. Charles Hartshorn, a brother of Mrs. Sheldon, in whose house the school was held, was just from the East and taught the district school a mile away. These two men most earnestly sympathized in all intellectual work. A debating society was formed, having its meetings in the schoolhouse evenings, where old and young from all the country round were invited to discuss questions of public interest, especially those pertaining to education. So far-reaching was this influence that the next winter each district for many miles around had its debating society.

At the close of the term there was an earnest religious awakening, in which many found the Prince of Peace. Jonathan Allen was one of that number, and with the inspiration of that teacher, and that winter's work, he came into line with progressive thought, never going back, but always pressing forward with a strong, high purpose, seldom found in a boy of only fourteen.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

The following spring he went into the sugar camp, always glad when an uncommon flow of sap made it necessary to boil all night, as he would then have a quiet time to read or study by the firelight. Large maple trees made a heavy percentage of the forest, and were a source of comfort and profit to the farmers. As soon as a few warm days came in March, the woods were penetrated through the snow by the ox-sleds loaded with sap-buckets. The trees were tapped, a clearing made for the fire, and a rude stone furnace built. On this rested the large iron kettle in which the sap was boiled. A hut was built as near the fire as possible, where a few bundles of straw made seats by day and often a bed at night.

PLEASURE AND WORK.

Though so earnest in study, he entered into all the sports and games among the young people, for this boyish nature was overflowing with a quaint humor. Fox and geese, hide and seek, ten men morris, hunting and fishing occupied their spare hours. The raccoon was a source of great mischief in all the fields and gardens, and many a night was spent in trapping and hunting these mischievous marauders. Wood could be sold at the village, but sugar, cheese, and lumber were taken to Bath and the Genesee Valley to exchange for wheat and household necessities not to be procured in this region. The general farm work began early in the spring, when the stones were picked up from the grass lands. Plowing, sowing, planting, and hoeing followed. Absorbed in plans for the future, which he kept to himself, young Allen would rest now and then on his hoe-handle, so that these daydreams became quite a source of pleasantry with the other workers. As soon as old enough to carry the chain, he often helped his father in surveying, thus early learning the rudiments of this branch of mathematics. Going on with the study, he in time became independent in it, and afterward taught surveying in the Institution.

The winter's work of 1836 being completed, the general interest aroused by Bethuel Church and some of the older students, led to the publication of a paper on education, edited by Daniel C. Babcock and Amos W. Coon, and printed by Orra Stillman. These, with other influences, had to do with the erection of the building known among the students as the "Horned Bug." Rev. James R. Irish, a student from Union College, came to teach in the fall of 1837, teaching for two years and preaching much of the time at the church. Jonathan was always first in his classes, and his schoolmates tell how ready he was to assist any of them in their studies. He was particularly clear in mathematical demonstration. In this way he not only learned to teach, but to plod patiently with the slow but earnest students, leading them on to success.

A lumber mill was built on Vandemark Creek, giving to the farmers an opporunity to earn something when their teams were not needed for the farm work. Father Allen would go to the mill, get his lumber, and return home at night ready for an early start with the load on the following morning. It took three days to go to Bath and return, and four to go to Hammondsport. As there were several teams going from the neighborhood, Jonathan was often put in charge of the load, much of the way being through the primeval forest. In these long, lonely rides he learned much of nature in her varying moods. The birds were his especial friends; he knew the note of each with a certainty that never failed. How he would welcome those of earliest spring! How he exulted in their freedom as their graceful wings cut the air! He never would allow the children a canary as an imprisoned pet. When the cuckoo made her rare visits to our orchard, he never failed to call me to share his pleasure; the thrill of music that filled every tree top with melody, made the morning hours the richest of the day. His love of early hours grew with his advancing years.

WILLIAM C. KENYON AS TEACHER.

Mr. Irish having been ordained and taken the pastorate of the church, William C. Kenyon took control of the school in the spring term of 1839, with twenty-five scholars. For several terms young Allen was his pupil, and was impressed by this wonderful teacher. Later he writes of him: "He was one of those slender, compact, nervous, magnetic men; a man very earnest, very incisive, somewhat radical, even eccentric, if you please, yet very genuine. The first sight of him on his arrival here to take charge of the school, stirred one young life to the core. The first address that we heard him deliver roused and thrilled us as no other, and we worked for days as in a dream; his teaching was suggestive, electric, inspiring." Rev. James R. Irish said of Kenyon, "He will get up, turn around, and sit down, while I am getting up."

At seventeen young Allen was prepared for teaching, and began his work in a district some eight miles from home. Many

of his pupils were older than himself, and some of them belonged to that rough element so common in new settlements. They gloried in rowdyism, and boasted that they had often had three or four teachers during the winter. With some heroic treatment he went through the entire time for which he was hired, the last weeks being the best part of his work, and what was still better, he was not disgusted with teaching. When he was eighteen he arranged to go down the Alleghany River with the lumbermen to Cincinnati. This would give him an opportunity to see the world and earn some money for books and study. Many an air-castle was built on this plan, even to his going as far as New Orleans. His brother, Judge Allen, writes that his mother could not give her consent to this, so he gave up this fairy dream and went back for the spring to the old sugar-camp and humdrum life he knew so well. He had books now, and every leisure hour was devoted to reading and study. He was never satisfied till he had mastered a subject, not as mere knowledge, but as something to be a part of himself.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

The school closed with a public examination of each class, and was followed by speaking, reading, and dialogues, in which most of the pupils took part. At the close of the spring term of 1841 Mrs. Susan Spicer writes:—

"The house was crowded. The interest of the evening centered in a dramatic scene in which Jonathan Allen, then a leading student in the academy, bore a conspicuous part. The engrossing subject throughout the North was the slavery question. Professor Kenyon was a man of uncompromising anti-slavery sentiment. The recapture of slaves was then a common occurrence in the North, and a case of that kind had recently occurred, accompanied with more than the usual atrocities. Young Allen, then eighteen, proposed to the students to reproduce that scene at this school exhibition by an original dialogue. Mr. Allen represented the good Quaker who had befriended, housed, and fed the fleeing fugitives, and proposed to forward them on to Canada. The fugitives were represented

by students in tattered garments with blackened faces and hands, while others represented the pursuing slaveholders, officers, and assisting citizens. The slaves were seized at the home of the good Quaker. A neighbor suggested that the cursed Quaker be ridden on a rail, tarred, and feathered, which they proceeded to do. Mr. Allen was entirely submissive, but talked to them plainly of the cruel inhumanity of their system of slavery, sharply denouncing their brutal practices, then, finally raising his voice in cutting rebuke, he reached a climax unanticipated even by himself. In impassioned, eloquent terms he told them that their acts would react against them; that, instead of suppressing the antislavery sentiments, they would intensify and extend them; that every abuse of this kind would raise up for them one hundred more friends; that in a little time the pen, the press, and all the better elements of the North would array themselves against them. Then he made the following statements: 'God will not permit such an institution to exist in America much longer. Even now I seem to hear its death knell. God's repressing hand is laid upon you. The days of slavery are already numbered, though it will die only after a hard struggle. It will die only after a baptism of our whole country in blood. Twenty years from now an antislavery President will be elected. You of the South will rebel and endeavor to establish a slaveholder's oligarchy. The North will not submit to the dissolution of these States, and a fearful carnage will follow. Slavery will be abolished, and God will preserve the nation. May God be merciful to the people. God save the poor and oppressed.' The interest in the narrative centers in the mystery of young Allen's prophesying coming events so definitely."

At the first meeting in Chapel Hall in 1861 to consider the call of the government for volunteers to meet the new emergency, in which Professor Allen took a leading part, the writer of these pages rehearsed the forecast of twenty years previous, and the narrative acted like magic. Professor Allen then looked back upon that impromptu forecast as inexplicable except as it was born of faith.

CHAPTER IV.

PIONEER LIFE IN WISCONSIN.

TEACHING in winter, going to school whenever possible, and working on the farm, filled up the next year, when the family decided to go to Wisconsin—a section just opened to settlers.

My first memory of Jonathan Allen was in the spring term of 1842. My sister, Harriet Maxson, five years my senior, and myself were living at Mr. Irish's, who one day said, "I have just told Abram Allen that if he takes his son Jonathan to Wisconsin, he will become its governor." "Not one of my boys," said Mr. Allen. "That one has a two-story head, I said," remarked Mr. Irish. There was to be recitations that afternoon, so I asked my sister if she knew the governor. "Why, yes." "Show him to me." During that afternoon, when a tall, diffident young man came upon the stage, she whispered, "There is the governor." No doubt lacking confidence, he was not quite a silly girl's idea of that great dignitary. He was then nineteen, and in a few weeks went West with his family, where his father and mother had hoped to have the children all around them in their declining years.

Uncle Ethan Burdick was already in Milton, Wisconsin, while Uncle George, with several other families, accompanied ours on the journey there. Deacon L. Allen says of this time: "The three families numbered twenty-four souls, all to be housed in a building twenty-four by eighteen, while the new houses were being built; but it was in summer time; the sweet hay made nice beds for us boys, while the chamber floor was at night covered with beds for the little ones." Here Jonathan worked on the farm, did surveying in the summers, and taught

school for two winters. Walking five miles across the prairie to his school one morning in the face of a terrible blizzard, he found when reaching the schoolhouse that breathing was almost impossible. The effect of this lasted all winter. No doubt that terrible experience weakened the valves of the heart and laid the foundation of his heart disease. Nature had built him with a wonderfully strong body, and healthful exercise, with plain food, gave him almost a giant's strength.

Much of the land in that section belonged to "Uncle Sam," he giving to all who would make homes upon it a farm for the small sum of $1.25 per acre. Soil was so rich that it yielded immense crops, with very little cultivation. Deer and wild fowl were plentiful, and the streams teemed with fish. Going down to Rock River with his brothers one winter's day, they made a hole in the ice to fish through, but the fish came up in such quantities that they threw away their hooks and gathered them in by the basketful. When they had secured several barrels of these great salmon, they drove home, giving liberally to their neighbors, and having sufficient for themselves for the whole season.

DECIDED FOR AN EDUCATION.

Being now twenty-one years of age, Allen found himself with money enough to take up a quarter section of land in the spring of 1844. This his father and mother felt very anxious for him to do. He started one morning for the land office at Milwaukee some fifty miles away, walking all the long day—thinking, thinking—his steps growing slower and slower as he walked on. He knew that if he should take up the land he must give up all that he held most dear—and for what?—a mess of pottage. Should he starve his soul for a little of this world's goods? He could not do it, but he would not be rash. He stopped for the night outside the city at a farmhouse, where he slept and dreamed over the matter. Before morning the decision was made. That money would take him to school at Alfred; strong arms would do the rest. The die was cast. He had turned his back upon wealth. He walked; he ran; and,

reaching home, said, "I must have an education; I have the money and must go back to Alfred." No objection was raised, but all the help possible from the loving hearts of father, mother, brothers, and sisters was given. It was hardest to part from the little sisters, then just blooming into young womanhood; but he would make a way for them, which he afterwards did. The first boat of spring, coming down the lakes, through rough waves, and storm and sleet, bore a happy young man back, not only to his childhood's home, but to the means of intellectual and spiritual growth. His former teacher, Professor Kenyon, Uncle John, Aunt Katie, and many of the old friends warmly welcomed him. Securing a little attic where he could be alone for study, he boarded himself, usually cooking his own food. He worked during the recess hours and vacations, besides doing many extra things for a paralyzed uncle in whose house he lived. Thus began his life work.

TEACHERS AT ALFRED.

He found associated with his model teacher, Professor Wm. C. Kenyon, Mrs. Melissa Ward Kenyon, in the primary branches, John D. Collins, in Latin, and Gordon Evans in mathematics, Miss Caroline B. Maxson as preceptress and teacher in modern languages and drawing. Of Mrs. Kenyon he writes later: "As a teacher she was frank, sincere, cordial, quick to appreciate effort, slow to give over the dull, ever the friend of the diffident and uncultured. The poor and needy student knew that in her a friend could always be found."

Of Miss Caroline B. Maxson he writes: "Among the few individuals who gave life and character to this institution was our preceptress. Fitted by nature and culture for the position, she became a living force in the school. With a high range of mental grasp and sweep, with a comprehension of the subject to be taught, clear and direct as light, with a self-poise that no rudeness could jostle, mild, calm, serene, she gave a helpful hand to the diffident and the discouraged, and with winsome words helped them, inspired them."

Scores of young men and women, many of them preparing to be teachers, were a constant inspiration to each other. During those earlier times the studies of the young men and women above the common branches were much more diverged than in these later years. Few young women studied the higher mathematics or the classics. They were not known to speak in public, either in rhetoricals, in societies, or on anniversary occasions, but were confined to reading compositions. The proper style was for them to appear on the rostrum, two by two, arm in arm, mutual supports, while they read. Dialogues and colloquies, then very much in vogue, furnished the only exceptions and the only opportunity for displaying their grace of action. On the other hand, the young men very seldom studied the modern languages and never the fine arts. Two bashful boys after a long and anxious consultation determined to seek the rudiments of high art, thinking it would be a help in surveying. To this end they blushingly presented themselves to the teacher as candidates for drawing. With irrepressible humor twinkling in her eyes and lighting up her face, she replied, "Young gentlemen, if you desire to take drawing, you need three things to begin with,—a tow string, a hand sled, and a yellow dog." It is needless to say that they beat a hasty retreat without making any effort to obtain the prescribed drawing materials.

At this early time eleven weeks constituted a term. There were four terms a year, with vacations correspondingly arranged, in order to give the pupils an opportunity for teaching during the winter, and for farm work during the summer. The school had its beginning in the need felt by young people of limited means for opportunities of higher culture than could be obtained in the district schools, and on this broad foundation, irrespective of sex, it has risen to its present influence.

ASSISTANT IN MATHEMATICS.

Young Allen, as assistant in mathematics, often had large classes. By his patience and thoroughness he won golden opinions from his pupils and from all that knew of his work.

Though having very little time for social culture, many lifelong friendships grew out of these relations.

Professor James Marvin, Chancellor of Kansas University, writes: "My first view of Alfred was from the summit of the hill overlooking the town from the west. It was the 12th of August, 1845. We were five young men, with a wagon loaded with provisions, trunks, boxes, bedding, and cooking utensils. This, with a weary farm team, fills the picture from the point of observation. Joel Meriman and myself were passengers, and new prospectors for the mines of learning in the valley. Little note was taken of the objects by the way down the hills, until one of the company called out, 'Halloo, Allen!' to a tall pedestrian under a broad-brimmed hat. 'How do you do?' The point of the hill was too steep for an introduction. We only heard, 'All right, sir.' But as we moved on, our driver, who had been here before, entertained us with wonderful accounts of the mathematical attainments of his angular friend. 'He was pretty near as good as the boss in figures, but not up to Sayles in Latin.'"

CHAPTER V.

THE FRANKLIN LYCEUM.

THE Alfred Debating Society had been merged into the Franklin Lyceum. "This association," Mr. Allen writes, "though unpretending, was very effective in training its members into free, open, vigorous modes of thinking and speaking—attainments that most of them have had occasion to use on the broader arena of the world's manifold debates. The early wants were few, three candles to be furnished each evening. The by-laws were simple. No one was to leave the room without the consent of the chairman. No one was to be permitted to speak that was not in the session room within five minutes of the ringing of the second bell. The leading members were the learned Sayles, the poetic Collins, the logical Wardner, the humorous Nye, the jocose Smith, the accurate Pickett, the Byronic Scott, the eloquent Goodspeed, the good Van Antwerp, the lucid Evans, the analytic Simpson, the sagacious Marvin, the gushing Manier, the versatile Clapp, the suave Knox, the gentlemanly Ford, the scholarly Larkin, the sedate Merriman, the flame-tongued Maxson, the susceptible Spicer, the political Cameron, the Napoleonic Burdick, the thoughtful Hurlburt, the pseudo-Byronic Cross, the nimble-tongued Rathbun, the phrenologico-fatalistic Price, the calm Payne, the vivacious Powers, the royal Purple, these and many more brought their varied talents to enrich and make illustrious the society."

The ladies were permitted to be present, listen to the discussion, and to read the papers, but were not expected to participate in the debates.

With such teachers and these co-workers, many of whom have stood high in almost every profession and walk of life, it is not

strange that most of the modern reform movements here found active adherents. The school was breezy, and sometimes stormy with the reformatory spirit. The dietetic reform, or vegetarianism, was practically adopted by not a few. Anti-slavery sentiment ran riot. Temperance had a sharp and triumphant conflict.

TEMPERANCE AT ALFRED.

In common with the ideas and customs that generally prevailed at the time, the first settlers at Alfred were not strictly temperance men. Dr. H. P. Burdick in reviewing the temperance work at an early date says: "The school from the first became an active and efficient worker. Its teachers were pronounced radicals, not in temperance only, but in all the great reformatory movements of the age, standing like prophets on the heights of reform, pointing the way, and leading up the steeps of progress." He also says that "D. E. Maxson and J. Allen went from place to place, forcing back the hosts of intemperance, and holding points that older men had deserted on the first approach of the enemy. 'Old men were never able to hold these positions, and we know you boys cannot,' was said to them, but they replied: 'No man dies too soon nor too late who dies for the truth, for the right. Whether we stand under the temperance flag, or fall under yours, we shall fight. Strike our Institution, the educational home of unborn generations, with lightning if need be, but never, while the life-blood flows in our veins, shall it be struck with rum licenses.'"

The church and the school joined forces, and a general interest was awakened in the town Steps were taken from time to time till they finally resulted in driving rum from Alfred, and it has been free from the curse of legal liquor selling ever since. May the spirit that has thus far governed the good people of Alfred in keeping away evil influences continue through all its coming history.

SCHOOLS IN LITTLE GENESEE AND CERES.

During the winter of 1845-46 Mr. Allen taught the school in Little Genesee. Miss Maxson was teaching in Ceres, four miles away, and unconsciously they became rivals for superiority in methods of teaching. He received fifteen dollars per month, with the privilege of boarding around among the patrons of the school, or paying his board out of his salary. Wishing time for study, he chose the latter, making his home with the bright, pleasant family of Avery Langworthy. He had a profitable winter, doing much good, and gaining the hearts of pupils and parents. Little Genesee long boasted of its wonderful teacher.

One afternoon the Ceres school visited that at Little Genesee, and soon afterward the Genesee school returned the visit, filling the old schoolhouse to overflowing. Miss Maxson found that Mr. Allen's methods with little children surpassed hers, and adopted them the next term.

Having a few weeks to spare before returning to Alfred, Mr. Allen went on a raft down the Alleghany River as far as Pittsburg. He returned with some extra hard cash, and with what was better,—a deeper knowledge of himself and of human nature,—to be used as material for future work.

NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

Upon returning to Alfred to study and teach through the summer term, he found that the growth of the school was demanding new facilities for its departments. The trustees not feeling warranted to assume the responsibility of new buildings, Professors Kenyon and Sayles, with their approval, themselves took up the work. These men were without means, but they had great faith and began the enterprise. They borrowed ten thousand dollars of Samuel White, of Whitesville (a great sum for those times), selected and bought the site of the present campus, then a native grove. In this they planned to erect three buildings,—a gentlemen's dormitory thirty-five by fifty feet, and three stories above the basement, to be located

near where the Steinheim now stands; a similar building for the ladies was to be placed farther south, the upper story of which was to be used for chapel and recitation rooms, with winding stairs leading to the chapel from the outside. The Middle Hall was to be the home of the families of Professors Kenyon and Sayles. The basement was to contain the dining-hall for students, with board at one dollar per week. Mr. Allen entered with zeal into every plan of Professor Kenyon.

During these years, Anniversary day was the great day both for students and people. Essays, orations, and dialogues to the number of thirty-five or forty were given, and, though each exercise was limited to time, it made an all-day literary meeting. People came from many miles to hear their sons, daughters, and friends. For many years the gathering place was at the church, one mile below town, but on Anniversary morning July 4, 1845, this building was crowded too much to warrant accommodation for the still greater numbers who would come later in the day. "What shall we do?" anxiously asked Professor Kenyon. "Go to the grove," was the response. "But nothing is ready," replied the professor. "It shall be, sir, for the afternoon," answered Mr. Allen. "Go ahead," was the reply. A team, hammer, and nails were soon secured, and an assistant provided. A load of lumber near by was used for the stage and seats. By the afternoon everything was in readiness for the accommodation of five hundred people.

LOADING SAND.

With the same promptness all labor was performed; no needed work was unworthy of the most faithful service. That summer vacation he was Professor Kenyon's ready helper everywhere. The new buildings were going up on the hill, and much work was needed to be done. One evening the professor said to him, "You may go for a load of sand in the morning." "Very well, sir." The sand was drawn by oxen from a sand bank two miles distant. Having made all arrangements the evening before, he started for it at three o'clock in the morning.

Finding the process of loading by carrying the sand in baskets to be very slow, he hitched the team to the back of the wagon and drew it up the bank, in order that the shoveling could be done directly into it. This hastened the work so much that he was able to return with the load before breakfast. As he did not seem at all hurried afterward, Professor Kenyon said in his quick, imperative way, "Young man, isn't it about time you were getting ready to go for the sand?" "It is here, sir," was the surprising reply. Before this time it had always taken until noon to get a load, but now four loads instead of two were brought each day.

MAKING BRICK.

Rev. Nathan Wardner, of Milton, Wisconsin, writes: "During the vacation of 1846, while together making brick for the new buildings, Mr. Allen and myself had many talks about our future life work. Neither of us had decided whether it would be teaching or the ministry. He had been called to take charge of the new academy at Milton, Wisconsin, and I had received an invitation to teach in De Ruyter Institute. He proposed that I should take the work at Milton, and he go to De Ruyter. The matter had not been settled when the call came to me from the China mission, and Professor Kenyon persuaded Mr. Allen to remain at Alfred. He had often expressed a desire to work in the foreign mission field, and for many years afterward I looked to the time when he would join me in China."

Mr. Allen never gave up the idea of foreign mission work until, in 1858, having a call to join our Palestine Mission, he accepted it. We were partially packed for the journey, when there came a petition for us to remain, signed by so many students and citizens that we concluded our work was here in Alfred instead of in a foreign field. He never wavered in his allegiance to this chosen work, though money, position, and honor were offered him at different times, but they had little attraction for him

GENERAL INTEREST IN SCHOOL.

It may well be imagined that the spending of $15,000 for material and labor in so small a community as this was, made a business boom in all departments of industry. Carpenters and masons flocked here with their families, who must be housed and fed. Thus naturally a great interest was created in the school throughout the whole region round about.

The new buildings were ready for the students in the fall term of 1846, and the opening found them filled to overflowing. Board was put at $1.00 per week. Within a short time (counting those who roomed in the village and came to the boarding hall for their meals), the family numbered from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty. Mr. Allen had charge of the gentlemen's hall, and Miss Abigail A. Maxson, who had now been appointed preceptress, had charge of the south, or ladies' building. She had been away some years, by request of Professor Kenyon, to prepare herself more thoroughly for this work, and had taken her degree at Leroy Seminary, afterwards Ingham University, one of the most popular ladies' schools in the country. To fit the new order of things unheard-of regulations became necessary, and it took time and patience with both teachers and students to overcome the friction.

CARING FOR THE SICK.

The autumn of 1846 was a sickly season throughout the country, and this school did not escape. A number of typhoid fever cases occurred among the students. Care must be taken of the sick ones, and no one proved so calmly masterful of the situation as did Jonathan Allen. Spending three or four nights a week in tenderly nursing the sick, besides teaching and reciting in from eight to ten classes daily, he never complained nor showed weariness of body or mind. His companions said he was always leader where strength was required. It was true of him, as he says of another: "He could easily walk forty miles per day, could chop and pile more wood between sun and

sun, or take a longer swathe in the hay field, than any competitor. He worked with this masterful swing and stroke all through life, doing the work of from three to five men, never shrinking a pound of the world's burdens." The same year he was chosen superintendent of the town schools, and visited them all. While becoming better acquainted with the teachers, he learned much of the needs of the schools, that proved to be a preparation for his future work.

NEW SOCIETIES ORGANIZED.

Up to this time Alfred Academy had but one literary society, called the Franklin Lyceum. Miss Maxson feeling the need of similar training for girls, there was organized the Adelphian Society. This association had a vigorous growth for some years, discussing among other things many questions of woman's work and needs. Mr. Allen gave every possible aid to this new society, helping to frame their constitution, select subjects for discussion, as well as helping to form their Rules of Order. He procured the first woman who came to Alfred as a lecturer. This was in the spring of 1847, when Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith came as Anniversary speaker. The Erie Railroad was not yet completed, and staging some sixty miles was no small undertaking in those days. Her presence was not only an inspiration to the young women, but her eloquence left its impression upon all.

The Dedaskalian, or Teachers' Association, was formed the same year for both men and women. The Theological Society was also organized on the same basis, and contained about equal numbers of young men and women, yet the young men did most of the public speaking. This order of things once called forth such a question as this: "Why is this association like a man with the palsy? *Answer*—Because the stronger half does all the work." Jonathan Allen was a leading spirit in both of these societies. The Dedaskalian spent a great deal of time on parliamentary rules, seventy-two speeches being made one evening upon a single point. Papers of great length, full of

fine analysis and criticism, were read. One that Mr. Allen gave was twenty feet in length.

The Theological Society after a time changed its name to that of Christian Association. All departments of religious thought were freely discussed, and listened to by full houses. Its members became the leaders of evangelical work in the neighboring school districts. They visited from house to house, holding Bible classes and prayer meetings. These often became the nucleus of continued religious work. A deeper missionary spirit was created in 1847, by a visit from our chosen missionaries to China, Rev. Solomon Carpenter and wife, and the setting apart and ordination of Rev. Nathan Wardner and wife to accompany them to their far-off field of labor. As Mr. Allen has said: "Pupils attending the school but for a short time caught a spirit in the air which continued to animate them in after years. Though the amount of knowledge gained by them might be small, yet the impulses received were great and lasting. The seed sown was good, and for the most part fell upon good ground, where it has grown and yielded abundantly through the years."

CHAPTER VI.

OBERLIN.

MR. ALLEN having completed the prescribed course in Alfred Academy, determined to spend some time in advance work, especially in the study of theology. Oberlin College was then known throughout the country as not only a radical, anti-slavery school, but one in which thorough religious training was a part of the college work. This he decided was the school for him. Two other young men, after talking the matter over, determined to go with him. This was in the early spring of 1847. They had to travel by stage much of the way from Buffalo to Oberlin. They reached Cleveland on Friday evening and remained there over the Sabbath.

"Early on Sunday morning," writes Rev. A. C. Spicer, "Mr. Allen said to his companions, 'As the stagecoach leaves here for Oberlin this morning, I propose that we finish our journey to-day.' The plan was at once agreed upon, and passage was taken on the big four-horse stagecoach for Elyria and Oberlin, Mr. Allen riding on the top, with the driver, to get a better knowledge of the country.

"On the next day we made application for entrance into the college. One of the first questions asked was, 'When did you come into town?' Mr. Allen replied, 'Yesterday.' 'But [in surprise], did you not know that the rules of our college forbid all travel on the sabbath, and give definite notice that no student will be accepted who has disregarded this regulation?' 'Yes,' replied Mr. Allen, 'we had catalogues of your college.' 'Then can you expect us to receive you?' 'We were unavoidably delayed, and found ourselves in Cleveland on Friday night.

Remaining there over the Sabbath, we could see no reason why we were not at liberty to ride here on Sunday, since the stages were running on that day.' 'Then you are Seventh-day Baptists are you? All right, all right.' Soon President Mahan and Professor Charles G. Finney entered the office, to whom the young men were introduced, and to whom explanations of the circumstances were given. By both these gentlemen they were cordially welcomed, and were treated by all the professors with great kindness, and excused from class exercises and other duties on the Sabbath.

"The next Sunday, when Pastor Finney gave an invitation to all new students to unite with the church during the time of their stay in school, a special invitation was extended to Seventh-day Baptists, assuring them that such church relationship need not embarrass them in the keeping of their own Sabbath. This invitation was accepted. Mr. Allen afterward remarked that he felt assured we were the more respected for the determination to maintain what we thought to be religiously right. Such steadfastness to principle, in whatever position he was placed, was ever a characteristic of Mr. Allen's life."

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Oberlin was at that time a station on the "Underground Railroad," and Mr. Spicer relates the following incident:—

"Early in September, 1848, I found myself at sunset near the Cottage Hotel, when there came on the sharp run sixteen adult negroes, hatless, coatless, shoeless, and almost breathless, crying in terror: 'Oh, take care of us quick! Our masters are coming! Masters are coming!' At the same time a man from another point came on a running horse calling out, 'Take care of those men; their masters are in hot pursuit.'

"A Boston gentleman, as quick as thought, exclaimed: 'Come, follow me, boys. Friends, stay here and guard the hotel, and don't one of you look toward the college.' He immediately led the way, on a run, to Tappan Hall. Hardly were the fugitives safe there before the pursuing slave-owners were in sight.

A mass of college boys, citizens, and strangers surrounded the hotel and the streets leading to it. Thinking this unorganized force needed leaders, I went after Allen, Larkin, and John M. Langdon (a mulatto who afterward became member of Congress and also minister to Hayti). By the time we were on the ground, the pursuing party had arrived, ordered their steaming horses cared for, and supper for themselves. While they were thus engaged, a council of war was called by the gentleman from Boston, and a plan of action soon adopted. Tappan Hall was to be left seemingly unguarded, while twenty well-armed men were to keep watch within the hall throughout the night. The hotel was to be systematically protected on every street and alley leading to it. The guards were armed with guns, axes, pitchforks, scythes, clubs, or whatever else could be grasped in the hurry. Commanders were chosen for the departments, of which Allen was one.

"That night was full of subdued excitement. After supper the slave-owners and officers were out scrutinizing the guards and barricades. They returned to the hotel, evidently considering themselves baffled. Young Allen went from street to street among the men and boys, counseling them to hold their places, but in no case to act with rashness or use violence except in self-defense. He urged the colored people to retire, as there were fugitives among them.

"A few hours later the slave-owners came out in full force, but so formidable did they find the guards that they soon retired to their hotel, never entering the campus in which stood Tappan Hall, from whose dark windows the excited fugitives were watching every movement. About one o'clock a sheriff ventured out for a few moments, then all was quiet until morning. At early dawn the force of pursuers ordered their teams and drove to Elyria to await developments.

"Two days of quiet followed, during which plans were perfected to take the fugitives to Cleveland, where a vessel waited to carry them to Canada. Friends all along the way were informed of the situation, and prepared to lend aid if needed.

But the fugitives were guarded by such a force that they were not molested, and Mr. Allen and other members of the escort saw them safely on board the boat that was to land them in Canada.

SABBATH DISCUSSION.

"At one time the young men from Alfred were challenged by other members of the theological class to discuss the Sabbath question. The one side was to affirm the change of the day by divine authority, the other to advocate the Sabbath of the fourth commandment. One of the leaders who failed in argument made the seventh-day students a subject of ridicule for belonging to so small a sect—'a denomination,' he said, 'not even able to train their own theological students!' This, far from turning them from what they believed to be God's truth, only made them the more determined to build up, in the near future, a school where our own young people could secure the best of advantages, and to this work Jonathan Allen devoted his life."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TOPICS.

Though Oberlin was co-educational, it was conservative on the subject of women's speaking in public. Miss Antoinette Brown was a member of the theological class. When each member was asked to give the reasons for the study of theology, Mr. Allen was shocked and indignant to hear the professor say to Miss Brown, "You will not be expected to state yours." She immediately arose and left the room, not being able to restrain her tears. Afterward, however, in the presence of the class, she was asked to give her experience in being called to her work.

The Alfred students boarded at Professor Fairchild's. The discussion of "woman's rights" and other reform movements of the day were agitating public sentiment everywhere. This question was often discussed by the professor and the young men at the dinner table, the discussion sometimes waxing warm, as our boys always took the woman's side.

At the close of the year Lucy Stone, of Boston (now of world-wide fame), refused to graduate because she was not allowed to read her own paper. This annoyed Professor Fairchild, and one day he asked Mr. Allen, "How do you get along with that question at Alfred?" "The most natural way in the world. If a young woman is capable of writing a paper, she ought to be able to read it," was the answer. Many years later Lucy Stone was invited to Oberlin to deliver an address.

More than a score of years afterward, when President Allen was invited to deliver the annual address at Oberlin, we were the guests of President Fairchild. One day Mr. Allen asked him how they had finally settled the question about the young ladies reading, etc., etc. "Oh, the girls made such a fuss that we were obliged to allow them to read their theses, but bless God they have not yet asked to deliver orations!" was his quaint reply.

While at Oberlin, Professor Kenyon wrote often and freely to Mr. Allen of his hopes in reference to building up the school in a higher plane, even to the establishment of a college. Mr. Allen entered warmly into his plans, and pledged his whole energies to the work. In answering his last letter, Professor Kenyon said: "Nothing has so cheered me as the words in your letter. It will take time, and it may be a long, hard struggle, but it can be done."

TEACHING IN MILTON, WISCONSIN.

In November, 1848, Mr. Allen, finding his health not good and his funds low, went to Milton, Wisconsin, to teach in the new academy with Mr. A. W. Coon. Mr. Coon, having been one of the early promoters of the educational work at Alfred, now became one of the pioneers of the same cause in the West. I mention this because the leaders in advance work are too often forgotten.

That winter Mr. Allen spent at his father's home, now full of bright young people, his father being the jolliest boy among them. His mother was happy to have her eldest son at home again, and the love of the sisters expressed itself in every form

that could be given. It may well be imagined that the winter was a pleasant and profitable one. He was solicited to remain as principal of the academy, but, considering his pledge to Professor Kenyon as sacred, he gave up the pleasanter path for that of rugged duty. Returning to Oberlin to graduate, he then came back to Alfred near the close of the spring term in June, 1849.

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL ADVANCEMENT.

SYNDICATE FORMED.

THE principals, Professors Kenyon and Sayles, had felt for some time that the teaching force of the school was insufficient to meet the growing demands made by the increase of numbers and the call for classes in the higher branches. These men, with the preceptress, Miss Maxson, were often required to teach from ten to fourteen classes a day. Much work was also done by assistants who were students paying their way through school. Several of these young men were consulted from time to time about plans to best meet the interests and demands of the growing work. Afterward, some of these became connected with the Institution.

CO-WORKERS.

On the Fourth of July, 1849, Mr. Allen entered with zeal into Professor Kenyon's plan for reorganizing the Faculty, and forming the compact, by and between Wm. C. Kenyon, Ira Sayles, D. D. Picket, J. Marvin, D. E. Maxson, Darius Ford, and J. Allen as associate principals and teachers to build up a non-sectarian school. All were to share equally in the government, teaching, and financial management, and agreed to labor five years on a salary of four hundred dollars per year—the remainder of the income to be used for the payment of debts and needed improvements. This arrangement proved no exception to the universal law that where income is made dependent upon the financial success of any enterprise, it begets economy, industry, and thrift. These young men were already warmly attached to Professor Kenyon and to each other as co-workers in student

GROUP OF EARLY TEACHERS.

life. They believed in him and in themselves. All old students will recognize Darwin E. Maxson as the fiery radical, the ready talker, who in his chapel speeches made every heart to throb and every face to glow, Daniel D. Picket, the conscientious conservative, careful and exact in all things, as were the mathematical problems themselves; James Marvin, the sagacious, balancing power, his great, loving nature softening all discordant elements; Darius Ford, the fine scholar, the bright, true gentleman, never believing that "wisdom would die with him," ever ready for advanced thought on all lines of human progress.

In a few years Professor Marvin left his position, he having been induced to enter another field of work, and Professor E. P. Larkin was called to take his place. He is remembered as one of those thorough, versatile men that draw mental sustenance from all things; he had traveled extensively, and one could not converse with him without gaining some new thought. Such were the men who were co-workers with Professor Allen.

MARRIAGE.

During the week following this compact came the Anniversary exercises for the year. On July 12, after the speeches and other exercises were finished (these being held in the grove above the buildings), Professor Allen was married, by the Rev. N. V. Hull, to Miss Abigail A. Maxson, the preceptress.

PROSPERITY FOLLOWED FAITHFUL WORK.

All these teachers spent their spare time, including their vacations, in repairing and fitting up rooms, or at work upon the Institution farm, or at whatever was most needing to be done. At every point Professor Kenyon and his wife, Mrs. Melissa Kenyon, were the leaders. Professor Marvin, one of the syndicate, afterward Chancellor of Kansas University, writes: "With exalted hopes and enthusiasm at fever heat, we entered upon our new career. The school increased rapidly; new buildings were planned and erected, more land secured, the farm opened up, and the question of assuming collegiate rank and

honor was gravely discussed in our counsels. We were preparing many young men and women to enter with advanced standing in other colleges. The State reports gave us the credit of sending out more and a higher grade of teachers than any other similar Institution in the State. Why should we not have the credit of the work done?

This increase of the teaching force gave all better opportunities for study and more thorough work in the class room. As the examinations were public, not only every pupil, but each teacher, was put upon his mettle. President Allen writes of this time: "It was the aim to make students that could think accurately and speak promptly upon their feet. One class being examined at a time, the examination created a good deal of interest, and was listened to by crowded houses of citizens, visitors, and students. This tribunal was the same in kind and quality as all after life's tribunals, with like attributes in its decisions." The lady members of the Faculty, Mrs. Melissa Kenyon, Mrs. Sayles, Mrs. Allen, Miss Susan Crandall, and Miss S. Coon, were recognized by the public as doing no less efficient work than did the other members of the Faculty.

Though there were necessarily changes in this Faculty from year to year, still the growth of the school in all its departments continued. The students, whether rich or poor, came from all classes and many of the professions, and when they went back they carried much of the spirit and enthusiasm gained at Alfred into their various fields of life work. Alfred's special work at that time was the training of educators for the common schools, more than one hundred of these strong-principled young men and women going out each year as teachers.

As a number of the leading teachers belonged to the Seventh-day Baptist denomination, and as this people had long felt the need of establishing a theological department in some school, Alfred was thought of for this purpose.

AGENTS OF EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

Professors Kenyon and Allen had not only made this matter a subject of thought, but had kept it constantly before the peo-

ple in their denominational publications and yearly gatherings. These men considered the educational interest as one of the most important in denominational work, and to identify it with the missionary, tract, and publishing associations, it was thought best to have a society organized for this special object. In 1852 an Educational Committee was therefore appointed to look after this matter. This committee drew up a constitution, which was adopted in 1854, after which Professors Kenyon and Allen were appointed as agents to secure an endowment fund. President W. C. Whitford, of Milton College, Wisconsin, says of that time: "I believe that it was impossible for any other man among us to take possession of these different interests and opposing forces, and to combine and organize them as he did effectually into a harmonious, permanent, and powerful movement. I shall never cease to admire the addresses which he delivered at that time while visiting some of our churches. They were the most masterly discussions of certain fundamental principles which it has ever been my privilege to hear. In my opinion they have never been equaled by speakers in any of our State and national associations. They were characterized by a most comprehensive grasp of the vast field of the educational work, and a surprising insight into its various but associated departments and results. If I remember rightly, his prominent theme was the informing and uplifting power which the school exerts over the family, the church, and the civil government." Again he says: "I recall at this moment a single remark of most significant import,—'If truth were offered me on the one hand, and search for truth on the other, I would most certainly choose the latter.' To him the active seeking developed far more than the passive receiving. A single idea wrought out patiently and clearly in our daily reflections is worth more to us than a thousand facts simply stored away in our memories."

Twenty thousand dollars were raised the first year by these agents of the Educational Society. In 1855 Alfred was chosen by the churches as the place in which to establish the theolog-

ical department, and Mr. Allen was elected to take charge of it. A number of young men and women of different denominations were ready to enter the class, many of them having previously been active members of the Theological Society. These young people became the leaders in the religious growth of the school and surrounding communities. They held Bible classes, prayer meetings, and preaching services in all the schoolhouses around. Seldom a term passed without especial religious interest being aroused. The remarkable feature of all this was the deep-seated and quiet work of the Spirit, so that we seldom found a student in after years who did not hold to the higher impulses and awakening which he received at these little meetings.

This work extended till a number of churches grew up under its influence, such as those at East Hebron, Oswayo, Roulet, Honeyoye, Branch of Scio, and Bell's Run; and the University became the mother of evangelistic work in all that section.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF WILLIE.

We both looked upon President Kenyon as our intellectual father, so when a little boy came to bless our home, we did not hesitate as to its name—William Kenyon represented our ideal for him. We never thought he could leave us, so all plans were made for perfect physical and spiritual development. He was a goodly child, with a promise of long life, so when he left us at the end of two years, we felt assured that had we known better, practically, the laws of life, our boy would have been spared to us. Mr. Allen then determined to know enough of medicine to be able to care for his family, and during the years that followed he took several courses of medical lectures.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLLEGE CHARTER AND GROUNDS.

WINTER IN ALBANY.

MOST of the winter of 1856–57 was spent in Albany securing our college charter. Hon. John M. Davidson, of Wiscoy, W. W. Crandall, M. D., of Andover, and Hon. S. O. Thatcher, of Hornellsville, were Alfred students and members of the Legislature. Mr. Allen often said that these young men took off their coats, figuratively, and worked for the bill. It was introduced early in the session and passed the first and second readings, but there it stopped. Mr. Allen wonderingly stayed on for weeks and weeks, not knowing some of the ways in Albany. One day upon asking a leading member in the House why the bill was so long delayed, the gentleman laughingly replied, "It waits the bids." "What do you mean?" "You know that here we have one hand before, and the other behind." "But how is that?" "In other words, how much money is there in the bill?" "Not a dollar," was the prompt reply. "Oh, that makes a difference!" It was but a few days after this before the third reading was called for. The regents at that time were opposed to small colleges, and worked against the bill, the State superintendent and all his under officers sharing their opposition. These departments, almost in a body, were on the floor when the hour came for calling the roll, and to their utter astonishment the measure passed the House with an overwhelming majority.

Doctor Woolworth, that grand old man who for so many years stood at the head of our State educational interests, became from this winter an earnest friend of Mr. Allen, often consulting him on educational problems for the growth of the

work throughout the State. At one of the yearly meetings for the regents and educators of the State, the teachers were thanking him for some changes that had been made in the examination papers. Pointing to Mr. Allen's seat, he replied, "Your thanks are due entirely to him and not to me." While detained in Albany that winter Mr. Allen attended lectures in the law school, was examined, and admitted to the bar. This was not with the idea of ever practicing law, but with the thought that the knowledge thus acquired would make him more efficient in his chosen profession.

DUTY ABOVE ALL HONORS PREFERRED.

He had little desire for public recognition, and all honors conferred upon him were entirely unsought. In 1873, when the regents of the State of New York at Albany gave him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, he was greatly surprised. As the sacred mantle was thrown over him, Doctor Woolworth remarked, "This is well deserved, but too long deferred; let us telegraph your wife."

President Allen received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the State University of Kansas, in 1875, and in 1886 that of Doctor of Laws, from his own beloved university. Important educational positions in different States were many times offered him, but his chosen work for Alfred far outweighed them all, so he was satisfied to continue his labor there in the same sacrificial spirit in which he had begun it. The recognition at Albany that winter of the work hitherto done at Alfred not only for the teachers of common schools, but for general educational interests, gave renewed courage and zeal to the friends and teachers of the Institution. In the language of another, "Allegany County, and all southwestern New York, owe more for the high standing in intellectual and moral reforms to William C. Kenyon and his co-workers than to all other influences combined."

In 1878 President White, of Cornell, Professor Clark, of Canandagua, and President Allen, were appointed a committee

to meet with the presidents of Harvard, Amherst, and other Massachusetts institutions, to consider in what manner the curriculum of colleges and high schools could be harmonized.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF BOARDING.

The winter of 1858 found all the buildings full of students. The price of board had been raised to one and a half dollars per week, yet the family numbered over one hundred and thirty, including teachers, students, and helpers. Besides these, many from a distance found homes in the town, some boarding in private families, others in clubs, where a number provided the material and together paid a woman for cooking it. Still others "boarded themselves," that is, they took rooms provided with cooking stoves, and often, having brought provisions from their homes, prepared their meals and did their own housework. Brothers and sisters, or those from the same locality, many times lived in this manner while pursuing their courses of study.

It was not an uncommon thing in the early days for a young man to drive a cow—perhaps many miles—to Alfred, hire some pasture land, and pay most of his expenses by selling the extra milk that he did not require for himself. All these ways made the expenses of the school much less, and gave even the poorest an opportunity for the higher culture which they craved. Such struggling students have always stood among the first in their classes, and as they have gone out to the world's work, many of them have held leading positions of responsibility and influence.

BURNING OF SOUTH HALL.

At that time Mr. Allen and myself had charge of the ladies' building, called South Hall, while Professor Picket and wife took the gentleman's, or North Hall. The new building for chapel and recitation rooms had been completed the year before, and the old chapel in the upper South Hall had been converted into music rooms, with one room reserved for the ladies' literary society. This the young women had fitted up with carpet, chairs, library case, rostrum, and desk, for their meetings. It

seemed to the entire corps of teachers that the term was one of uncommon promise for the winter's work.

On the morning of February 14, it being Sunday, some of the young ladies were excused from appearing at breakfast at seven o'clock. I went early from the table to care for our little daughter Eva, then but two years of age. On entering the building I heard her cries, and hastened forward to the bedroom, where I found her nearly stifled with smoke. Her father, following, said, "There is fire above us." He hastened to the room above and discovered a blaze between the clapboards and ceiling. "The building must go. Get out the girls," he said. This was done with dispatch. Baby was quickly wrapped in her father's dressing-gown and given to the care of a trusty young man; the sleepers were hastily roused, and in cloaks, some in their stocking feet, rushed through the snow, then several feet deep, to the new chapel. There was not time to save everything, though the teachers, many students and citizens, made great effort to do all that was possible. Heroic work was done to save Middle Hall, which often caught the flames, though a score of young men were on the roof working with buckets of water. They stood there firmly till the building was safe, though they afterward carried the marks of burnt faces, hands, and coats. Elder Nathan Hull and Mr. Allen, from their exposed positions, were, as it seemed, only saved by a miracle.

The houseless teachers and young ladies were all welcomed for the time into the homes of the good people of Alfred. Although there was no insurance on the burnt building, immediate preparations were made for the erection of a new one, which was to be much larger and nearer to the town. In little more than a year afterward a fine brick hall, now known as the Ladies' Boarding Hall, was ready for their use.

WORK ON THE CAMPUS.

The new buildings begun in 1845 were placed in the native woods on a hillside full of natural springs. This made the soil above the hardpan difficult to bring into shape. Stumps, logs,

the débris of the new buildings, the rough and muddy walks and roads, were the cause of many a disagreeable experience.

A number of the girls asked the privilege of making flower beds during their leisure hours. From this beginning there came to be much enthusiasm, the young men often working with willing hands to help them. In this way some spots of fine annuals made bright here and there a little space in the general unsightliness of the place.

Before this, in order to keep the Institution grounds open down to Main Street, and also to have a better chance for beautifying them, Professors Kenyon and Allen bought the plot of ground north of Mr. Collins'. This was, years afterward, given to the Institution, and a fountain, supplied from a hillside spring, was placed in the center, while trees and shrubs were planted round about.

After the South Hall was burned, in 1858, Mr. Allen hired help to cover the débris and put that portion of the grounds in shape. Thus, little by little, and year after year, was this work carried on in the spare moments of those most busy in study and literary work. One spring he made it a daily task to go into the woods, uproot a young pine, bring it down on his shoulders, and plant it at the noon recess. During that summer some fifty-two trees were planted in this manner, and were all growing nicely when winter came on. A heavy snow lay on the ground all that winter; this was often covered with a hard crust, so that it would bear up the sheep, that came over the tops of the fences to browse upon these newly-planted trees, until all of them were destroyed. I myself saw from my window the last one—the finest tree we had—disappear in this way. The tears would come in spite of all effort to overcome them. Mr. Allen, however, took the disappointment philosophically, as he did everything; but after the discouragements of that winter, little was done toward beautifying the grounds for several years, till they were better protected.

"THE PICTURE-SQUE."

From his earliest connection with the school Professor Allen felt that beautiful grounds and buildings were among the best of educators. He desired the students to be surrounded by what would give them types for spiritual achievements and exalted motives for all they did. This idea, though it cost him so much of sacrifice of self, was one great power in his life work. He had many ways of awakening the ideas he wished to impress upon the students. Rev. Frank Place says: "I shall never forget, when a boy, when just entering the academy, the first chapel lecture I listened to from Professor Allen. He called his subject 'The Picture-Sque.' It was easily seen that he had long been vainly trying to have an unsightly object (an old barn) removed from the campus. For a few moments he spoke on the real beauty of nature and art, and their influence over the human soul, then, pointing to the offensive object, by sarcasm and ridicule he set the students into roaring laughter. Becoming eloquent over the subject of Greek and Latin, over ancient ruins and architecture, he would suddenly bring in the idea of bleating sheep and calves in an old barn, till the students knew no bounds in expressing their applause." It is needless to say that the offensive buildings were soon afterward removed.

As soon as the grounds came under his immediate care, books were bought on landscape gardening, and a systematic work of beautifying was begun. The ground was carefully surveyed, and walks and drives laid out so as to get rid of the ugly straight lines. These were also raised above the surrounding grounds by dirt and gravel, so that they would not be blocked by the snows and drifts of winter, nor washed away by the rains of summer.

THE WORK OF BEAUTIFYING.

Chapel lectures from time to time, and a general arousing of the citizens, made such an impression that at one time more than twenty teams were at work plowing, scraping, and bringing gravel for walks, where many more hands put the material

in shape. The campus being so large, only a small portion of it could be thoroughly prepared and planted each year.

In the grove where the new buildings were placed in 1846 the small trees and shrubs had been removed, leaving only the larger elms and a few other trees standing. These, lacking the protection of the undergrowth, soon died out, save a few that had grown up in the open space. In replanting, the effort was made to keep in harmony with nature; many flowering shrubs and trees were planted, but elms and evergreens being favorites, were made to fill the open spaces, because the soil and climate of the hillside are especially favorable to their growth; besides they were needed as wind-breaks to protect the walks and roads.

Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon, so long the teacher of German and French, has been a valuable assistant in the development of this work. For many years the early mornings of spring and summer have found her toiling patiently among her flower beds, where she has cultivated a large variety of annuals and shrubs that have been a joy to us all.

Mr. Allen once told the ladies when the Aid Society was to meet in the hall that he would pay them more than they could earn by their sewing if they would spend the afternoon at work on the grounds; he would give them ten cents an hour and their tea. After this liberal offer more than thirty playfully turned out with hoes, shovels, pickaxes, and rakes, and, with the help of students, a good deal of ground was put in order and several flower beds made, but, more than all else, an enthusiasm was created for the general beautifying of the campus that continued through the years.

MUSIC OF THE TREES.

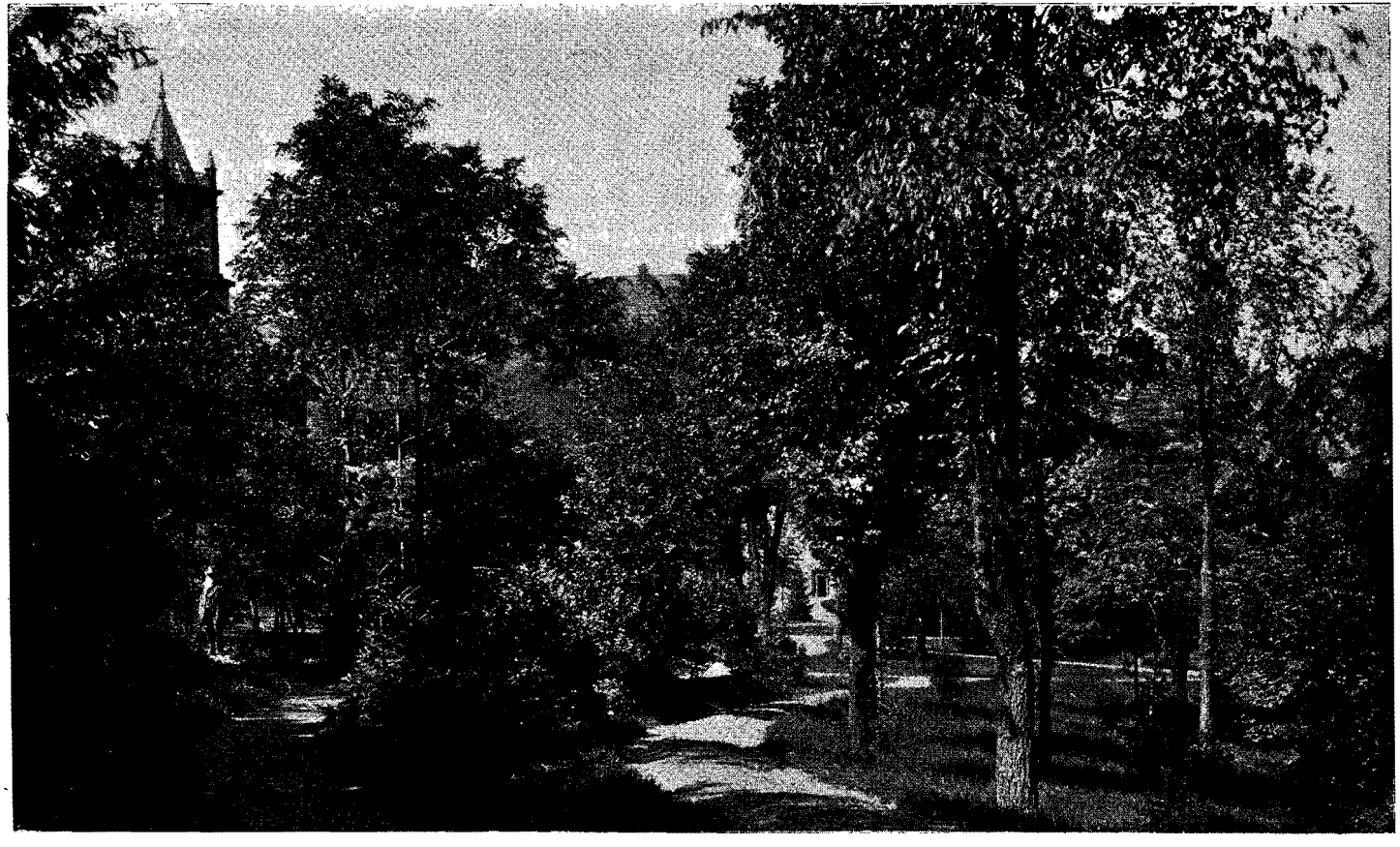
During the summer of 1893 an old student was seen walking through the grounds. Later in the day, while making a call, he remarked: "It is now years since I was last on these grounds, so I have been leisurely strolling about, listening, as Professor Allen said I would, to the music of my tree, and to those that were planted at the same time with it. How well I remember

the talk in chapel on the morning of Arbor day! The ground had been prepared, the trees received, and were in readiness beforehand. A general lecture was given on the 'Mission of Beauty,' after which the students were notified that all could help who wished to, in planting the trees. These ranged in price from twenty-five cents to a dollar, and were, many of them, paid for by those who planted them. President Allen said, 'You are planting for the future, and when in after years you return, these trees will sing to you, and the music of your own will be sweeter than any other.'" May the students long continue to come back from time to time to enjoy the beauty they have helped create.

No man better appreciated the value of money or the power of the useful arts to build up for man's progress all that inventors or philanthropists can do. How it feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and makes it possible to develop the higher sense of beauty! On this subject we cannot do better than to quote from his own words this "power of the beautiful":—

POWER OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Ignoring this service of the useful to the higher ends of being, utility all too often compels the building of home and school and church in the cheapest manner possible, innocent of all finish or decoration. The angel of beauty plants flowers, shrubbery, trees, hard by the door of home or school, to shake down beauty upon all passers-by; all over the fields, to gladden the hearts of all beholders; all along the old walls and fences, to hide their deformity; all along by the pleasant water courses, to laugh when the brook sings; all around houses and barns, to cover their ugliness; singing in the sunshine, laughing in the storm, to console in the hour of sadness, to distill beauty on daily toil, to help educate childhood, awakening a love for purity and peace, for the beautiful, the noble, and the good. Utility, shouldering his ax, goes forth, hews down the lithe and graceful elm, all a-tremble with beauty, the generous maple, full of all sweet sentiments, its branches a domestic circle, nestling down cozily



WALKS TO CHAPEL AND TOWN.

by the 'roof tree' of man, the slender, graceful poplar, palpitating to every breeze, the singing pine, the noble oak—hews them all down, casts them into the fire, and gives the land to grass, beans, cabbages, potatoes, pumpkins. The beauty to such of mountain stream and waterfall is their glorious mill privileges. The same spirit too frequently takes the young, who are still all a-tremble with sentiment, living, laughing, walking, talking poems,—takes and cages them in little, low, half-made, rickety old buildings, where Time, with his weather-brush dipped in sunshine and shower, has been the painter, and, standing where roads cross, if possible, and jutting far out into the same, without flower, shrub, or tree, standing out cold, dismal, and forbidding, perhaps with backless benches, and crevices for wind and storm to howl through, and a place, withal, where sheep and swine love to congregate. Within such places many a dull, tedious school day, with its long, juiceless, nerveless, mummyized lessons, is whiled away, wherein the hungry soul of childhood is far away, listening in fancy to the merry chatter of the brook, or the cuckoo's monotonous, dreamy, soulful song, while the 'pea is putting on its bloom,' or snuffing through every cranny of the old house the scent of new-mown hay, and the odorous south wind, laden with the bloom of field and wood, wasting their sweetness on the wilderness air. Thus taking lessons of flowers and showers and rainbows and butterflies and fish and bird's nests, they received instruction from teachers more potent than schoolbook—most proper and efficient teachers for apt and diligent pupils.

"An ideal school is a home, not indeed for supplying meats and drinks for the bodies that perish, but a spirit home, where hungering and thirsting souls are satisfied, where dormant energies are aroused, stimulated, inspired to noble life and action, where spiritual growth, strength, harmony, and beauty are the results; in short, develop all that is desirable to appear in future life. An ideal school, like home, is one that is shut out from the bustle and strife of life,—amid rural quietudes, where all its surroundings are pure, simple, temperate, gentle, congenial, honest,

industrious, intelligent, religious,—a community wherein joyous childhood, ardent youth, earnest manhood, silver-locked age, all are inspired by a common purpose, upheld by honest, rugged toil, lit up by sincere affection, its quiet hours filled with gladsome pursuits. These instruct the young spirit in lessons that touch the inmost chords of the heart. In future years scenes and words and deeds, like some old trail through the wood, overgrown with brush and wild flowers, are revealed in their dim outlines, bringing back the early lessons of the heart, when apt and noble teachers, though humble, instructed in lessons, rude it may be, yet the very reminders of which are as sacred relics. To memory every such year appears as a continuous summer without a gloom, every night a moon-lit and star-eyed one, every cloud rainbow wreathed. The innocence of childhood bursting into the enthusiasm of youth, as the garden budding into bloom, is susceptible, impressible, palpitating with gladness, as does a midsummer evening, breathing joy as the rose breathes sweetness, jubilant as are the birds in a morning of spring, sensitive to the touches of joy or sorrow, love or hate, beauty or ugliness, crushed by a frown, thrilled with delight by a token of affection, enraptured by every revelation of beauty, going out spontaneously towards loveliness or nobleness, towards those tenderly devoted to their welfare, ready to be nurtured under the watchcare of gentleness and piety. To such all of education does not consist in what is learned from books. Nature is its constant, faithful teacher, instructing in truth, beauty, law, and goodness. Fields, woods, streams, light, darkness, storm and sunshine, sky and clouds, all moods, all voices, are lessons joyfully received, all instructing the eager soul."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WAR TIMES.

THE Alfred teachers and students were no idle spectators of the stirring events that for years threatened the life of our republic. All sides of the great questions then agitating the public mind were represented in the school. Sharp and often angry debates on these questions formed continually a part of the program of not only the gentlemen's but frequently of the ladies' literary societies. Speakers from different parts of the country, and frequent and enthusiastic chapel lectures, kept these absorbing questions before the school and community. Naturally the vicinity of Alfred, with its New England endowment of sturdy character, became radical in all the burning political questions of that day; consequently those students who were conservative on these points received little sympathy in their ideas.

The call to make Kansas a free State was heeded by many old Alfred students and alumni. Some of these early became prominent men, not only in her Legislature, but in important business enterprises. S. M. Thorp and Solon Thatcher in the Senate, Dwight Thatcher as State printer, A. F. Randolph as attorney general, L. J. Worden as State librarian, with other names, might be mentioned, the years increasing the number of our students there, but not lessening their influence.

In 1861 came the terrible ordeal which meant life or death to our country, before which our young men stood aghast, though they did not shrink from personal responsibility. A call had come for volunteers to save the Union. Companions walked the streets with bated breath, and companies for military drill were speedily organized. Praying circles met every evening, with the one theme at heart—that of the salvation of our country.

Every young man in the senior class enlisted, and all were accepted save one, who was refused on account of nearsightedness. These, with many other students and citizens, went to Elmira to enter the 23d regiment of New York Volunteers. The morning meeting in the chapel the day that our boys were to leave can never be forgotten by any who were present. It was crowded to overflowing by citizens and students, so there was hardly standing room. The eleven members of the graduating class were called upon in turn to state their reasons for leaving their studies and all peaceful pursuits, for the turmoil and uncertainty of war. Every heart was stirred, especially when two of them said, "We give our all—our lives—and never expect to return." And so it proved, for these two came only in their coffins, and that within a year.

Professor Darwin Maxson went as chaplain of the 23d regiment. In all this movement Professor Allen took a prominent part by encouraging and stimulating the patriotic sentiment of the school, by giving all the assistance in his power to the young men who went out, and by assuring their home friends that if all were true to duty, an overruling Providence would certainly guide all things for the best. He himself was only kept back from going because the trustees and Faculty would not spare him from what *they* felt to be of more importance. As soon as the term's work was over, he went to Elmira and thence on to Washington to look after the interests of our student soldiers. Of his observations and experiences at that time he wrote as follows:—

WASHINGTONWARD.

"In harmony with the President's proclamation, we took seats at 12 M., July 14, not in Congress, but in the cars, Washingtonward. After a few hours' ride amid the usual indications of the patriotism of the day, we found ourselves at Elmira, a rendezvous of the New York Volunteers. It was, of course, a gala day with both soldier and citizen. The soldier was parading for the citizen, and the citizen feasting the soldier in anticipation of the departure on the morrow. The chaplain of the 23d very cordially invited us to participate in the eating exercises At the close, however, we were coolly informed that we must pay for our supper by

taking the pulpit and speechifying to the citizens and soldiers. We protested, affirming that it was in violation of all the rites of hospitality as handed down from most ancient times to make an invited guest pay for his fare.

"Friend F., being more modest than myself, if possible, undertook to run the guards, but, as he affirmed, found a blue-coated saint confronting him, and with cold glittering steel appealing directly, steadily, irresistibly, to his heart. So persuasive was the appeal that he yielded without resistance. We concluded ourselves under martial law, and in obedience to his behests, talked of all the big subjects we could think of—such as war, peace, home, hearthstones, union, liberty, progress, sacrifice, humanity, religion.

"After restoring our exhausted energies, we started again with other friends. Pleasant was the ride amid grain fields and grass fields, richly burdened with the coming harvest; pleasant the broad valley set round about with billowy hills, overspread at the time with a mottled covering of sunshine and thunder shower. Delightful the ride along the trout brooks, up among the great hills of the Keystone State, amid the rocks from which are dug the keys that unlock her greatness, out into her splendid valleys and flourishing cities,—great and prosperous country this —too great, too glorious, to be destroyed by ambitious or disappointed demagogues.

"On passing the line of freedom, and entering the outposts of slavery, the signs of a free industry disappear, and the shabbiness and unthrift of unwilling toil take their place. Just at this line, also, the work of the defenders of the republic begins. Soldiers are posted all along the line of the railroad, to guard it from the vandalism of the rebels. It takes a very large force to guard and protect what conquest has won. This is one of the great difficulties of the war. As we sped along through the semi-wilderness region, soldiers' tents nestled thick and cozily in the groves. The soldiers themselves, peeping out from their tents, preparing their morning meal, or standing sentinel along the road, greeted us as we passed, and evidently had not the least objection to the morning papers that were tossed to them by the passengers. This was soldier life in its quiet, picturesque aspect; the stirring, the crimson, was to come soon. Baltimore was held obedient to the law and order by the unyielding grasp of military power. Flying artillery were stationed at chief points in the city, their cannon ranged so as to sweep the principal streets, or at a moment's notice to rush to any place of disturbance. The whole aspect of the city was that of a glum, unwilling loyalty. And thus, as Tennyson phrases it, with 'soldiers to right of us, soldiers to left of us, soldiers

in front, soldiers all about us, onward we rode, on through dust, decay, and desolation, to Washington, the greatest of American humbugs.'

IN WASHINGTON.

"Washington City is one of the first outgrowths, and the present rebellion has for its motive power slavery; its guiding star, State rights. These controlled in founding the national capital. Pennsylvania, in her sovereign capacity of State rights, failing, when appealed to, to protect Congress from a body of mutineers from the Continental army, Congress sought safety at Princeton, under the protection of New Jersey, and afterward adjourned to Annapolis, Maryland. Congress, thus a wandering mendicant, dependent for its leave to be upon the good pleasure of State sovereignty, began to look about itself for some permanent home of safety. At this point the North and South collided; and, at first, a double-headed government was resolved upon, with one head resting upon the Delaware, and the other upon the Potomac. Ultimately, however, through the recusancy of Northern members, a compromise, by a majority of three, was agreed upon, by which the Potomac was to be honored with an undivided national capital.

"On entering Washington, great earnestness, life, activity, were everywhere apparent. Two influences, two forces, controlled, moved all—military and legislative. Everybody seemed to be moving in one of two streams—to the Capitol or to the camp. Everyone was talking about law or war, and all law-making was for the war. Soldiers flocked everywhere—in the streets, in Congress, and in the hotels—especially the officers. Heavy, white-topped army wagons perform their daily rounds of relief, looking, in their long procession, like so many white-hooded sisters of charity. The tents of the great army encircle the city, sitting round in regimental groups to protect it from traitors without and traitors within. . . . Many an officer evidently is out to the wars for a good time generally, with glory thrown in. As for the case of the soldiers—the drill, the inconvenience of camp life, is *it* not for the common soldier? Let him see to it. The privates say: 'Behold our officers! What care they for us! Let us do as it seemeth to us good!' Nevertheless, the elements of a grand army are here, needing but the genius of a great general to develop them. The enthusiasm, the patriotism, of the voluntary soldiery is sublime. They are the heralds of that patriotism to which the North was instantaneously and almost miraculously converted by the fall of Sumter. May they soon be, likewise, the heralds of the universal liberty to which the nations are doubtless very soon to be converted."

ON THE MARCH.

While in Washington an order was made from the War Department for an advance movement. Friends being allowed to accompany the soldiers to the front, Mr. Allen, with several hundred senators, congressmen, and citizens, went forward. Marching with one of the New York regiments, he carried first the knapsack and gun of one and then of another of the young men, as they gave out in the rapid march. My last letter from him was from Centerville, when they were expecting that the following day would bring them to the battle field. Here, he often said, was the first time he ever realized that he might be growing old. A soldier called to the young man whose tent he was sharing, "Who is with you?" "Why, that old gentleman that marched down with us," was the reply. He said to himself, "That must mean me, for my hair is getting gray."

The call was made for them to move forward. He never forgot the picture of those wooded slopes on that early morning, over which were moving thousands of our noblest and best, with all the paraphernalia of war. The few miles from Centerville to Bull Run were quickly traversed. Burnsides' battery was placed behind a clump of trees and opened fire. This, being answered by opposing forces, was kept up for many hours, till every man was driven from the position. After the firing had ceased, Mr. Allen remained behind one of the big guns viewing the field of destruction, when suddenly his attention was called to a peculiar whizzing sound. Something said to him, "That's for you!" He moved quickly aside, and at that instant a large shell passed directly in line where he had stood, and burst but a few feet behind him.

About three o'clock there was a general feeling that the day was won. He then started for Centerville, where the ambulances had been taking the sick and wounded soldiers, in hopes that he could assist in caring for them. In a short time McDowell and staff rode past; this seemed a strange movement to have the chief officer going to the rear. In a few moments the wildest dash of cavalry and foot came rushing by, crying,

"The black horse cavalry is coming." Someone, braver than the others, tried to turn the tide, and ordered him to help, but he replied, "I have nothing but a jackknife." Blankets, knapsacks, rifles, and everything that could impede the flight, were thrown to the winds. Nearing Centerville, Senator Wade stood in the road gesticulating wildly, and giving words of cheer, trying to inspire the officers and men with courage. He grabbed a soldier's bridle to hold it, but a quick saber stroke across the wrist from the rider told of the wild, frantic spirit that possessed the flying rabble on their retreat to Washington.

Hon. W. W. Brown writes:—

"The only time I met President Allen at the front during the war, was immediately after the first battle of Bull Run. Truly this was an opportune time to meet such a heroic soul as his. There never was a more gloomy day in the history of the war, or perhaps of the whole period of our national existence.

"The great defeat came on the 21st of July. All through that fight our regiment—the 23d, N. Y.—was doomed to listen to the thunder of the distant battle, but to take no part therein. The reports that came to us during the early part of the battle were favorable, and not until the morning papers came into camp did we learn of the disaster and deep humiliation that had overtaken the defenders of the Union. A few hours later came the evidence of defeat in the nature of panic and general demoralization. The heroes of yesterday became the fleeing cowards of to-day.

"In that battle President Allen had been an interested looker-on in citizen apparel. With the great company who went forth from the capital to witness valor and victory, he marched in the van, like a trained warrior. All the world knows how the 'Boys in Blue' maintained the honor of the flag during all the long hours of that day, until Johnson came, and Patterson came not! Then followed rout and retreat. The slogan, 'On to Richmond,' of the morning, before set of sun was changed to a 'hustle' for the Potomac, the Long Bridge, and the 'North Side.' From the fated field of disaster came to our regiment Professor Allen, cool and unperturbed, as if returning from an excursion with his class in geology in the old days before the war.

"The coming of Professor Allen into our camp was like a ray of sunshine, and a harbinger of hope in a day of desolation. All others we had seen from the battle field told only the doleful tale of disaster, and

prophesied of ultimate dismemberment of the nation. 'No army that ever was or ever will be organized can drive the enemy from his entrenchments,' came from the excited lips of every comer hurrying from imagined danger. Not so with Professor Allen. There was no discouragement in his words, nor prophecy of ultimate defeat in his manner.

"About him gathered the first volunteers of Alfred, and from him gained the inspiration that kindles hope, and the determination that is at its best in the presence of calamity. His coming was a benediction to us. and I believe not only those who had been his pupils, but all other soldiers who heard his determined words, and saw his lofty bearing, were the better fitted for the next day's work across the Long Bridge and into the enemy's country.

"I can remember, after the long years that have intervened, few of the words that were uttered by him, but I know they were all reassuring, and we parted with him in a lively hope that one day we should stand beneath the old 'Union sky' with the blessed banner of freedom still there, full high advanced. I never met him after that on the battle field, but I knew his blessing attended us, and that his heart-beat was attuned to the music of union and liberty."

GOD WILL OVERRULE FOR GOOD.

As corresponding secretary of the Educational Society, in his report of 1862, Mr. Allen writes:—

"For the second time this society meets amid the storms of war and of national peril, to consider questions of peace and good will, learning and religion, to give, it may be, some slight impulse to those influences that go to make up a Christian civilization. Yes, *civil war*, one of the most terrible scourges with which a people can be afflicted, has befallen us,—a scourge so terrible that even ancient Rome, with all of her martial spirit, never granted triumphs, thanksgivings, holidays, or garlands, to those who conquered in it.

"This conquest, however, is not a fortuitous event, bursting upon the nation unforeseen and without cause or law. It is the legitimate, logical result of causes long operating. The social and political atmosphere has long been murky and tremulous with the approaching storm that has burst upon us with such terrific fury. Prophets of Liberty, solemn-voiced and earnest-worded, have long warned us that the great struggle, unless cut short in righteousness, must end in blood. Providence, as revealed in unfolding events, has warned us, has beckoned us

away from the danger. All history is full of the solemn lesson, that all great national epochs are but the unfolding of previously implanted germs; and as is the germ, so will be the growth and fruitage. . . .

"Though we may see nothing divine, no Christ, in war, though it may come as a curse, a scourge permitted rather than as a blessing willed, yet our faith assures us that God will overrule it, as all evil is overruled, for ultimate good. Whatever may be our intentions as politicians, patriots, or Christians, in the terrible struggle through which this nation is passing, we rest in the confident assurance that God intends it shall shake the nation until the shackles are shaken from every slave. Though the conversion that descended as a miracle upon the higher civilization of the North, on the fall of Sumter, was a conversion only to patriotism, yet an awakening began therewith, which shall soon culminate in unconditioned, individual freedom. The strategetic blunders, the official incompetency, the treason in high places, the inefficiency, indecision, and half measures, which may have thus far marked the conduct of the war, are all, doubtless, aiding the solution of the great problem of emancipation, are all unwilling, unwitting servants of liberty; every military defeat is, doubtless, a victory for freedom. . . .

"Yes, verily, it has not been in vain that the heroes of this and other days have lived, 'around whose brows death hath wreathed the bloody laurel in the glitter of victory,' not in vain that the martyrs of all times have left their 'dust as a seed,' sure to spring up and bear fruit some day.

"'God stands beyond the dim unknown,
Keeping ward and watch o'er his own.'

"Above the noise and confusion of all fraudful and treacherous rebellions, the voice of the Divine Providence is sounding clear and calm, saying to this people, 'Go forward, march on' in the van, henceforward as heretofore, of the nations. Though the way may lie through a Red Sea of blood, may lead a long and weary march through the wilderness up to the promised land, yet the cloud and pillar shall go before, the angel of liberty shall guide, and a good Providence preserve, and every temporary defeat shall be an ultimate victory for humanity, every hero that falls shall die for freedom and civilization, not only in this land, but in all lands, not only for this age, but for all on-coming ages."

IT WAS FOR THE BEST.

As Lee's march into Pennsylvania was only a short time before the close of our spring term in '62, Mr. Allen felt that he could be spared to go to the front as field nurse. Miss

Phebe Evans was at that time going to carry our supplies to the Washington hospitals. We had collected hundreds of dollars' worth of necessaries for the sick and wounded soldiers. Among these were more than a bushel of dried blackberries and fifty gallons of blackberry wine, as there had been a special call for these articles. A large trunk was also packed for Mr. Allen to take to the field hospital. Before going, however, he felt it a duty to talk of his plans to the graduating class which was under his charge. To his great surprise, the young men of the class refused to let him go; the young women, on the contrary, sympathized with his enthusiasm, and censured the young men for their selfishness. But they remained firm. "Any number of good nurses could be found," they said, "but there was but one Professor Allen, and his life was worth too much to be sacrificed in such a manner." Most reluctantly he gave up the idea, but no doubt God was in it. We feel now that it would have cost him his life, as it did that of Professor Allen of Columbia College. Several of these young men themselves enlisted as soon as the term closed.

Our young men in the 23d, because of their freedom from army vices, and their mutual helpfulness for one another, were soon known as the "Alfred Boys." They were also recognized for their unflinching bravery before the enemy (students generally were). At one time in a severe struggle the Alfred boys seemed to have turned a defeat into victory, and as their general came up, he ordered the entire corps to salute them, which was done with a right good will. One of them says that during their first campaign, as the smoke of the battle cleared away, he looked down the broken lines, and, seeing the Alfred boys standing, said to himself, "They are praying for us at Alfred." During the whole time of the war new recruits were frequently going out from our ranks; several of our young men were promoted, and many reënlisted after the expiration of their term of service.

"STARRED NAMES."

We cannot do better in closing this chapter than to quote from Professor Allen's own words at that time concerning those who did not return:—

"Year after year adds to the 'starred' names of our triennial catalogue. Hands clasped in youthful friendship and love are unclasped forever; youthful feet, tired with life's rugged pathway, rest; hearts palpitating with all the generous enthusiasm of youth, beat nevermore; young lives, rich with the varied and generous culture of the schools, and redolent with the first fruitage of life's labors, with only a prophecy of how their lives would hav eblessed the world, if they had not been thus early smitten down, are lost to the world. Especially do these reminders of life's uncertainty and the certainty of death become most emphatic in such times as these, when life is poured out so freely at the behest of patriotism. This Institution has its representatives, both in teachers and pupils,—yes, its children,—engaged in nearly all campaigns, languishing in hospitals, mingling their blood with that of brother patriots upon nearly all battle fields. We lament their fall, yet, mingled with our sorrow, is a solemn joy that we can act, and offer life, through such noble representatives, for human brotherhood, and law, and government."

CHAPTER X.

VACATION OUTINGS.

THE botany and geology classes were especially full during the spring term of 1858. The country around Alfred had been thoroughly explored, till the various rocks and the flora were familiar to most of the members. It was decided that a part of the vacation be spent in camping out in some new locality under the leadership of their teacher. Mr. Weston Flint gave such a glowing account of the opportunities for study on the Alleghany River near the Indian Reservation, and of Rock City, that this point was chosen. It seemed at first that the number of students wishing to go was enough to make a small regiment, but the "lions in the way," suggested and discussed by parents and friends, soon sifted the number down to six. These were Elvira Kenyon, Elizabeth Wright, Susan Maxson, and Mr. Flint, beside Mr. Allen and myself. Miss Wright, in her volume of "Lichen Tufts," has a chapter on this vacation ramble, from which but a few extracts can be taken:—

"CAMPING OUT."

"We were tired and wanted a holiday, so we went off into the woods, out of the way of finery and etiquette and conventional rubbish. We left the railroad at Great Valley. The woods and river here are still in possession of the aboriginal inhabitants, the grave and friendly Senecas. They did not take the trouble to stare after us nor to make impertinent inquiries. It was a glorious July day, blue and golden, with the fiery languor of summer's noon quivering in the heated air and only stirred now and then by a cool breeze winding up the river. The old boatman took our baggage and some of us in a skiff half a mile, and landed us in as beautiful a spot as we could hope to find. We encamped on the grass under the foliage of young trees which clothed our side of the stream. We built three driftwood fires in a triangle, and within the area spread

our blankets in groups, and, with a roof of sky and stars above, and walls of green tapestry about us, we lay down safe and happy, and watched the sparks fly up like showers of stars among the leaves, and saw the smoke go rolling upwards like clouds going to seek their kindred above. A grateful content, such as comes to happy children, settled upon us like the dew upon the grass, and those who did not sleep lay listening to the voices of the night. We arose and ate our breakfast and chatted and sang like the other happy creatures about us. The fullest flush of the summer flowers was over, but enough yet blossomed to reward research and continually whet our appetites for more. The seed growth of the deep woods plants, too, was continually a feast of discovery to most of us."

This was but one day's experience during the short weeks when work and rest, study and play, were so closely connected that the days were marked only by the garnered treasures that came with them. We explored Rock City, where piles of conglomerate tower high above the general surface and extend over miles of territory. We also visited some newly opened coal beds in Pennsylvania, and sent back several well-filled boxes of specimens by rail to Alfred.

Another summer holiday we followed the course of the Genesee River from its source to where it empties into Lake Ontario, gathering specimens, of course, as we progressed in the journey.

TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

During the summer of 1860 Mr. Allen spent some time in special studies at Andover Theological Seminary. We went by steamer through Lake Ontario, then down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Isles, stopping at Montreal; thence onward over the White Mountains to Boston. We stopped for two days in the vicinity of Mt. Washington, and spent a night on its summit. Never shall I forget that morning ride on horseback up the mountain. We went on from rocky point to rocky point, till, leaving all vegetation below, we stood alone against the sky, while below, as far as the eye could scan, rolled the great waves of hill and dale, till they mingled with the

clouds in the distance. During the night while I was sleeping, Mr. Allen spent the time out on the great rocks in the moonlight, impressed, he said, with the presence and power of the Deity such as he had not known before, and never expected to experience again. He called me to see the morning sun as it came rolling up from the mists below, and hung, suspended, like a great fire balloon, out to which it seemed we might walk on the thick clouds all around us. The ride down was quiet and pleasant, though it often seemed that the next plunge of the horses must be out into space.

At Andover much of the time was spent in the study of elocution.

LEROY.

One summer we were invited by Leroy friends to bring our working party to their place. We were glad to go, as that section is the principal home of the *corniferæ* and other fine fossils. The whole party was entertained in the pleasant home of our old-time friend, Nicholas Keeney. His son and daughter, with others, joined daily in the excursions, they donating teams to carry the party to and from the points of investigation, from whence we took each night a load of rocks and flowers. Mrs. Stanton, a former teacher, showed keen interest in the work, selecting and giving us from her fine cabinet many rare shells and specimens. Altogether, nearly a ton of specimens was shipped to Alfred as a result of the visit. It was a delightful time spent with friends in the study of science.

These were only a few of the many trips taken during the long holidays, but enough has been said to show that even the time for resting was employed by Mr. Allen in working for the best interests of the Institution he so much loved.

CHAPTER XI.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO many students scattered far and wide the news of the death of Mrs. Melissa Ward Kenyon came as that of a mother. This occurred June 27, 1863, and the commencement of that year opened sadly with her funeral service.

During the following years, though no less active in his labors for the school, President Kenyon was gradually failing in health and strength. His struggle against disease was long and heroic, and, after seeking medical aid from various sources, he decided to spend a year abroad. Accordingly, in October, 1866, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon, he sailed for Europe. After spending the winter with Mrs. Kenyon's friends in Prussia, they started together for the Orient, intending to visit Egypt and Palestine, but were unable to go farther than Geneva, Switzerland, his health causing them to turn back and start homeward; but failing strength compelled them to pause in London. From there he wrote: "I am but a shadow, but hope the shadow will last across the ocean, for I shall so rejoice to reach America. May the Lord bless you all." His friends had hoped the rest and change would bring the needed strength, but in this they were doomed to disappointment, for a sad message from London told that on the morning of June 27, 1867, "he was at rest till the resurrection morn." Again the Commencement exercises were shrouded with the pall of sorrow.

The following extract is taken from the memorial sermon on the life of the first president of the University:—

"He devoutly believed that an appetite for work was one of the noblest traits, to be sought after by all men, and one by which all difficulties could be overcome. No ten-hour system for him. No man ever got on and up in the world who worked only ten, if not at the same kind

of work, at something. He abhorred from the very depths of his soul all dawdlers, all shiftless 'Jack at all trades' and good at none, all seekers after the easy and shady places, all who could lean long on hoe-handles or fences without getting tired, all bottomers of chairs and headers of nail kegs about stores, groceries, and taverns. He enthused his students, more or less, with the same spirit. He impressed upon them the importance, the glory of work. He made them feel that they were in this world for the express purpose of doing something, and that they were in school expressly to get a good ready to do this something.

"One of those slender, compact, nervous men, with a regal dome of skull, filled and dripping with brains as the overflowing honeycomb drips with honey, surcharged with mental magnetism and spiritual electricity, a man very earnest, very incisive, somewhat radical, yet very genuine, he stirred many a young life to the core, dispelling through his fiery energy, drowsiness, stupidity, and quickening them into vitality, awakened their dormant powers, kindling their latent energies into fervor and aspiration, and spurring on to high endeavor and noble achievement. It took no ordinary rein and curb to hold such a fiery nature in check. To him life was a fiery battle, and his voice ever rang out to the young as the battle shout of a leader tried and true. Ever riding earnestly, even furiously ahead, amid flame and smoke, he had words of cheer to those who could spur up to his side or press hard after, but woe to the laggard or the coward. If he descended like a thunderbolt upon the stupid or the lazy, the frivolous or the rowdy, if gloved hands and anointed locks, those symbols of affectation and foppery, found no favor in his eyes, if schoolgirl prim and simper and frippery, those signs of shallow mothers and silly daughters, were an abomination to him, yet the earnest seeker after knowledge, the hard worker, and the needy, found in him the gentleness of the dews of Hermon, the sacrifice and help of a father. Did ever a needy student go to him for aid and not get it, if it was in his power to assist?—Nay, times many has the help been freely, generously offered without the asking, as many a one from a full heart has testified. In short, in most of the essential attributes, his was one of the truest and noblest of natures, ever full to overflowing with generous impulses and sacrificial deeds. He was a man whose life was constantly overleaping the prudential virtues, and taking on the heroic and Christian ones of self-abnegation, with entire consecration to a definite and high purpose, achieving through self-sacrificing endeavor. In teaching, he found his true calling, for teachers, no less than poets, are born, not made. Aptness to teach is an inborn gift, not a manufactured article.

"Alfred Academy, growing into the University, was his only child, and no parent ever watched more sleeplessly, or toiled more unremittingly, or prayed more earnestly, for a child than he for it. Was it in want? The bread of carefulness was kept from his own mouth that it might be fed. Was it sick? With fingers upon its pulse, he watched through the long weary hours its every symptom. Was its fair fame assailed? He came to its rescue with all the intense earnestness of an outraged father. In all hours of misfortune, of doubt and despondency, he had faith that amounted to assurance, and, rising above the ashes of frustrated or blighted prospects, he used all failures as stepping-stones to higher effort and nobler achievement. Rising early from his sleepless couch—seldom, for years, sleeping after three or four in the morning, often not after one or two—his rush up and down stairs, in early morning, was more effectual than alarm clock or chapel bell in arousing the sleepers, beginning thus the toils of an anxious day, closing his wearisome labors late at night, to gain only small relief through brief, intermittent sleep.

"The public, soon or late, crown with honor those who sacrifice for other's sake. There is virtue in duly caring for the body, but the higher sympathies and admiration of the world go with him who subjects all life forces—even making them give way to the ends of public good. Frugality is a virtue, but humanity is kindled into enthusiasm in beholding the sacrifices and sharing the benefits of a generous nature. There is virtue in discreetness and prudent reserve, but the man of noble, intense, generous impulse is the one to whom the hearts of men, and most especially of youth, open most readily. Such an one stirs the dormant energies of the soul and quickly awakens the latent forces of youthful natures. Mankind bows before a positive character, one who, amid opposition and ill will, if need be, presses fearlessly forward, with his eye fixed on the great purpose of life set before himself.

"Such was President Kenyon. The thousands of young men and women who came under the influence of his life, and were quickened, lifted, and strengthened thereby, are more than monuments, more than riches, more than worldly titles to his memory. They are living powers, awakened to a new life. Invigorated, inspired, cultured, in various degrees, they have gone forth to the world's work, pressing into the various positions of power and influence, moulding and directing thousands of other minds, insomuch that, though dead, he speaks, and will continue to speak through on-coming ages, in a language many voiced. He lives, and will work on through multitudinous hands in diverse pursuits and callings."

President Kenyon was buried in the Abney Park Cemetery, near London, but his remains were afterward brought to this country, and now rest in the cemetery at Schenectady, by the side of his first wife.

Another extract from President Allen's pen is here subjoined, as it so beautifully expresses the affection and gratitude of his heart toward the two who had done most for him in revealing the way to the best that life could offer. It is entitled—

A PILGRIMAGE.

"Finding myself near the burial place of two whose memories are sacred to me, in common with thousands of other old Alfred students, I sought it, as if a shrine. After wandering wide, questing for the spot, I found myself in front of a monument, on which I read at the top, 'Abel Ward,' and, running my eye down the shaft, read, 'Sally Ward,' 'Melissa B. Ward,' wife of Rev. W. C. Kenyon, president of Alfred University,' then, 'William C. Kenyon,' and on low scroll headstones, at my feet, the initials of these names. I had found the object of my search, and prostrate, in the hot, blistering sun, I wept, as it is given to man but seldom in a lifetime to weep, wept regretful, grateful tears, while thronged memories of years long dead. Those dead years sprang to life again, and talked with me. I was a boy once more, with intense longings for knowledge. Then came a man* to Alfred, full of the goodness which descends from on high. He took me by the hand and lifted me into nobler living. He still lives as a benediction of goodness to all coming within his influence. His successor came, full of intense energy and enthusiasm, with the uplifting inspirations of a life nobly consecrated to sacrificial living. His voice was the bugle call, his gesture the saber flash, lifting us to our feet, and bidding us forward in life's battle. Then came she whose life destiny was to be one with his. Together they labored and sacrificed, passed under the cloud of adversity and sorrow, he in the many-handed service of building an institution, without money, in a new country, she in all service and sacrifice for the well-being of students, nursing the sick, consoling the sorrowing, helping the needy. To me they were as elder brother and sister, full of cheer in despondency, help in need, care in sickness. What they were to me they were to hundreds of others.

"The day was thus spent in sweet, sad memories, and, as the sun

*James R. Irish.

sank beyond the distant and beautiful hills, I returned to the city, but, restless and agitated, I found myself, as night darkened, hastening, almost unconsciously, back to the cemetery. All is hushed in the quietude of night. The moonlight lies calm on walk and wood and water. Tombstone and monument stand forth as sheeted ghosts. The hum of insect, the murmur of water, the sounds from the distant city, all tend to subdue and inspire with chastened sentiments. The hours of the night glide by as silent sentinels, awakening spirit communings, earnest questionings of the here and the hereafter. The distant thunder of the midnight train, coming up from Albany, warns to hasten down and away. Blessed are the memories of that pilgrimage. Blessed are the memories of those earnest, faithful, sacrificial teachers."

CHAPTER XII.

CHOSEN PRESIDENT.

WHILE President Kenyon was in Europe, Professors Wm. A. Rogers, E. P. Larkin, Thomas R. Williams, A. R. Wightman, G. E. Tomlinson, and Allen alternated in having general direction of the college. After the death of President Kenyon in England, in 1867, Mr. Allen was chosen by the trustees to permanently fill the position. This he did not accept till after much careful consideration, not shrinking from the labors or censure that such a charge must bring, but from doubt of his ability to carry forward President Kenyon's plans for the growth of the work.

METHODS OF TEACHING.

Quoting from Rev. B. C. Davis: "His methods of imparting knowledge were unique. By a simple question he could explode a theory, however subtle in its construction and prized by its author, if anywhere it contained a false premise. Even a true theory was often given up in disgust when subjected to the trying questions with which he would test the thought of its propounder.

"In discussing a subject he did not endeavor to give us a completed file of ready-made ideas and statements, to be stored away upon the dusty shelves of memory, but he aimed, rather, to put a thread into our hands, which, if followed up by personal thought and original investigation, would lead into the labyrinth of science, and there enable us to discover and pluck its rarest and sweetest flowers. It was to develop the independent thought and personal manhood of the student that he strove, and he would spare no time and pains to accomplish this result.

He impressed upon us that education was not so much a storing of certain truths but a power to think and discover new truths for ourselves. He sought to develop all sides of the student, the physical, the moral, and the religious, as well as the intellectual. He strove to make it the postulate of human personality, that it should lead all men to become not only politically free, but educated and also religious; that the discovery of man to himself must lead to the highest development of himself."

ELOCUTION.

In 1852 special attention was directed to the study of reading and elocution by a Mr. Hamlin, from Boston, who went through the country forming classes in many of the academies and colleges for training young men in public speaking. The power of the rostrum was then just beginning to make itself generally felt upon questions of political and other interests. A small class was organized at Alfred, Mr. Allen himself being the most interested pupil in it. So much pains was taken that year in training in this branch that at the next commencement a marked improvement was shown in the speakers. During the vacations, lessons were taken of Monroe, Russel, Porter, Murdock, Booth, and all of the principal teachers in this country. Young women were given the same opportunities as young men, and during the forty years that followed, elocution was one of the marked features of Alfred training.

In referring to this subject, President Allen, in his "Historic Sketch" of Alfred University, said: "Such was the feeble beginning of that elocutionary enterprise, which has gradually increased till it has attained its present imposing proportions. As, in springtime, first there is heard the caw of the solitary crow along the frosty, barren sky, then, as soft airs begin to blow, comes the mellow-voiced bluebird, followed by the cheerful sparrow, the happy robin, the gushing cat-bird, the soulful cuckoo, and the rollicking bobolink, till all shrubs, and trees, and vales, and hills, are vocal, even the deep blue heavens catch up the joyous strains and flood the earth with bird song, so these

elocutionary strains gathered volume, and variety, and richness, filling, at first, the little schoolrooms, then overflowing into the hilltop barns and out-of-the-way places, till now, in these later years, and especially as these anniversary occasions draw on, not only the chapel, but likewise each vale and wood and hill, are voiced, yea, flooded, with the great tidal wave of commencement eloquence."

During the spring terms, often as early as four o'clock, before life was astir in the valley, young men would go to Professor Larkin's hill (a quarter of a mile away) and practice their orations, to gain clearness and volume of voice, while Mr. Allen would listen and criticise them from our front porch.

Rev. B. C. Davis says: "Most of us have, perhaps, enjoyed him as a teacher best in his elocution classes. Here we were charmed by the majesty of his bearing, his commanding, powerful presence, yet so completely under the control of that wonderful art. Our impressions of him as an artist in elocution can never be forgotten. Then, when at length we were permitted to enjoy his work in metaphysics and literature, we felt that we had reached the acme of our college course. The president's classes were the anticipation of the undergraduate, the joy of the senior."

ORDINATION.

Mr. Allen was called to ordination by the first Alfred church, not so much with a view to the work of the ministry in the usual sense of the word as to the work of the theological department of the university of which he was then at the head. Of this time Rev. L. A. Platts writes: "He was ordained as a minister of the gospel at the general conference at Milton, Wisconsin, September 9, 1864, of which conference he was the president.

"Professor Allen stood upon a temporary platform built between the pulpit and the window; the latter being removed, he occupied a place very nearly in the open window, so that not only all in the house, which was filled to its utmost capacity, but

many who had gathered about the window on the outside, could both see and hear. The examination covered the whole ground of Christian doctrine and life. Professor Allen's answers were both concise and comprehensive; and more than once when the form of the question did not furnish the base for the answer which he wished to give, he himself gave shape to the question by saying to the questioner, 'If that is what you mean, I answer, Yes,' or 'No,' as the case might be. After the examination, he preached a sermon, in which he elaborated more fully some of the doctrines hurriedly passed over in the examination. It was the first service of the kind I had ever witnessed, and made a lasting impression on my mind, as I was looking forward, at no distant day, to such an ordeal in my own experience."

SERMONS AND LECTURES.

All of his sermons and lectures for more than fifty years were most carefully prepared and studied, but were seldom written out. He usually spoke from a few notes, directly to the people, as he would teach a class. Not half of his baccalaureate sermons were ever printed, so only a small part of his work in that direction can be given in these pages. Here are some of his reasons for not allowing more of his works to be published: "Very little that is written will answer for all time. It is the duty of the scholar to revise the thoughts of the past, adapt them to the present, and accept such new ones as Providence and man have evolved. We make all past knowledge the basis, and not the limit, of research."

In 1857 he consented to fill the pulpit of a small church some five miles from our home. This he continued to do for three years, until a multitude of other duties caused him to resign. It was often said that he there made the word of God full of new meaning, even to opening the understanding of the children to its power. The congregations, being very small at first, gradually increased till the house was crowded. Many additions were made to the church, and a general growth in spiritual things was apparent.

His lectures, which were always well illustrated, embraced a broad field of subjects. Being a complete master of the subject in hand, those who listened could but be profoundly impressed with the depth and power of his utterances. If his theme was geology, specimens were brought from the nearest stream, hillside, or stone pile, and spread out before the audience, who were told of the wonders, before unknown to them, which were all about their own homes. In the same manner botany and other sciences were explained and made interesting. Samples from the cabinet were brought to illustrate his lectures on archæology and coins.

The chapel lectures took on the same type; they were always what would promote growth and was most needed. One of the students, Mr. D. E. Willard, says: "To me the day never seemed to start right if I did not attend chapel, and then if President Allen were not there the start seemed only half made. How many, many times have I watched, almost with bated breath, as he rose from his accustomed chair, to give his characteristic signal of dismissal, to see if he were not on the point of beginning to speak instead of at once dismissing us!"

Rev. L. C. Rogers says: "The Faculty of the University attended the chapel services in a body. Beginning with the president, who was first by name and first by office, the professors in turn led the services. Then came addresses; and who that heard the president's chapel talks can ever forget the impressions made by them? They were so alive with all the excellencies of a graceful oratory, sometimes so profound, so learned, sometimes so apt, sometimes so witty, and sometimes so cutting; but when such they left no sting in the bosom of the ingenuous student."

PRESIDENT ALLEN'S CHAPEL LECTURES.

Mrs. C. E. Groves writes:—

"It was my privilege to know President Allen through a period of twenty-one consecutive terms, to meet him in all the relations of teacher and pupil, and president and teacher, to sit under his instruction during

the senior year, which in his prime was a rare privilege, to listen to him from the lecture platform and the sacred desk, to be present on several of the great occasions which stirred President Allen's soul to its profoundest depths and gave him almost the utterance of a prophet; but now as I look through the years and recall him in all the various places where I knew him, I find that the most vivid pictures, which my memory holds of him and the power of his eloquence which has lost least with the lapse of time, are connected with his morning 'speeches' in the chapel.

"It was the custom of those years at Alfred that the professor who led morning devotions should address the students for five, ten, or fifteen minutes, if he felt inclined, and the range of thought in these talks was as varied as the thought and research of the different teachers; so one discoursed on science, one on mathematics, one gave methodical and instructive talks on language, one preached and drew noble lessons from the sacred word, one gave us the 'gold of silence,' but it was reserved for President Allen to strike the fine chords that stretch between soul and soul, to open before our eyes the possibilities of the future that made life from that moment a grander, nobler boon, to lay upon our brows a chrism, that, for many a sympathetic, susceptible nature, has proved a lifelong consecration, and an aspiration to noble living.

"The circumstances and incidents which called forth these rare addresses were varied; sometimes an example of self-denial on the part of a struggling student had moved him; sometimes even a base action had led him to reflect on the prostitution of privilege, and from dwelling on that he would leap, in the contrast, to his highest conception of a grandeur of achievement open to young people, and the solemn responsibility of life for all.

"At one time he had been to Hornellsville the night before, to listen to Anna Dickenson (I think in her powerful lecture called 'The Struggle for Life'); he had felt the thrill of her magic eloquence, and the night's reflection upon her theme had stirred him unusually; there was an indescribable light on his countenance, and the talk which followed his prayer gave free flow to his emotion. He spoke of the struggles Miss Dickenson had depicted, the victory achieved through and over them, and then enlarged upon the possibilities before all who were willing to enter life's contest and compel its conquest. The words of these addresses have mostly passed from memory; indeed, it was not those that we noticed at the time; it was the great soul reaching out through the words to our souls, and attuning them to the chord struck in his own. How true the response was in some of these young natures was

shown in the spell that held the body of students, that was not altogether broken by the sweep of the president's hand which dismissed us, but held many a one in thoughtful silence as we went down the walks, and shown in their faces for hours afterwards.

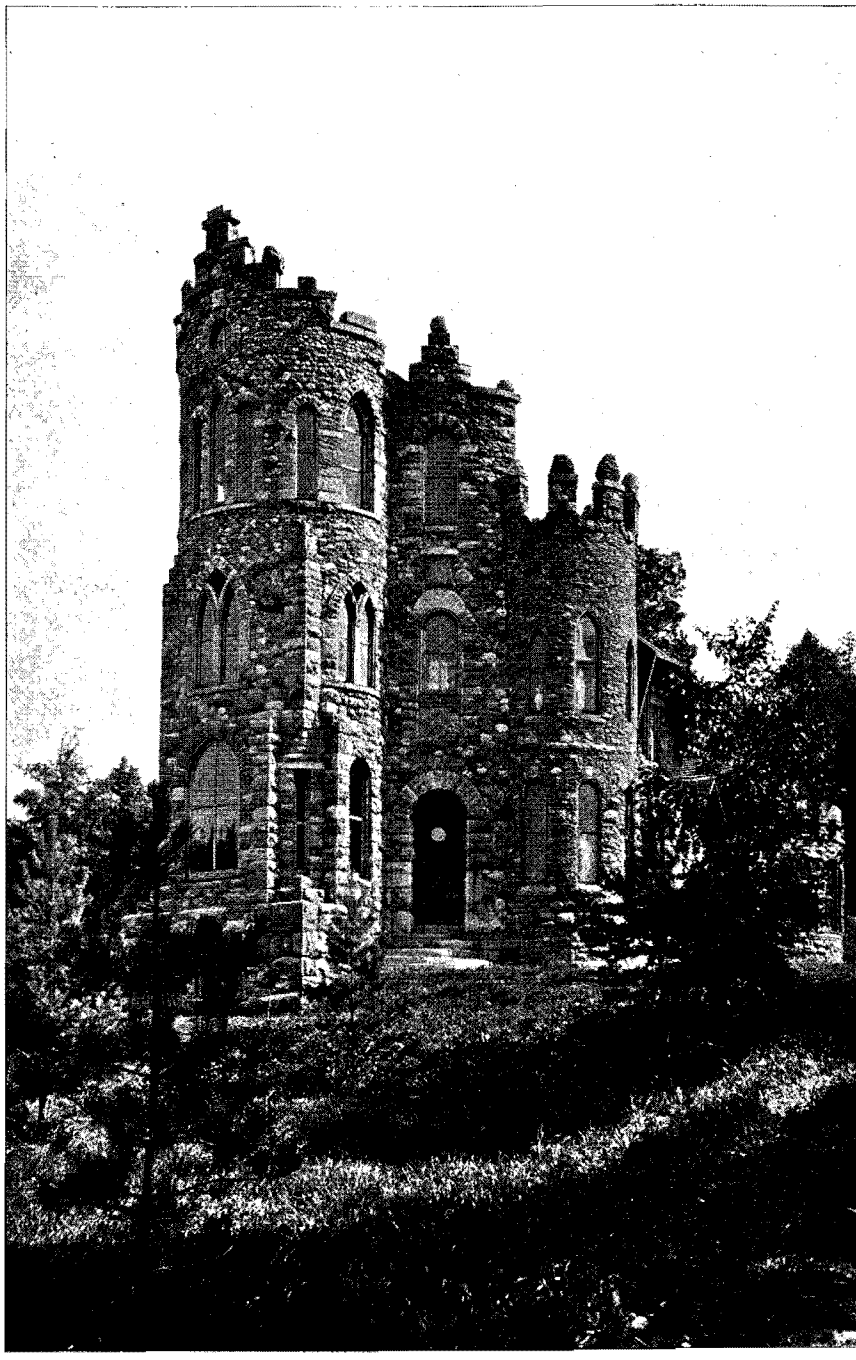
"I have heard some of our American masters of oratory since, and their gradual rise to eloquence is sublime, but for heights attained in the swift course of brief addresses, and for power of appeal to his hearers, President Allen stands, in my estimation, rival of the best."

CHAPTER XIII.

STEINHEIM.

STEINHEIM with its contents represents the spare moments of the years when President Allen's life was so filled with care and labor that it would seem there could not be leisure for such an undertaking.

"Where did you get the plan for your museum, the Steinheim?" was often asked of President Allen. The answer always was, "It grew." We both loved the natural sciences, and all through our earlier course of study collected many specimens, especially in botany and geology. My brother, Matthew Maxson, who had traveled extensively, often added to these, till we had a very fair working collection. As the class in geology passed from one instructor to another, we gladly loaned these specimens for their use, but as there was no good place for keeping them, they were mutilated and scattered, until one lone representative was left. This was a specimen of lead ore, so rare for the beauty and perfection of its crystals that my brother was offered ten dollars for it at his mines at Galena, Ill. Happening in the geology class one day, what was my astonishment to see this pride of our treasures a mere fragment of its former self, and without a single perfect crystal. I took it home, but not without a few tears on the way. When the geological studies came under President Allen's charge, we went to work vigorously to make another collection. I had charge of the botany, and both classes did a great deal of field work. During the term of thirteen weeks the members of the botany class would often collect, analyze, and arrange as many as three hundred specimens. Students in geology were quite as enthusiastic, often



STEINHEIM.

forming what was to them a most valuable nucleus for long continuing their studies in the future.

During the long vacations many a summer day was spent with hammer, basket, and botany box, in creek beds and ravines, or over the hills, for something new. In a few years the collection represented many miles of the adjacent territory traveled over in that manner, stretching out as far as Buffalo on the west, Rochester on the north, on the east to the Atlantic, and as far south as the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

Here at Alfred we are especially favored for the study of geology and paleontology. In his description of this section, President Allen writes: "This valley is the southern limit of the drift, so that within three miles of the University there may be found, in large and small bowlders, specimens of most of the rocks as far north as Labrador that were hard enough to stand the pressure of the journey. These are given to the students, by nature, to be assisted and classified by them for their separate collections." The native rocks of the Chemung groups are rich in fossils, and the enthusiasm for years was such that men, women, and children became earnest collectors. Often before breakfast some little urchin would come to our door, ring the bell, and, offering a little basket of his treasures, say: "President Allen, do you want these? I got them for you." There might not be a pebble of any value, but they were accepted with thanks, for it was the right culture for those young souls, which he so desired to cultivate. Strangers often brought samples from a distance for classification, and were disappointed when their iron ores turned out shale, or their gold proved to be only iron pyrites.

Brothers, sisters, and friends sent boxes, until the library and much of the home was given over to cabinet shelves, cases, and other arrangements for the accumulating specimens. In our Eastern trips we had secured some Atlantic shells and became interested in conchology. The land, and fresh water, shells of this and the western regions were rapidly collected.

About this time Professor Larkin was professedly engaged

in Peru, and, returning to Alfred once a year, brought large numbers of South American shells. A distinguished conchologist had spent some time with him on the west coast of Chile, and, with his usual enthusiasm for a new study, Professor Larkin entered into the spirit of the collector, spending every leisure hour in the new science, even dredging for the rarest shells. During the vacation months he spent his evenings at our house with Mr. Allen, classifying and arranging, often working till after midnight. Everyone in the family became inspired with the collector's spirit; even baby Alfred, just beginning to walk, brought in his share of snails. When there were duplicates, they exchanged specimens, and in study, as everywhere, were mutual helpers. Professor Larkin left a very choice and well-arranged collection, which is now the property of the University.

During the summer vacations we sometimes spent weeks in traveling with horse and carriage, collecting and examining the specimens found in perhaps over a hundred miles of territory. When the load became heavy, it would be boxed and sent home. In this way the collection kept on increasing till it threatened to fill the whole house.

About this time Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon arranged to build a small home just north of ours. After the land was surveyed, the design selected, and the foundation laid, the idea was given up. Mr. Allen had long desired a suitable building for his collection. This being a convenient location, he bought it and went on with the building. When completed, he found there was not sufficient room for advancement, so, without much change, he built on in front and at the rear, nearly doubling the extent of museum room, yet keeping all so in harmony that the beauty of the building was thereby enhanced. The whole is of native rock, or that found in the drift, within a circuit of three miles. It was Mr. Allen's idea to have the exterior of the building an exponent of the geological formation of this region, and the finish of the interior representative of the native woods, and also of as many kinds as could be gathered from other parts of the world. There are between seven and eight thousand

samples of different rocks in the outside walls, and several hundreds of woods, including that of fruit trees and shrubs, worked into the rooms of the building. It was the plan also to make each collection a typical one in itself.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

While Mr. Allen was in Wisconsin, there was much interest manifested by students of history, in the strange forms of burial mounds throughout the West. A large number of these were in the region of Lake Koshkonong, where an uncle lived. In company with some cousins he explored several of these mounds, finding pottery, bones, axes, and other stone implements; but the most singular specimen was the remnant of a large shell that must have come from the Gulf of Mexico. This we kept, it becoming the nucleus of the present large collection in that department. The interest thus created in prehistoric peoples and in archæology generally, has increased with the more than fifty years of study and collecting. He could never hear of anything in that line without arranging to see and study the same, though many years were sometimes spent in perfecting his plans.

After the death of an experienced archæologist in the Susquehanna Valley, his daughters advertised their collection for sale as a whole. President Allen, learning of this, succeeded in purchasing the three most valuable articles, one of these being a bent stone tube, or bugle, the like of which is unknown. The Smithsonian took a cast of this, as well as others of these rare specimens. This was but one of the many opportunities that came to him as a seeker.

The first stone peace pipe of the collection was given by my niece, Eleanor Maxson Stimson, now of Plainfield, New Jersey. It was found at Nile, N. Y., in the débris of a well, at a depth of sixteen feet. It is of soapstone, with the mouthpiece finished with lead, and something like hieroglyphics on the side. Since that time it has been observed that the New York specimens, of which we have many, increase in artistic finish the

deeper down they are found in the earth, showing that the higher civilization was driven out by a more warlike and barbarous race. My brothers, Matthew and Frank Maxson, of California, searched old caches and other Indian mounds, and sent many rare things. George Maxson, from the South, Henry Ledyard, from the Sandwich Islands, and others often added to these. Professor Henry Ward, of Rochester, early becoming interested in our work, at once informed President Allen when anything of special interest came into his hands, thus giving him the first choice. Many rare and valuable specimens have been obtained in this way.

NUMISMATICS.

While at Oberlin, in 1851, Mr. Allen met a returned missionary from Palestine and Asia Minor He was an old man, and had come back to his native land to die. He had, among other collections, a bag of Roman, Greek, Arabic, and Asiatic coins. Not having a permanent home, he was weary of carrying them from place to place, and, needing money, he offered the whole for a mere song. The coins were taken mostly to aid the man in a financial way, and it was years afterward before we knew their real value. We naturally supposed there must be many duplicates among them. One summer vacation books for their study were obtained, and the coins were carefully classified. Very few duplicates were found; many were rare, and some of exquisite workmanship and design. Before this time, however, we had many American and foreign coins, and each year since has added to the collection.

Dr. Darius Ford, of Elmira College, after his trip around the world, divided his treasures with his friend, among which were many coins. Dr. Slayton, while spending a summer in Northern Italy, secured and brought to President Allen two very old etruscan bronze pieces that were plowed up by a farmer. One of these is three inches in diameter. On one side is the double-headed Janus, and on the reverse, the sacred ram. The other piece, though smaller, is of finer metal, having on one face the

heavy-bearded Jupiter, and on the other Bacchus eating grapes.

The Rev. D. H. Davis and Mrs. John Fryer, missionaries to China, have added valuable collections to our Chinese coins. Eugene Rudiger and others have supplemented these from time to time with coins from continental Europe and other countries. President Allen felt a keen interest in this part of his work, knowing that it offered a never-failing source of culture to the student of history and of ancient art. His lectures on coins impressed his listeners with the idea that there was much more in them than their mere face value in money.

KERAMICS.

It was the design to make the department of keramics an index of the early history of the people of this section of New York. Although Steinheim contains a number of pieces of pottery and china, some of them being quite choice, but little of their history has been obtained as yet. One large platter of flowing blue was a design for a set of dishes for a merchant of Springfield, Massachusetts, when that town had but one church. It represents the town with the village green in front. There were but two sets of these dishes made, the one for the merchant himself, the other for his pastor. This piece belonged to the latter.

LAND AND FRESH WATER SHELLS.

Seashells from every part of the world can be found in the markets of almost any of the large cities, but the land and fresh water shells must be sought through years of careful collecting, study, and exchange. Every locality has its special species, that must be assiduously worked for. In Steinheim there are about ten thousand specimens of these, including most of the known genera of the Helix, that having been a favorite shell with most of the family. There are only about eight hundred species of this genus known, and we have over seven hundred of these, many of which are rare. We have also a great variety of other land shells, some being of great beauty.

The great rivers of the United States have been called by the conchologists of Europe "the happy hunting grounds of the unios and onondontas." Of these bivalves there are in Steinheim most of the known species from all parts of the United States, these having cost much time and money to collect. Once while President Allen was gathering them in the Mississippi mud, he contracted a fever which nearly cost him his life. Our lakes and all the fresh waters are teeming with the univalves and most of the varieties of the more delicate shells, in the study of which a conchologist might spend a long life. Thousands of these are classified, the smaller ones being put in bottles and labeled in such a manner that they can be studied without handling.

OÖLOGY.

This department represents the eggs of most of the native birds, besides many foreign ones. There are also casts of eggs, representing a number of the extinct species, one of these, the egg of the Epiornis Max, being equal to one hundred and forty hens' eggs. Dr. Mark Sheppard and Leon La Forge have added large numbers to these. All are classified and arranged for study, with as many of the nests as could be secured.

PALEONTOLOGY.

Our botanical specimens, animals, minerals, and fossils, numbering many thousands, have been mostly given to the museum of the University, but President Allen, finding, nearly thirty years ago, that the Chemung group was especially rich in *dictyospongidæa*, a fossil, then almost new to science, became interested in collecting this rare but well-defined sponge. Many new species, representing those gathered from more than one hundred miles of territory, were found each year, till over fifty new varieties were in the collection.

During the spring, summer, and fall of '73, not only the large geological class had become interested in this new fossil, but many of the citizens and children were looking for these

checkered stones, then called the *dictyophitons*. Mr. Allen had previously secured some choice specimens from Addison and Bath, in Chemung County, some thirty miles away. Finding them in Bath nearer the surface than elsewhere, he, with a number of friends, went to this point, where they and Dr. Seelover, of that place, hired teams, plowed, raked, and secured over a ton of this rock with its unique fossils. The next winter Professors Larkin and Allen went to work to classify them, finding and naming five new species. After weeks of this study, they, thinking that Dr. Hall, our State geologist, ought to have the credit of this work, sent many of them to him. Professor Prosper Miller, of Friendship, upon opening a sandstone quarry, also found many new varieties of these sponges. After this, Wellsville and other localities were developed.

Alfred Allen, beginning young in the sciences, proved a valuable assistant to his father in Steinheim; so fortunate was he in finding new localities of this sponge that Dr. Hall employed him to collect for the State work, and named one species in his honor. A few years since, this entire collection was borrowed by Professor Hall to make more perfect the State book that is to be devoted to this order of fossils. Much money was spent on this collection, until we had the most perfect representation of this fossil that could be secured. It is unique and invaluable.

MISCELLANY.

For want of room most of the insects, stuffed birds, and all of the botanical specimens that we had collected were given to the Institution cabinet, yet it would be impossible to give even a faint idea of all that Steinheim now contains. Things quaint or rare, from near by or distant places, were procured and added from time to time. The crania of ancient and modern peoples fill a niche. Their implements of use, worship, dress, and burial are represented by many specimens. There are also many things used by the early settlers of Alfred and vicinity, the study of which will give a good idea of its history, and show the growth and progress of the place.

There are a large number of primitive grinding mills of stone, besides numbers of drinking and cooking utensils, made of either stone or clay. Stone battle-axes, spear-heads, and arrow-points, fill many cases in the museum, and stone and clay piece pipes fill some of the niches. Those made of the red clay that is only found near the upper Missouri River show the far-reaching commercial relations of these primitive peoples. Upon one of these is carved a human head, the features more nearly resembling those of the old Aztec race than of the red man of the present day.

VIEW IN UPPER HALL STEINHEIM.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAITHFULNESS OF TRUSTEES AND CITIZENS.

MR. ALLEN thoroughly appreciated the faithfulness of the trustees of the Institution, who, through sunshine or storm, were ever present at their stated meetings, and ready to help build up the interests of the school. Deacon B. F. Langworthy was for many years president of the Board of Trustees. Being himself a thoroughly practical man, and possessing the quiet tact to harmonize varied opinions, his services have been invaluable. Elisha Potter (called by everybody "Uncle Elisha") was treasurer for more than twenty years. He always gave, without thought of recompense, much time and hard work to the best interests of the Institution which he had so deeply at heart. Often in vacations he and Mr. Allen would burn the "midnight oil" in comparing and settling accounts and making plans so that every dollar might be used to the best advantage.

Uncle Maxson Stillman, now over ninety years of age, planned and erected the first school building. He has been a trustee and wise counselor during the entire life of the school. Deacon George W. Allen, Albert Smith, Ira B. Crandall, Wm. C. Burdick, Almond E. Crandall, S. D. Collins, Samuel Stillman, Wm. M. Saunders, Silas Burdick, Maxson Green, Thomas Ellis, Dr. H. P. Saunders, David R. Stillman, R. A. Thomas, and others living near enough to attend the trustee meetings, never allowed themselves to be absent without the gravest reasons.

I would like to mention here the names of many more who were just as faithful, but will only say that the community in general met nobly the demands made upon them. When new

buildings were needed, or debts must be paid, the response of the people always came. Our community is not wealthy, yet in 1887, at a time of special need, forty thousand dollars were raised in a few days, and all within sound of the chapel bell. It is natural to overestimate those nearest and dearest us, and on this account, no doubt, Mr. Allen sometimes overestimated this people, yet I never can forget how happy and proud he always was in referring to the way in which the great overhanging debt was at that time removed.

THE FACULTY.

The faculty has always been composed of men and women of strong character, who have given their energies not only to the building up of their own departments, but to everything that would help the growth and prosperity of the University.

As the years have come and gone, there have been many changes among these teachers. One by one others have come in to fill the vacancies as they have occurred, these new ones entering into the work with the same spirit that characterized their predecessors. Dr. Thomas R. Williams and Professor E. P. Larkin, after many years of earnest, sacrificial toil, were called to lay aside earthly work while at their posts of duty. Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon, Amelia Stillman, Dr. D. E. Maxson, Professors H. C. Coon, A. B. Kenyon, and E. M. Tomlinson, and others, have given the best years of their lives in conscientious work for those who came to Alfred seeking knowledge. The reward of these teachers may have been meager as the world counts money, but better than gold or silver is the knowledge that higher aims and nobler purposes have come to those for whom they have labored.

INDIAN STUDENTS.

At one time the chief of the Seneca Indians, himself a Christian, came to us to secure homes for some of the girls of his tribe. Besides book learning, he wished them to learn all things that would go to make Christian homes. He said it was

useless to educate the young braves *only*, for since they came back to marry heathen wives, the future families would be scarcely above the old standard unless the girls were also educated. The mothers of this community heeded this call, and during the next few years some fifteen of these girls were trained in all home arts, while a part of the time was given to school education. A number of the young Indian men were also educated at the same time. We did not lose sight of these maidens of the forest, but afterwards, when visiting them, we found some of them mothers in pleasant homes, while others were engaged in teaching or in missionary work among their own people.

FALSE IDEAS OF STUDENTS' NEEDS.

President Allen could not remember when he did not love Alfred and its people, so when he decided to make the school his life work, he identified himself with all the interests of the community. The people were a part of his family, or, rather, he was a member of theirs. He labored to keep out all baneful influences, and to build up all that would lead to advanced thought or work.

The lecture, "The College Community," is placed in the body of the book, because it will tell better than any words of mine can, his appreciation of this people, his sensitiveness, and watchful care of them for good. It not only shadows forth his loving thought of the workers who have made Alfred all it is, but it is a warning against the false notions that he felt were in danger of creeping into the families of some of the younger members of the place. The idea that a student, in order to gain social advantages, must dance, play cards, have late suppers, or keep late hours, when the brain needs rest for its higher work, was, to him, an extremely false idea of a student's needs. He strenuously opposed any secret organization whatever getting a foothold here to drag down our young men, as has been the case in many other colleges. The polish he advocated was that which should come from within, from the

right understanding of ourselves and the relations we sustain to humanity—in other words, that which should grow from the Divine Spirit in manhood and womanhood.

For many years he was cheered by seeing that the students who most closely followed out his ideas on this point were those who afterward took leading positions, not only in their business relations and professions, but who stood high socially as well.

SUCCESS OF GRADUATES.

Looking over the catalogue, "grandly successful" instead of "failure" could be written against the names of the greater number of the graduates. Long lists of names might be added of those who have been and are successful in the different professions and businesses of life. But not less brightly do the helpful influences gained at Alfred still shine in thousands of quiet homes scattered here and there all over our broad land.

FROM PROFESSOR PICKETT.

The following is from Professor D. D. Pickett, Ph. D., who for twenty years was connected with the Institution as student and teacher:—

"At Alfred the moral and religious influences were always decided and salutary. Immoral, irreligious, and infidel sentiments found in the school and in the community a place so unfavorable to their growth that their propagation was seldom attempted. The Institution encouraged its pupils to form habits of order, temperance, industry, perseverance, self-reliance, and honesty. Its influence was felt, not in the western part of New York only, but in all parts, as well as in many other States, North and South. To this school many others, in different States, owe their origin and success. Thousands of men and women will say, with feelings of gratitude, that to Alfred they owe more than to all other schools and influences combined. While to each human being his every hour is invaluable, there seems to be in the life of all a pivotal point. On the decision of this time will his future mainly depend. Like a delicate vane, a slight force is sufficient to turn him in one direction or another. This force may be the daily influence by which one is surrounded, a single lecture or sermon, sometimes a word, seriously or jestingly spoken. By parents and teachers this is too often forgotten. At Alfred however,

this seemed always to be kept in mind. Who can estimate the good thus done, the influences thus exerted, by earnest and devoted teachers, upon hundreds of youth, just at the time when most susceptible to good or bad impressions? While a few may disregard the instructions received, thousands bless the day that they entered Alfred, and bless, too, those whose faithful labors and instructions they may, at times, have regarded as useless and perhaps irksome. I can never cease to be grateful to Alfred. May her prosperity increase."

Better than any words of mine will Mr. Allen's written thoughts tell the mental relationship that ought to exist between the college community and the college student.

THE COLLEGE COMMUNITY.

[Extracts from the baccalaureate sermon of President J. Allen, D. D., LL.D., preached at the college chapel, June 24, 1888.]

The occupation of a community gives tone and character to it. All legitimate and beneficial callings are worthy; but among the noblest and worthiest is the enterprise of perfecting the young. This is preëminently the enterprise of a college community, and should give tone and character to it. Sir William Hamilton truly said: "There is nothing great in this world but man, and nothing great in man but mind." A community, then, that is engaged, directly or indirectly, in upbuilding and perfecting, not simply stone walls, or houses, or shops, or aught else material, but mind, to the end of enlarging and enriching Christian civilization, is engaged in one of the greatest enterprises that the world knows, far transcending in importance all enterprises having for their end simple physical well being. To this high work a college community is specially called, and should be unreservedly consecrated.

This calling is emphasized, made significant and potential, from the fact that it has to do with mind in its formative, plastic period. While full-grown trees hurtle and knock their gnarled branches together only to break, the young tree is easily bent and trained to new modes of growth. So, likewise, is youth the time to give bent and training to character. Left to itself, it may run into waywardness and deformity, or take on a deeper degradation, with more terrible consequences. A college community is freighted with the responsibility of directing and helping this growth. Fast by the way, the people of such a community stand over against each other on the Ebals or Gerizims of cursings or of blessings, between which students must pass to their possessions. Standing thus they produce impressions, control influences, touch springs of action,

awaken latent energies, mould characters, determine destinies. To those desirous of blessing the world, the college community offers a most important and promising field of usefulness. If these fountains of influence be made and kept pure and sweet, then will the outflowing streams impart life and health and strength to all peoples. As are college students, so will ultimately be the world, especially in its higher reaches of civilization. Blot out the colleges of a people, and one of their chiefest and finest glories will have disappeared. They are at once both the exponent of the present and the assurance of future human greatness. From the real they prophesy of the possible. Their ideal calling and aim shine out from every student lamp. The boisterous world does not realize all this.

The college community should be surcharged with spiritual magnetism, delicate, sensitive, ethereal currents, that thrill and quicken all coming within its influence. It will also be full of the inspirations that spring from the latent possibilities of youth. These awaken longings, aspirations, to climb to higher planes of attainment, with ampler sweeps of mental vision, desires that become purposes to live and do nobly. To the ingenuous youth, honestly desirous of making the most possible of himself, such a right genuine college community is full of attractions, inducements, inspirations. "The best culture," as has been well said, "is one part drill and nine parts inspiration"—inspiration, not so much to know something new as to become something better. For this end the best and highest type of schools does not necessarily imply costly appointments. The chief value of school life lies, not simply in the knowledge acquired, in the accuracy of the scholarship attained, but in the inspiration received, the mental balance and spiritual courage acquired, enabling one to stand squarely and bravely on both feet, with a symmetrical and harmonious growth of all the faculties, begetting vigor in action, power for achievement, the whole toned and warmed by kindly and generous sympathies and gentle amenities. Such culture comes, in no small degree, from the peculiar and delightful atmosphere, associations, manners, customs, and above all the spirit, pervading the community. All of these subtle influences of life, which operate silently, awakening no antagonisms, are of inestimable value in their bearing on the formation of taste, manners, morals, character. Everything, however quiet and unobtrusive, thus tending, all unconsciously it may be, to make the student better and nobler, is beyond price. Such influences tone down idiosyncrasies, reduce self-esteem, disturb self-complacency, abate self-assurance, wear off angularities, weed out the rowdy and the braggart,

and restrain the wayward. Meanness is made despicable. Manfulness is fostered and made significant. Self-respect, self-poise, and self-control are nurtured. Earnest endeavor is induced, sympathies enlarged, the amenities cultivated, the appreciation of the importance of a careful, thorough, broad, many-sided preparation for one's life work is enhanced. The highest end of education is, therefore, not to make scholars, simply, nor skilled workmen, but, rather, to develop characters, strong, noble, and beautiful.

The specialized work, therefore, of a college community is culture. This, in its completeness, is the awakening the living energies of all, enabling them, severally, to grow, not simply by passive accretion, but healthily, symmetrically, proportionally, and in harmonious relations to environments, through the normal activities of these energies. By such culture the intellect is not simply enlightened, but alertness, grasp, versatility, are secured as well, the appetities are controlled, the sensibilities refined and ennobled, energy and decision of will secured, thus perfecting the best possible each individual, and giving preparation for continued growth, and for all opportunity, privilege, and responsibility. To this end these processes need to be transmitted into habits. Man is a being of habits, resulting from early training. As is his training, so will be these habits; as are his habits, so will be his character. They are both the embodiment and exponent of character. That is truly culture which subjects the wayward, wandering impulses and thoughts to orderly activities, which makes virtue, beauty, nobleness, goodness a second nature, gives force, decision, fortitude, self-poise, courage, efficiency, awakens a vigilance that relaxes no effort, a skill that vitalizes all resources, a perseverance that never grows weary, a vigor that knows no decay, wherein every right work, every humble yet sacred service, becomes a spontaneity and a joy. In order to produce these results, culture must be free from one-sidedness and incompleteness, giving totality of development.

In securing these ends, in addition to the school and the community, nature lends valuable aid. She is a constant, faithful, and successful teacher. Fields, woods, streams, sky and cloud, calm and storm, night and day, all modes and moods, all seasons, all sights, all voices, have lessons eagerly received and appropriated by the youthful spirit.

Our Institution is favored, both as to its origin and to its location. Occupying this aerie in the mountains, it possesses in its environments many admirable natural advantages. This region, lifted above the fogs and mists and damp airs of the lowlands, while not possessing the

grandeur of rugged mountain heights, or that of the wide, sweeping plain, or of the solemn ocean, has that style of beauty wherein the regular uniformity of the graceful breaks abruptly into the spirited diversity of the picturesque. It has the conditions well fitted to give both physical and mental health, elasticity, alertness, and all vigorous, free, manly virtues. The naturalist finds himself environed by a geology, paleontology, flora, and fauna remarkable for their diversity and multiplicity, furnishing a museum of nature's own providing, crowded with the very best material, inviting the student to study nature at first hand. The æsthetic sentiments, likewise, are constantly appealed to and nurtured. The angel of beauty, with an eye to this, has sculptured these hills and valleys into picturesque forms, and sown over them broadcast trees, shrubs, flowers, in varied and rich profusion, and filled them with bird song. These fill the eye and ear, interfusing the tedium of routine toil with lessons in simple beauty, thereby enhancing the joys of life, making it purer, sweeter, nobler, more worth living. In these the art student finds unrivaled inducements to the direct study of the beautiful in nature.

"Glorious is the world without, but more glorious is the world within." While thus spontaneously going to the outward world and receiving unconscious tuition therefrom, or, with set purpose, studying nature, yet the student's chief study is within the realm of mind. Neither the one nor the other is complete of itself; neither is to extrude the other. Both are to be conjoined and commingled. This alone gives complete culture. Thereby the student dwells in the light of perpetual truth and beauty, in an atmosphere of constant inspiration to nobleness and goodness. Both from nature and from within his own spirit he hears a voice of "gentle stillness." He sees the glories of the divine robes, as they trail through the universe. From his books the august excellencies of the antique world and the inspiring excellencies of the modern world are ever shining about him. Through these the most splendidly gifted intellects of all time sit around his study table and hold converse with him. Thus the most vigorous, subtle, and lofty thinkers of all the ages gather about him and impart their own strong-pulsing life, enthrone in serene preëminence enlightened reason, connected with the tenderest sympathies and the profoundest reverence. He is thus heir of all the ages. The walls of his study expand till they inclose the universe.

Students are especially quickened by the living personalities with whom they mingle. As they meet in the varied, bright, beautiful, and inspiring relations of school life, with common purpose and aspirations, they enthuse to all that is strongest and best in each. These frequently

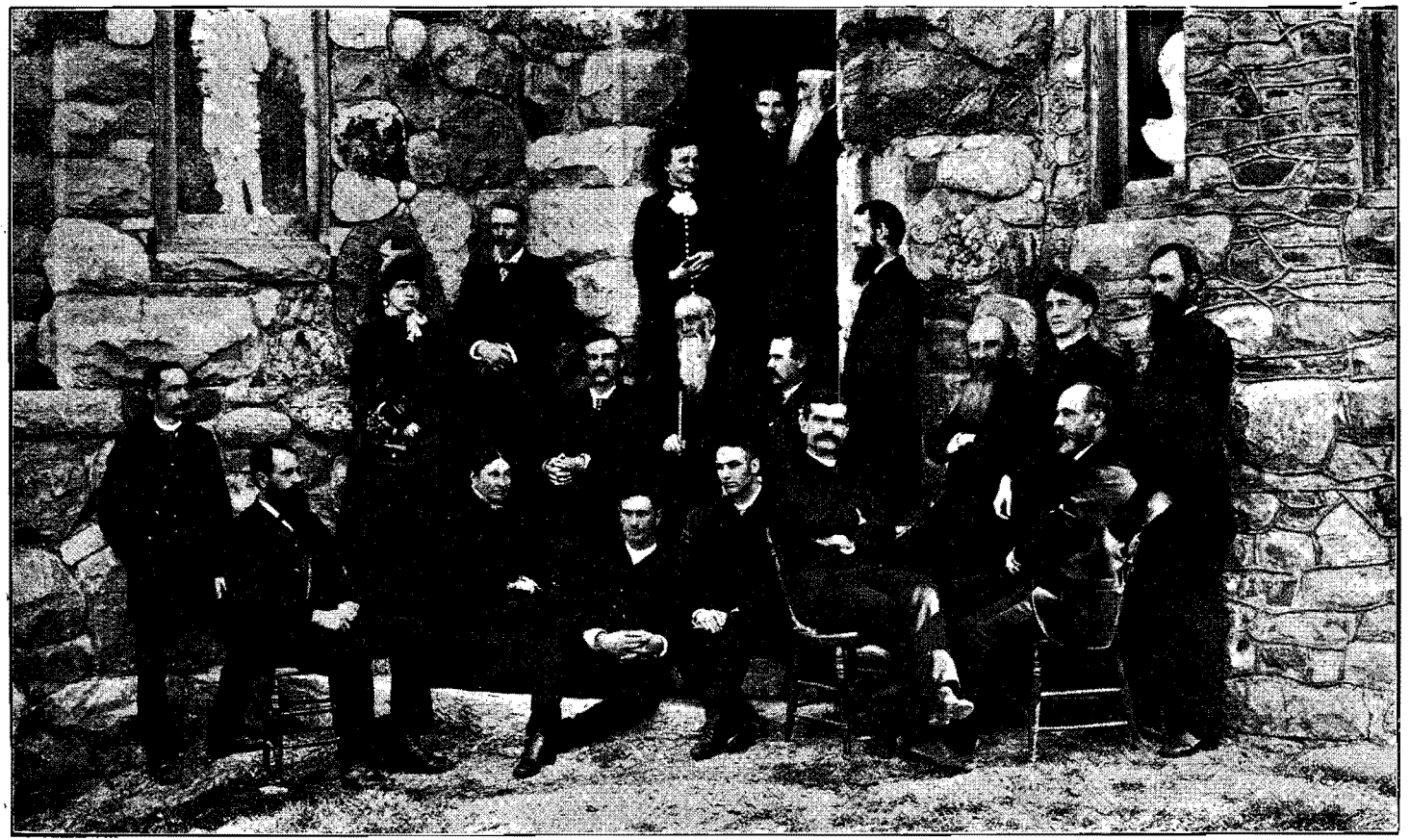
have a profounder effect upon the quality and compass of their education than do set lessons and appointed teachers. Not a few can trace their success or failure as students, not to their regular school work, but to their associates.

Thus environed by rural life, within eye and ear shot of the refining and elevating influences of nature, amid a community cultured, high-toned, and sympathetic, and lighted by the undying lamp of thought, passed on from age to age, with constantly increasing brilliancy and power, student life is rendered the most favorable possible for getting growth of intellect, strength of will, delicacy of sentiment, and all the fairer blossoms of the spirit. Such school life, blending the old and new, nature and life, makes the culture of each to-day the means whereby each to-morrow shall give a truer, nobler life. In such a community, with its strain of unworldly purity and beauty, kept fresh and dewy amid the dusty drudgery of the common, all are englobed in a society that is constantly perfecting itself through a free play of the best thoughts, the finest sentiments, and gentle amenities, thereby multiplying all those things that lend worth and dignity to life.

Above and beyond all else, a genuine religious life and culture should be dominant in a college community. As all systems have a unifying principle, as all beings rise in gradations to the highest, so all lower modes and ends spontaneously rise towards the religious. Piety, the blending of filial love and trust and loyal obedience, raises individuals and communities from the plane of the simply moral to the religious. This is the highest inspiration in all culture, the source of all spiritual graces, the basis of all lofty character. It should, therefore, guide, control, and inspire in all educational processes, as in all other activities. No education is any guaranty of nobleness until this higher light floods the soul, and there come a vision and a power that give victory over all the discords of life, and the transcendant realities of the unseen become dominant over the seen. Thus, all training, all preparation, is not simply for the good of the individual, not to enable one to live in the conscious struggle for personal well-being, not simply to work out one's individuality, but through the forgetting of these, in seeking larger good of all, to the end of making the will and kingdom of God prevail on the earth—this is the highest and the best. Loyalty to truth and law, inspired by reverence for the author of this truth and law, is the source and spring to all right living and noble work. In proportion as individuals, communities, peoples, embody truth, become enlightened, follow the lead of law in loyal and glad obedience, will they become strong and great in their work, get influence, power, leadership.

The mission of a college community is thus especially to develop all excellencies, and silently, yet surely, through those going out thence, infusing humanity with a finer and nobler spirit, becoming thereby evangels and teachers everywhere and at all times. Its mission is to empower and send forth workers of all kinds. The students of to-day are soon to become the leaders of society, the directors of affairs. Many of them are destined to occupy high and commanding positions of influence and usefulness. They will have more to do in shaping the great interests of humanity than any other equal number, and, perhaps, more than all that are not being thus educated. The activities and progress of the present require for these the broadest, highest, many-eyed, many-handed culture. They will have to meet errors far reaching and subtle, false theories, philosophies and traditions, both new and those grown gray in the respect of the multitude. They will likewise be expected to lead in all progressive movements, to be heralds of a fairer and brighter dawn, the inaugurators of new and better things. In order to fitly and successfully fill these fields of future usefulness, they must needs submit to stern and long-continued discipline, take to themselves the invigorating influences of all generous training, manifold and comprehensive.

The hope of the world being thus so largely centered in the youth being so educated, this community, in common with all other college communities, is a center for originating influences whose encircling, expanding waves beat out to all shores, whose fountains send streams down all the channels of time, with an ever-increasing force and volume. The importance of its work rivals, if not outrivals, all other enterprises, for it is a feeder to them all. The training of youth, in the light of these high ideals and for these great ends, is our special mission. To this have we been called and set apart, as indicated in the guidance and support of an approving providence.



GROUP OF TEACHERS IN 1884.

CHAPTER XV.

WOMAN'S SHARE IN EDUCATION.

ALFRED, with its liberal policy, broad scope of training, and co-education, has sent out many strong, thoughtful, earnest women. These, as mothers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, missionaries, etc., have made the world better and their own lives a success. In earliest manhood Mr. Allen became convinced that our heavenly Father never meant that man alone should move the civilization of the world to its highest point. He had subdued the powers of nature till they were slaves to do his bidding; but, with war, intemperance, and their attendant evils still existing, man must remain a partial savage till the spiritual forces of woman's soul should equally share with him in the lifting of humanity up into the higher plane of moral and spiritual living. Everywhere, with tongue and pen, he advocated the dignity of the human soul and the brotherhood of all men. How anxious he felt that our young, talented girls should put aside all narrow, selfish views of life, and move up to that plane! How heartily he welcomed every woman in literature, on the platform, in law, in the pulpit, in fact, everywhere, when she came forward to take her rightful place beside man for the world's progress! His earnest sympathy was with such as Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Staunton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Julia Ward Howe. From time to time these and others were invited to Alfred to lecture, thus sharing our home and strengthening the influences that had made Alfred a leader in all the reformatory movements of the day. Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, for her varied talents and breadth of scholarship, early drew our attention to her work. Having

cause to consult her on some point of interest to our young women, she wrote, "Go forward, take the first step, and God will show you the next." I select from his sketch in reference to her the following:—

CAROLINE H. DALL.

"Over one field of reform she has made herself a sleepless sentinel, that is, over all that concerns the interests, duties, and rights of woman. For years she has suffered no author or journal of any eminence to slur, misrepresent, or dwarf the cause without sending a word bullet whizzing in that direction. Of course such fidelity has aroused a host of antagonists, for it is a peculiarity of human nature not to like to be hit, and Mrs. Dall has a wonderful talent for hitting that at which she aims. She has probably disturbed more self-complacent conservatism, or the half insolence and half laziness which assumes that title, than any other woman now living. Her first series of lectures were sketches of female character, but were not published.

"She has probably discussed a greater variety of topics, and covered a wider range of subjects, than any other American woman, and there is certainly no other by whom her learning can be gauged, who knows so much of philology, archæology, oriental history and languages, and the results of modern Biblical criticism.

"Mrs. Dall truly holds the pen of a ready writer. Her depth of culture and versatility of talent make her perfect mistress of the English language. She never uses a word that will not strengthen or clear the thought expressed, and what she utters is from the need of its being said, whether in the interests of learned research, or in the instruction or entertainment of the young, in matters relating to the practical economies of life, or in furtherance of the great cause to which she has especially devoted herself. She thus impresses her hearers or readers with respect, both for her subject and herself. She realizes the sufferings of humanity, and also the high possibilities of happiness within its reach, hence her earnest sympathy has been given in words and works to help every form of human woe. Mrs. Dall has been untiring in elaborating every subject to which her attention has been given, spending months in working up statistics, and when they were complete, using them to the best advantage. What would have been, in the hands of common historians, dry, prosaic facts, became, by her masterly touch, the bold outlines of a grand panorama, in which human beings move and hearts palpitate. The most stupid and careless cannot read her pages without

becoming thoughtful, and the thoughtful are spontaneously moved to action.

"To-day her position is in the front ranks of those who labor for the elevation of woman, where she stands with a serene confidence in the onward march and final triumph of grand ideas she has so long and unfalteringly held up to the public. Her work on 'Woman's Rights' has been so exhaustive in logic and facts that it has been a golden fountain, from which most of the later writers and lecturers have drawn, often without so much as, 'By your leave, madam.' Her labor has been very influential in opening the doors of colleges to woman.

"Mrs. Dall is endowed by nature with an exquisite sense of order and fitness that pervades her entire being and governs all her acts, thus making her life the richest, grandest volume of all that she has presented to the world. Thousands working in avenues opened by her earnest efforts will rise up to call her blessed."

Mrs. Dall being acknowledged as one of the finest female scholars of our times in law as well as in literature, her name was proposed to our Faculty for the title of LL.D. This was granted by them in 1878, she being the first woman in modern times to receive that title. Miss Maria Mitchell received hers in 1882, from the college at Hanover, Indiana.

The following slight extract is from President Allen's sketch of Mrs. Browning as a poet:—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"From the earliest periods of time down through the succeeding ages there has appeared a line of kings of song, whose thrones are more permanent than those of earthly sovereigns. To whom is our allegiance more fully accorded, or sworn fealty more fully kept, than to those who have touched into activity the secret springs of sensibility? What is it that in every household makes the name of King David as familiar as that of father or mother? Is it that he was Israel's king? or that he gave to the world those divine songs which have lived and rolled through the dim aisles of buried ages, and still remain in majesty and power, shedding their rays of divine light upon the human soul? And following in the same line is grand old Homer. Blind and beggar that he was, he left on record strains that are yet echoing along the swift-revolving centuries. Thus they come—Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare. But here in these latter days comes a *woman*, who, in the words of her own favorite

Shelley, 'so learned in suffering what she taught in song' that the world stands wondering by whose side she shall be crowned. Sister of Tennyson, some have said; others, daughter of Shakespeare, reluctant to own the greatness of her power, yet knowing her throne is so established in the hearts of the world that it cannot be overthrown. But while these *critiques* are talking and writing articles of measurement, we who love her for her priceless gifts can, with a steady hand, place upon her head the sacred crown of true and complete poet. . . .

"Mrs. Browning's mind matured young. Being, through suffering so many years, put by from all the active pleasures of life, learning seems to have been the one gift within her reach, and she grasped it with passionate earnestness. Early in life she became an accomplished scholar in ancient literature, then, with her blind tutor, Boid, she read the Greek poets with a love that has left its mark upon every page of her writings. There in that room where she was so many years the prisoner of pain, with no companions except a few chosen friends, her Hebrew Bible, a shelf full of Greek books, and several volumes of polyglot reading, she labored and suffered, gathering classic jewels with which to set her own thoughts in after years. Mrs. Browning's genius as a poet is of two kinds, lyric and dramatic. As the rank of lyric poetry lies in the power of the poet to coin his own soul in gems of song, she stands firmly with its leaders. Her pen has caught an impulse from every phase of life,—romance, chivalry, love, patriotism, humanity, divine life, and immortality, a noble collection that shall live in the future, not as empty goblets whose contents have been drained, but fountains that still flow when the traveler who drank from them has passed on. . . .

"It was that sense of divine life in her life that has exalted her so high as a woman, that of all the works she has left her own life is the sweetest, noblest poem of them all. Looking through all the years of her life, with the exception of infirm bodily health, which in her case seems to be no hindrance but rather an aid to her spiritual growth, her external relations all present a round of perfect harmony with her highest gifts. In the benefits of early culture, in the power of poetic thought and expression, in the romance of impassioned love, and in the full fruition of domestic joys, in that Italian home, with all its appliances of art and circle of kindred spirits, her earthly course lies closed at last, like some beautiful day lily whose closing sweetness yet lingers on the evening air."

Mr. P. A. Burdick, the noted temperance evangelist, whom Alfred was proud to claim, said at the service held in memory of President Allen:—

"He was among the first to believe in woman's equality with man. He believed that she had the right to an education outside of the old established domestic lines. He believed that she had the right to think, to act, to vote. He espoused these principles in the face of centuries of prejudice. He demanded for woman the right to fill positions of trust, to become lawyers, doctors, ministers of the gospel, and at a time when it was but little less than martyrdom to promulgate such doctrine. He builded better than he knew. His faith in the possibilities and capabilities of womanhood took root in other lives, and he saw established in Alfred University woman's equality with man."

Professor L. C. Rogers at the same service said:—

"In the spirit of noble knighthood he stood for woman's rights. He was an almost worshipful admirer of true womanhood. He gallantly maintained woman's equal privilege with man to win in the common struggle for maintenance, for place, and power. His sympathies were always with the cause of truth and righteousness, as he was enabled to see these issues."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOME.

PRESIDENT ALLEN loved his home, and was never absent from it longer than necessary. The burdens and disappointments that came under most trying circumstances were dropped in the home circle, where his genial tenderness and patience were lessons to all.

Our habits of living were so simple that sickness seldom found its way into the family. Through his knowledge of medicine, the laws of life, and careful nursing, many a sick student was restored to health. Our rooms were many times thrown open to the sick, who were cared for as though they had been members of the family. Sometimes for weeks together he would not have a single night of sleep on this account.

A sad experience came in July, 1879. While Mr. Allen was in Albany attending the Regents' Convocation, he became indisposed, and was advised by physicians to return home. This advice was followed, he never dreaming that the trouble would actually prove to be smallpox. During this illness of five weeks, through the thoughtful suggestion of Dr. Sheppard, we were quarantined in Steinheim. Although he recovered to all appearance from its effects, yet he never afterward possessed the nervous vigor of former years.

At table, his ready wit and quaint story-telling were a never-failing source of enjoyment and profit. The twilight hour often found father and children with shout and laughter chasing one another up and down through the house. "We're making too much noise for mamma," was the signal to return to their studies. In the development of their varied talents he took a

THE FAMILY.

special pride, always being careful to give them freedom in the choice of their own lines of study when old enough to plan for themselves. The winter evenings were sometimes devoted to science—each child sharing in the general study of plants, shells, and rocks.

Words of reproof were seldom heard, though no child or inmate of the family ever thought of disobeying father's commands. His love of fun and keen sense of the ridiculous sometimes made his relations even with delinquent students pleasant. The study was the gathering place for such when the offense was not grave enough to come before the Faculty. These young people, being asked to give a history of the matter, would perhaps leave out some important item, but from his sharp questions they would see how vain it was to hide the truth, as the president seemed to know all about the offense and was complete master of the situation. A paternal talk would follow, from which many could date their first knowledge of his true character. He was always much surprised and affected when letters, plants, books, or anything came as tokens from these students.

In warm weather the broad front porch, commanding one of the finest views of the grounds and surrounding hills, was used as a receiving parlor, where teachers, students, and friends often gathered for social chats with the family.

MEMORIES OF THE HOME, BY MRS. LIZZIE NELSON FRYER.

I had looked toward Alfred as the ideal home of student life, and first reached there in the autumn of 1869.

It was evening when the stage drove up the hill to President Allen's house—conspicuous by the many lights in the windows. Eva, a rosy-cheeked girl, not yet in long gowns, came to the veranda to give me welcome. Her mother had gone away for a few days to paint a picture of a friend's home, she said, and she was left to entertain any who might come. Her easy, cordial manner, while she told about the school, and the different members of her family, was so reassuring that

little time was lost before we were discussing Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson. Of these poets I had a schoolbook knowledge, but when she talked of other works, such as "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Ivanhoe," which she was holding in her hand, I could say nothing except confess ignorance. Scott was her "favorite author." Knowing little of him, and other writers of whom she spoke, I retired that night mortified that a girl so much younger than myself could converse intelligently upon subjects unknown to me. Before morning, however, a decided resolution was made to know more of literature. This was my first lesson at Alfred.

The term had been in session a fortnight or more, so it was not easy to find a place in the classes I had planned to enter. How vividly memory recalls a forenoon spent in complete failure in this respect! After an early excuse from the dinner table, I sank into a chair in the parlor, to hide a coming flood of tears. In the midst of the outburst who should quietly enter but the president himself. "What's the trouble? Are you ill?" he asked kindly. "No, only discouraged and homesick," was the hesitating reply. "Glad to hear it. Glad to hear it." Then by subtile questions he gradually drew out my experience in teaching and "boarding round" that summer, and upon leaving the room remarked: "You'll do. Young ladies who ever amount to anything *always* have a cry when they come to Alfred." These words may have had a tinge of sarcasm, but from that hour I knew President Allen to be the students' friend.

Before many days the home circle was made complete by the return of Mrs. Allen and active, inquiring little May. Alfred was a fair-haired, sturdy little fellow in dresses—the baby and pet of the household.

Those were cheerful times in a happy home. At breakfast all repeated verses of Scripture, which were sometimes chosen from a scroll on the wall of the dining room. Then the father followed with a touching, beautiful prayer. Every week-day hour was crowded with duties of one kind or another, until in

early evening, before the chapel bell rang for "study hours," when the family often spent a few moments together around the table, perhaps in games of spelling, or of "word-making and word-taking," or, maybe, in listening while one read aloud a chapter from some new book. My first appreciation of Mrs. Stowe as an author, was formed by coming down to hear "Oldtown Folks" read in this manner.

So many were coming and going that the family was seldom alone. Whether relatives, old students, or others, all were made welcome, and "room for one more" was always found at table. The presence of visitors never seemed in the least to disturb the routine of work and study. Frequently some of the teachers and students were invited for the evening, and then books, pictures, curiosities and specimens from the cabinet (it was before Steinheim) were examined and discussed in such a bright, amusing manner that the visit was one long to be remembered. Such evenings closed with music, readings, recitations, or speeches from some of the friends or members of the family.

President Allen was sometimes prevailed upon to give his lectures in other places. "Temperance," "The Coming Man," "The Coming Woman," and "World Building," were among his favorite subjects. A trunk was taken filled with specimens of the "stone age," rocks, fossils, shells, maps, and other things to use in illustrations. More than once those who came to listen, saw for the first time how the earth's history has been traced by the finger of God upon the very stones under our feet.

Young men or young women now and then came in the evening to the president's study to talk over the papers they were writing, for either the Commencement or "Jubilee" sessions of the lyceums. "President, if you will make a speech to-morrow, it would help me as nothing else can, to finish the subject I have begun," was not an uncommon request. And those chapel talks, what else was ever like them! How many eyes they opened to scorn the low and trivial, and cultivate the noble and eternal! How many went out from them fired with new

desires, new ambitions, to live, and do, and suffer, if need be, for the good of others! How the help they gave lingers in the hearts of many till this day.

Through all the years comes back the president's talk one Wednesday after rhetorical exercises, when the students were excused to stroll in the woods. They were reminded that there were "things better than beechnuts" to seek after, and urged to look out of *self* to interpret the Father's thought to them in the trees, rocks, and hills—in the voices of the falling leaves and flowing waters. To one, on that afternoon, the earth seemed indeed "holy ground;" the lecture had awakened a radiant hope, a purpose to accomplish, a hungering and thirsting of soul before unknown.

The following extracts are taken from one of President Allen's addresses:—

THE GREAT LEGACY OF THE PRESENT TO THE FUTURE.

"The great legacies of the present to the future are the children. All other gifts sink into insignificancy before these. What are farms, and shops, and merchandise, and gold, and silver, in comparison with children? Yet, in the everyday bustle and drive of life, the parent may forget that to his care are committed spirits with capacities for perpetual growth, and that he should not use his children as agencies for amassing wealth, counting their worth by the dollars and cents they can earn. Let sickness and death mark his child for a victim, and how will the parental heart be stirred! How will conscience speak! How will he pray, weep, agonize! How willingly would he give the whole world, were it his to give, if health and life could thereby be purchased for the stricken one! What are wealth and honor now? If such is the value of health and life and physical well being, how should parents regard the spiritual welfare of their children! Next to their own soul's salvation, it is the duty of parents to seek the spiritual interests of their children, to prepare them to enter properly upon the great mission of life. The little hands clasping our hands, the little feet following fast in our footsteps, and crowding into every place and station, little hearts freighted with eternal forces—these are to be led, guided, cultured. These little ones, full of immortal vigor, nurtured into all that is generous and manly, into all scholarly and Christian nobleness, are the greatest gifts which it

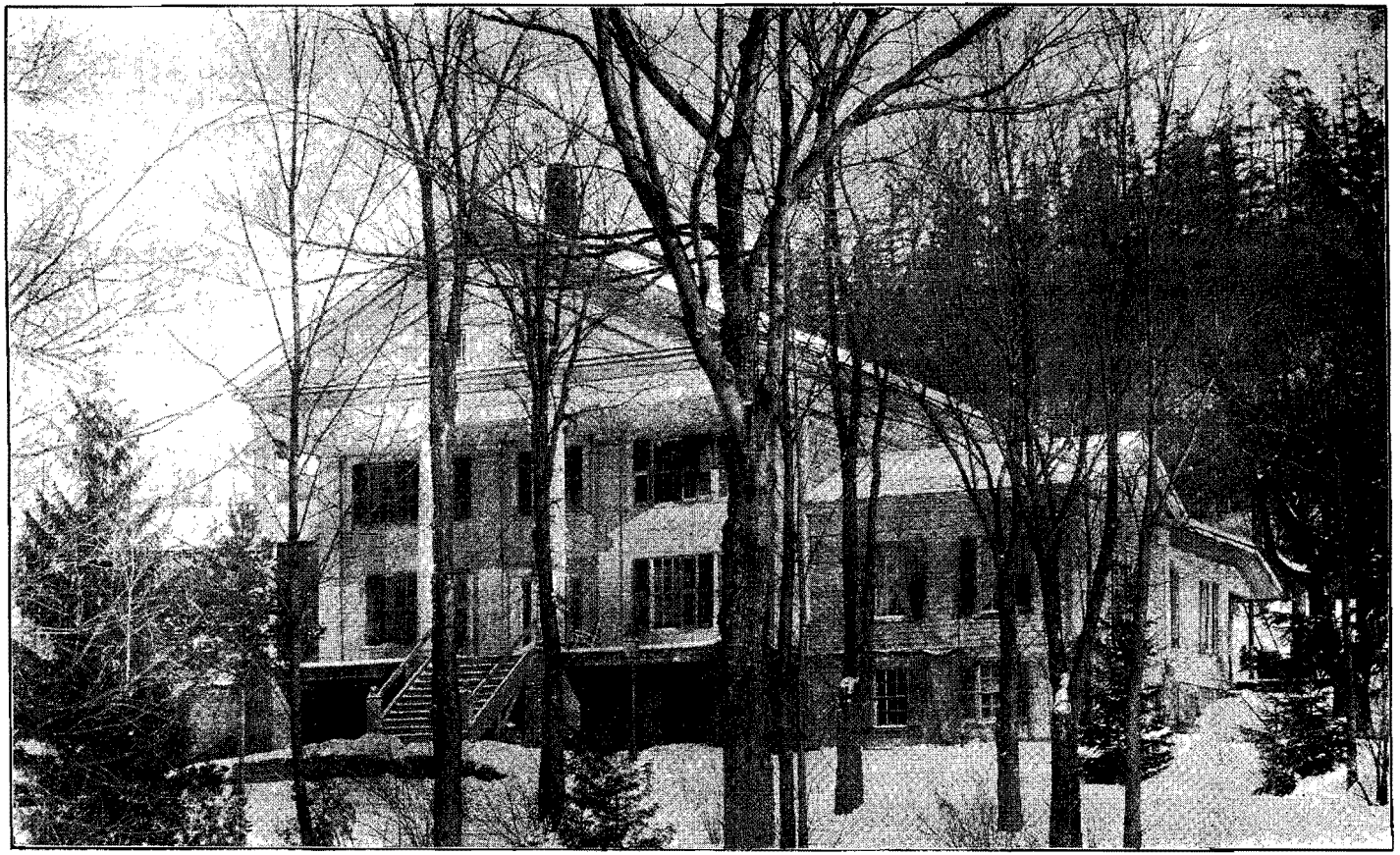
is possible for the present to bestow upon the future. What is a farm to a noble child? Yet how often does the father toil all of his days to leave a good farm, or interest-bearing stocks, and therewith a miserable son. He has been a good business man, but a most negligent parent. The world may, or may not, thank him for his property; but it will most assuredly curse him for his children. Children will write the names of their parents upon the coming age, either in letters of light, or in letters dark and lurid.

HOME AND PARENT.

"Fast by the portals of the land of life and of promise, over against each other, upon the Ebals and Gerizims of cursings and of blessings, stand parents, teachers, and preachers, beneath whose benedictions or maledictions must pass all generations in their march to their possessions. The parent stands first, makes the first impressions, awakens the latent powers of the soul, touches first the chords of affection, controls the influences that first affect character. The parent stands by when the child first chooses between right and wrong, between life and death; and great is the power granted him over these decisions. The child works or plays, goes or comes, weeps or laughs, is lazy or industrious, honest or dishonest, liberal or parsimonious, religious or irreligious, in short, a blessing or a curse, pretty much at the bidding of the parent. Who are the youth growing up polluted with sin, their very breath a sirocco of death?—They are, for the most part, those who have been neglected at home, not only neglected, perhaps, but have received positive instruction, either by example or precept or both, in all manner of evil. Who promise to become the support and protection of everything noble and valuable in society—a blessing to humanity? Whence have sprung the great and good of all ages?—From homes consecrated to truth and religion. True, the good may in after times be changed to the bad, or the bad to the good; but these are the exceptions, not the law. Parents under the blessing of heaven hold, in an emphatic sense, the keys of life and death. How important, then, how responsible, the parental relation! What undying interests cluster around their power! To a Christian parent, desirous of blessing the world, his own family presents one of the most important and promising fields of labor, a field designed by Providence for his especial culture. All other fields lie round about this field, not in opposition, but in concentric relations. If such are the prerogatives of the parent, how important, even imperative, that they should be rightly employed! If, as the apostle declares, the Christian who neglects to provide for the temporal wants of his family has denied the faith, and

is worse than an infidel, what terms of reprobation are sufficiently strong and scathing for those who neglect the spiritual wants of their families, sacrificing all for wealth or fashion? Neither riches nor honor can compensate the sacrifice.

"Home culture is preparatory and fundamental to all special training. It is laying the foundations of character. It awakens latent energies. It is the period of first and strong impressions. Without proper bias given now, sad will be the future unfoldings of character. The innocency of infancy may thus be left to run into the waywardness of youth and the degeneracy of age, or an earlier and deeper dye may be given, with a more terrible range of consequences. Spiritually great men almost universally ascribe their greatness to early impressions, impulses given them by their mothers, whose prayers and examples have been as the dews of heaven upon their after lives. Biography continually points to home as the nursery of most ministers, missionaries, reformers, benefactors, wherein impulses there given become a part of the child's nature, growing with his growth, strengthening with his strength. The culture of such homes blends restraints, preventatives, awakenings, and unfoldings, checking the lower and awakening the higher forces of the soul. The young spirit needs to grow amid the genial influences of love, and the high inspiration of noble examples, and the light of great and solemn truths, thereby led to seek goodness and greatness as its natural destiny, its lawful inheritance. Having been educated in all nobleness and goodness at home, then are the young fitted for the further culture of the schools."



THE HOME.

CHAPTER XVII.

VACATION TOUR IN EUROPE.

BETWEEN the years of 1875 and 1882 an earnest effort was made to advance all departments of the work. New apparatus and buildings were needed to meet the growing demands. Professor Larkin, with his usual enthusiasm, was collecting funds from old students, teachers, and friends, to carry forward the completion of the Kenyon Memorial Hall. The library, chemical and mechanical departments, with all other interests of the Institution, were in constant need of means for enlargement and completion, so that the necessary outlay of funds much exceeded the income. The constant strain to make one dollar do the work of ten became so great that the continued effort of making "bricks without straw" began to tell upon Mr. Allen's health and vigor. My own health, so long nearly perfect, now seemed failing, thus adding sleepless nights to his many cares. Our eldest daughter, Evangel, who had cheerfully shared all the home burdens, married, and moved away. Added to all, his nervous system was still suffering from the effects of the smallpox, which he had in 1879. His friends observed his failing health, and after a time succeeded in inducing him to accept the invitation of Mr. Charles Potter to go to Europe.

In the following pages Dr. A. H. Lewis enables the reader to follow our travelers from point to point and gather a reflection of those experiences which brought them the richly-earned rest, opportunities, and pleasure. To recall this journey was a never-failing source of pleasure to President Allen, as well as of profit to his friends.

"THE CRAM CLUB."

A special expression of personal regard for President Allen was made by Charles Potter, Jr., Plainfield, N. J., in the spring of 1882. Noticing that he was weary from overwork and anxiety, Mr. Potter decided that an extended rest, and change of scene, would be a means of profit and pleasure to the President, and a lasting benefit to the University. This resulted in his making President Allen his guest for a European trip. At the same time George H. Babcock, of Plainfield, determined to make the same trip, with A. H. Lewis as his guest. So it came about that a party of four congenial spirits entered upon an experience which proved pleasant, profitable, and beneficial in the highest degree. It deepened friendships already existing, and strengthened ties which have continued to hold the group in closest union. The "calling home" of President Allen breaks the circle, and the remaining ones (one of whom writes these lines) feel the deeper loneliness because so much of what is brightest and best in the memory of those days, was contributed by him, whom all so sincerely mourn.

Before the outward ocean voyage was completed, the party was informally organized for literary purposes as "The Cram Club." The itinery determined upon included Ireland, Scotland, England, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland. President Allen's choices touching scenes of scientific and historic interest, formed a large factor in determining the places to be visited. Every facility was furnished for the ease and comfort of the Club. Times and methods of travel were chosen which would accomplish the purpose of enjoying the best in natural scenery, art, literature, science, and religion which the Old World can offer, and yet conduce to the greatest physical comfort and health of the party. President Allen entered into it all with the zest of a scholar, the enthusiasm of a specialist, in many departments, and the untrammeled enjoyment which comes where common choices and growing friendships crown all plans and all purposes. From time to time each member of the Club wrote letters to the *Sabbath Recorder*.

The purpose of this chapter will be served best by permitting the reader to catch glimpses of the trip, and especially of President Allen, through extracts from these letters. His letters, which were fewer than his friends wished (he hoped to write more after reaching home), will be given nearly in full. Extracts from those of the other members will be given only when necessary to let the readers see more of the president, the worthy "Nestor" of the Club, than they would otherwise do. His signature, "Prex," appears with his letters.

Of the opening of the voyage, one wrote:—

"On the 13th of June a party of weary workers embarked on the steamship *Arizona*, for a summer's rest in foreign lands. After the enthusiastic "Godspeeds" had been said by loving friends, their floral tributes duly admired, and the city of New York had faded into the distance, an account was taken of the party, to know who was who. . .

"The names adopted were 'Prex,' 'Parson,' 'Press,' and 'Pundit,' the latter because of the outrageous way in which he punned it. As an expression of the compression of so much *multum in parvo*, we dubbed ourselves the 'Cram Club,' a name which, no doubt, the steward thought we richly deserved before the voyage was over. The two 'Profs.,' at least, expected to return home crammed full of information on a variety of subjects.

OUTWARD BOUND.

"Our good ship carried us so smoothly and steadily we found it hard to realize that we were rushing through the water at the rate of twenty-seven feet per second. Old ocean presented her calmest aspect all the way, doubtless lulled to rest by the venerable appearance and flowing beards of several of the party, enough like Neptune to have been his sons; and, as a consequence, instead of sorrowful stories of seasick sufferings, we have the pleasure to report that the Cram Club were on duty at every meal during the voyage. . . .

"On the morning of the eighth day out, while we were at breakfast, word came that land was in sight. True, however, to the traditions of the Club, all sat through the remainder of the meal, without missing a dish, and then, seizing their fieldglasses, rushed upon deck. Two sharp peaks slowly coming out of the misty distance and the dim outline of a range of mountains were all that could be seen. We soon found, however, we were off the Skelligs, on the coast of Ireland, some sixty miles

north of our course, owing to the fogs, which had hidden the sun for three days. Old Sol, however, now put in an appearance, and a more delightful sail was never enjoyed by a happier crowd than was on the *Arizona* that morning. Prex's and Parson's noses had put on their brightest bloom during the voyage, and now, joined with their genial smile and beaming countenances, added brilliancy to the occasion, like Jupiter and Mars among the starry hosts. . . .

QUEENSTOWN.

"At Queenstown we only stopped long enough to telegraph home' to make a hasty visit to the Cathedral, to experience the sensation of being foreigners in a foreign land, and to get a taste of the irrepressible Irish beggar in the old hags who persisted in forcing upon us sprigs of shamrock, when we took a small steamer up the charming river Lee to Cork. In the early evening, amid beauties of hill and verdure rarely surpassed, past castle and moat, and villa and cottage, queer-looking sails and swift-gliding steamers, with the added charm of a bright-eyed Irish maiden, with the richest of brogues, to rehearse the traditions of the river—thus passed our first evening as foreigners."

THE TRIP NORTHWARD.

Another member of the Club described the trip nothward, from which the following touches are taken:—

"Five miles out from Cork we pass in sight of the famous Blarney Castle, built in 1446, by McCarthy, then one of the petty kings of Ireland, of which it had five. In it is the famous Blarney stone, which tradition says lent to him who kissed it a free tongue. It is so located in the wall that those who kissed it had to climb down to it head first, or be let down by the heels by an assistant. To accomplish this, the women were put into sacks, which, tied around the neck, left only the head out; but the sacks were few and expensive, and the arch enemy did not invent paper sacks and sell them for a half cent each, until after the castle became a ruin, and this practice had fallen into disuse, which accounts for the fact that so few Irish women can use their tongues glibly(?).

"Farther on, while two of our Club were taking observations with their glasses, they uttered a scream of delight, for they had discovered another 'ruin.' A little farther on, and another came into view. Both seemed to be the lower portion of what might, in some remote age, have been towers, say twenty-five feet square, and of unknown height, but for the present, perhaps fifteen feet high. In our compartment of the car

was an intelligent-looking young Irishman. One of the excited members of this Club addressed our Irish friend: 'I beg your pardon sir, but can you tell us what ruins those are?' He took a look, and remarked, 'Those are not ruins, gentlemen, they are limekilns.'"

PLEASANTRIES.

Pleasantries are an excellent agency in promoting rest. These were not wholly wanting, nor by any means valueless, in the experiences of the Club. The air of Ireland produced them as naturally as appropriate soil does strawberries. The genial, though always thoughtful, Prex contributed his share. The same trip which developed the limekiln ruins furnished still deeper scientific enjoyment, as the following will show:—

"Prex, apparently, was asleep in the corner of the compartment. It was agreed it would be a pity to disturb him, but when we came to an extensive peat bog, knowing we had only to mention anything about geology in an ordinary tone, and it would wake him out of the soundest sleep, and being anxious to know what he thought of it, we said, 'Geological formations.' You ought to have seen how quick he was looking out at that window, with fire in his eye, and every particular hair of enthusiasm standing on end. 'Where is it?' he asked. We said we were wondering to what formation those peat bogs belonged. He answered, without apparent hesitation, 'The same formation as the hard-pan in Alfred, where it reaches up to the third rail in the fence, only the bog has more vegetable matter of the two in it.' His knowledge of these things is wonderful, isn't it?

"Earnestly looking out for ruins, two of the Club having learned to know a limekiln from a castle, we discovered some animals. At the distance from which we saw them, it was quite doubtful whether they were Kerry cows, or mules. Knowing that Prex was *well up* in 'Darwin's *descent* of man,' we ventured to suggest that it would be well to get his decision on the subject, especially as, among the many obstreperous animals he had to deal with in the last few years, he must have become well acquainted with the genus mule. We ventured to jog him again, and asked him to tell us whether they were mules or Kerry cows. He quietly remarked that they were donkeys, and as his countenance beamed graciously upon us, he said, 'We are not so far removed from them as we ought to be.' We could not quite see the pertinence of the remark, but are solemnly of the opinion that when the young men of

the University find Prex apparently asleep, they had, in the appropriate words of the Songs of Solomon, 'better not stir him up till he please.'"

IRELAND.

President Allen wrote of Ireland as follows:—

"From Killarney the Club took train on the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, in a first-class car—a kind, it is said, that none save aristocrats, Americans, and fools ride in. Being Americans, the Club just escaped the last-named class. The plain is bordered on the south by the Carherbarnagh and the Baggeragh Mountains. The first station of note is Mallow, beautifully located on the banks of the Blackwater. The country around is quite romantic. Here, at the castle of Kilcalman, Spenser wrote his Faerie Queen, and read the manuscript to Raleigh while seated on the banks of the Aubeg or Mulla River.

"From Mallow to Limerick the road passes through a beautiful and fertile valley, with the Ballyhoura Mountains on the right and the Mullagarick on the left. Limerick is one of the historic cities of Ireland. It is situated on the banks of the Shannon, the most beautiful of Irish rivers. The old town was formerly surrounded by a massive wall, and withstood many a siege, the most modern of which were those by Cromwell and William the Third. The cathedral and castle of Limerick are noble specimens of ancient architecture.

"From Limerick to Dublin the country is prairie-like, beset with peat bogs. Kildare, a city on the way, was renowned in olden times for its saints. In the chapel of St. Bridget a perennial fire was kept burning for a thousand years by the nuns, for the benefit of poor strangers. It is noted scientifically at present for the fine fossils found in its carboniferous limestone, a few of which are on their winding way to Alfred.

"After resting the Sabbath, the Club did the city on an Irish jaunting car. To be well traveled, one must needs do a few cities mounted on one of these cars, evidently the lineal descendant of the pack saddle of donkey or cow, on which the original Irishman journeyed with his family from Iran, his fatherland, in far Asia. The saddlebags of country doctors and itinerant parsons, of other days, were a degenerate species of the same. This pack saddle, as the years went by, slipped from donkey onto a pair of wheels. The Club mounted on this, back to back, and reclining on one elbow, with heads up, while the driver, seated on the pummel, drove his staunch, fast-going Irish horse mile after mile without flagging, over the city. Dublin, situated on the river Liffey, and the

second city of the British Empire, has the reputation of being one of the cleanest, most orderly, and civil cities in the world, and the Club found it sustaining well its reputation. No disorder, no drunkenness, even no smoking of cigars, was seen in its streets.

"Phœnix Park is second in size among European parks. Most of it is left in the natural condition of pasture lands, and well stocked with herds of cattle, sheep, and deer. The prevailing shrub is the hawthorn, which, left to grow singly over the ground, assumes the form and appearance of an apple tree, giving to large tracts of the park the appearance of extensive orchards.

"Trinity College, or Dublin University, has College Park to itself. Its original charter dates back to 1311. It has several fine buildings, the most important of which are the Museum and Examination Hall. The collections, outside of the birds of Ireland, are comparatively meager for so richly endowed an institution. The students' dining hall is hung around with portraits of many an illustrious man. The students eat upon greasy old oaken tables while sitting on long, backless benches for chairs. It would be interesting to note how American students would treat such fare.

"The instruction is carried on by means of lectures and periodical examinations. The examinations under the direction of the Intermediate Education Board of Ireland were in progress, corresponding to the Regential examinations in the State of New York.

"Everywhere and always the Club causes stare and wonder. When the eyes of the natives are once set upon it, they remain fixed as long as the Club is in sight. The beholders involuntarily lift themselves to their utmost height and begin feeling for their beards, and calling the attention of their neighbors to the bearded giants. Pundit's smooth lip, all innocent and bland, detracts somewhat from the dignity of the scene. The Parson feels sure that it is his hat which is attracting so much attention, having been assured that, with such a hat, he would be arrested for a Fenian, and not infrequently he

> 'Glowers around with prudent care,
> Lest boggles catch him unaware;'

but when, hatless, the Club marches into the various dining halls, the stare is all the same.

"As the Club crowds itself with difficulty into one of the hotel elevators, the waiter remarks: 'Gentlemen, you are severely testing the strength of this elevator. It never lifted such a load before.' At first its members were taken for returned Australians, rich and independent, but when heard to speak, the American origin of the Club was made

sure, for they are the only people, the natives say, who speak English clear from brogue.

"From Dublin to Belfast the country rapidly improves in appearance. This region having been settled several centuries ago largely by immigrating Scotch Presbyterians, it shows all the energy and thrift of the Scotch race. The Irish riots have little support or sympathy here. Few towns have progressed in importance so rapidly as Belfast. In the course of fifty years the population has increased nearly sixfold. In 1879 its population was two hundred and ten thousand. Of these fully two-thirds are Protestants. It is situated on the river Lagan, just before it flows into the elongated bay, known as Belfast Lough. Its chief industries are ship building and the manufacture of linen goods. The general appearance of the town is that of a clean, thrifty city.

GIANT'S RING,

situated about four miles from Belfast, is one of the most interesting works of antiquity to be found in Ireland. It consists of an enormous circle more than one-third of a mile in circumference. It is inclosed by an immense mound of earth, about eighty feet broad at the base and some thirty feet in height. Near the center stands a large cromlech, or stone altar. It is attributed to the Druids, constituting one of the chief places where they performed their religious rites, offering upon the altar human sacrifices. . . .

Ireland is, indeed, an emerald set in the sea. Nature has made it wondrous rich and beautiful. The Irish have one of the finest lands in the world, but they are both priest and king ridden, and seem, as Press sagely remarks, able to govern every land but their own. It has furnished some of the brightest intellectual stars of which both Britain and America can boast. Down in the southern portion the people are sprightly, rollicking, warm, and demonstrative, yet improvident and beggarly. In the central portion the people are more hardy, cool, and reserved, more industrious and prosperous. In the north the Scotch Presbyterian element gives it almost a New England type of energy, industry, and thrift. In the south, beggars and British soldiers hold equal sway. In the central regions a few of each are found, while in the north scarcely one of either is to be seen. Both blood and religion tell wonderfully here, as elsewhere. PREX."

From Belfast the Club took steamer for Glasgow. Few men are better prepared to enjoy Scotland than was President Allen. A poet by nature, familiar with Scotch literature and

history, an enthusiastic lover of mountains, and all that is grand in natural scenery, the treasures of Scotland gave him constant delight. Prex and Parson made a special visit to Ayr, and the scenes which gave birth to Tam O'Shanter and other of Robert Burns' poems. The Club visited mountains and lakes, Stirling, Edinburgh, that Athens of Europe, Abbotsford, with its memories of Scotland's greatest novelist, Melrose, and Drybury, and so southward to England. On the way to London Prex left the Club at Leicester, that he might visit Cambridge, Oxford, and Stratford-upon-Avon before we went to the continent. He wrote of these places that which appears below:—

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Stratford-upon-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, is situated upon the Avon, a beautiful river, quietly flowing through a broad and fertile valley, in the southwest border of Warwickshire, that shire which, in olden time, was well called the heart of England. Stratford is a quaint old town, the reddest town I ever set eyes on. Being built of a very light red brick, and free from the smoke and smut of manufacturing towns, the houses have a wonderfully bright and cheery aspect. It would be a very dull town, the inhabitants say, if it were not for Shakespeare. His constantly widening fame and influence draw an ever-increasing stream of travel here, the great majority of whom are Americans and Germans. The hotel registers show eight-tenths of all the visitors at present to be from America.

"The people of Warwickshire, including Stratford, are physically the finest we have seen in England, and speak English freest from brogue. It has a vibrant roll and resonance that are very pleasing to the ear.

"The house in which Shakespeare was born, after having passed through many changes and uses, was, in 1847, bought in by a national subscription, for some $16,000, and placed in the hands of trustees in behalf of the nation. Under the direction of the Birthplace Committee, it has been restored, as near as possible, to its original condition. The restoration of the exterior is regarded as 'the most careful and successful work of the kind ever accomplished.' The internal portion, where the family lived, remains essentially the same as when the Shakespeare family resided here. The whole building is in the Elizabethan style of family residences.

"On entering the house from Henley Street the visitor first passes into the old family kitchen. The floor is of stone, well worn with the footsteps of three hundred years. There is a roomy fireplace, the sides built of brick, having the chimney-piece above, cut, with a low pointed arch, out of a massive beam of oak. At either end of the fireplace are stone seats built into the jambs, on which the children used to sit to keep warm when the embers were low. Stooping low, under the mantel-piece, I crowded myself into the small seat where little William was wont to sit, with cold toes and benumbed fingers, and wipe off his tears with his sleeve, or, in happier moods, crack his boyish jokes and let off poetic squibs.

"Above the kitchen is the room in which the poet was born. It is a low-roofed apartment. Huge oaken beams project from the plastered walls, the stairway and floor of thick oaken boards, worm-eaten and worn. Myriad penciled and inked autographs cover the walls, ceilings, and windows, so continuous and closely written as to give the walls the appearance of being covered with spider webs.

"Behind the birth-room, entered by a doorway some five feet high, is another curious old apartment, whose heavy beams and thick oaken floor give an idea of strength and enduringness. Portraits of the poet adorn the walls; the chief of these is a life-sized bust in oil, known as the Stratford portrait. It was found in an old house here, and is considered a genuine painting from life. It is kept in an iron safe, which is thrown open during the day and closed at night.

"Other rooms contain the Shakespearean Library and Museum, in which are to be found copies of the earliest editions of his works, and everything obtainable connected with him. One of the most interesting objects is the old bench and writing desk occupied by Shakespeare while a boy at school. The way in which he both used and misused this desk with pen and ink and knife, would delight the eye of a Yankee boy, who considers the chief use of a knife to whittle desks. I was permitted to sit in the chair which the poet used to occupy when he presided at the meeting of the Stratford Club. Washington Irving, in his 'Sketch Book,' asserts that from its constant use this chair had to be re-bottomed every three years. The guides say that Irving drew entirely on his imagination for this statement, as the original oak has withstood the wear and tear of three hundred years.

"NEW PLACE,"

the home of Shakespeare's mature years, and where he died, has been entirely destroyed; but the garden and grounds connected therewith

have been converted into a beautiful little park, stretching down to the Avon. To this park the public are admitted.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,

where Shakespeare is buried, stands pleasantly and picturesquely on the banks of the Avon. It is supposed to have been originally built in the time of William the Conqueror. It is a cruciform building, consisting of a nave and side aisles, a transept, and a chancel. The tower and spire rise from the center of the cross to a height of one hundred and sixty-three feet. From gateway to doorway the visitor passes along an alley of thick, overarching lime trees.

"The gravestones of the Shakespeare family lie in a row in front of the altar rails. In a niche at one side is a half-length figure of Shakespeare, placed there within seven years after his death, by his daughter. The bust is painted and supposed to have been taken from life. It represents him with full, round face, parted lips, large hazel eyes, full nose, high forehead, hair and beard auburn. The dress is a scarlet doublet, slashed on the breast, over which is a loose black gown without sleeves. Before him is a cushion, the upper part crimson, the lower green. The poet is represented as writing on this cushion. The right hand formerly held a pen. Beneath this cushion is inscribed in Latin: 'In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil. The earth covers him, the people mourn for him, Olympus has him.'

"The slab placed over the grave of Shakespeare has a small brass plate with this curious inscription:—

" 'Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Blesse be ye man yt spares the stones,
And cusst be he yt moves my bones.'

"PREX."

Touching educational matters, as a whole, the president wrote the following:—

CONCERNING SCHOOLS.

"Leaving a more detailed account of the internal operations of the schools of Scotland and England to some future occasion, I here give simply a bird's-eye view of their external appearance.

"The new buildings of Glasgow University are, both as to location and architectural design, the finest school buildings in the British Isles. It stands on an eminence, overlooking a curve of Kelvin Grove Park, and commands a splendid view over a great part of Renfewshire. It is a

rectangular structure, six hundred feet long and three hundred feet broad, and is planned in two quadrangles, divided by the Common Hall. It has a south main frontage of five hundred and thirty-two feet, with a tower and spire when complete, three hundred feet high. The estimated cost is to be $2,430,000. We spent a pleasant hour looking through its museum, library, dining room, and other parts.

"The University of Edinburgh is in a low-lying, unpleasant location. Its surroundings of narrow and crowded streets deprive its substantial buildings of much of their effect externally; but a view of the interior of the quadrangle completely changes the first impression of the visitor. The buildings around the quadrangle form a fine architectural composition. The university was founded in 1582, by a charter from James VI. It has never possessed the great revenues of many other universities, but has attained to its world-wide renown through the eminence of many of its professors, especially in metaphysics, classics, and medicine. Professor Huxley has recently been elected to its chair of natural history at a salary of $10,000 a year.

RUGBY.

"Whoever has read either the 'Life of Dr. Arnold,' or 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' cannot fail to have a warm and abiding interest in Rugby. Rugby is situated on a fertile plain, and had been a very quiet place till the railways broke in upon its peace, deriving its chief interest from its school. The school is one of the four great preparatory schools where the English youth fit for Oxford or Cambridge. When Dr. Arnold became its head master, it at once was lifted out of the dull level routine pervading the schools at that time, and became a leading influence in bettering the condition of English education.

"The boys, upon their ample playground, appeared very much as Tom Brown described them—boys ranging from eight to sixteen years of age. The grounds are ample, and shaded with magnificent elms and limes. Sheep share the grounds with the boys, and keep the grass short for the convenience of play. The boys are gathered in four or five boarding halls, each presided over by a teacher.

"The old chapel in which Dr. Arnold preached has been replaced by a new one, built on the same spot. Arnold's body is buried directly beneath where the communion table stood in the old chapel, a plate of glass, with his name inscribed thereon, marking the spot. As we stood over the spot, we mutually agreed that he was a great man, and one that had been, and still is, a power in the cause of education. The chair and desk used by him in the class room are preserved in an alcove as sacred relics.

The backless benches, and level boards, bespattered with ink, for desks for the boys, remain as of old, reminding one of the time of old log school-houses in America. The English evidently believed in giving backbone to their boys by compelling them to use it for self-support. It was curious to note how even educated youth persist in the misapplication of the 'h.' It was Dr. Harnold every time.

OXFORD.

"It was natural and easy to follow Tom Brown from Rugby to Oxford. Oxford University is emphatically a city of colleges, clustered together down by the river, where the old ford for oxen crossed the Upper Thames, given here the more classical name of Isis. The various colleges are all built after the same monastic type. Each is composed of one to four quadrangles, with the buildings of each quadrangle facing in upon an open court, with their backs turned upon the world, looking out to it through small and often barred windows. The Oxford building stone, being a soft, friable tertiary limestone, is easily worked, and its light cream color gives it a pleasing effect while new, but it easily crumbles under the tooth of time. This has given to the college buildings, a few centuries old, a wonderfully gnawed and ragged appearance. This has been rendered still worse by an attempt in some former age to preserve the stone by covering it with a coating of cement. Time has broken and pealed this coating, leaving it hanging in black scabs and blisters. The buildings, as a whole, have a decidedly monkish aspect.

"Cambridge, in this as in several other respects, has a more modern appearance. Having no building stone in its neighborhood, it at first built with brick. These, of late years, have been replaced or cased with stone, largely the Portland, giving it quite a modernized appearance. Cambridge has also the finer college park and grounds. The Cam, being a smaller and less rapid river than the Isis, has been largely utilized for beautifying the grounds and for the pleasure of students. It has been walled into a channel from forty to eighty feet wide, with diminutive canals leading off, here and there, through the park, the river itself running through some of the college quadrangles. The walks are bordered by thick, overarching elms and clear, running streams, making one of the most picturesque and delightful parks that I have seen.

"I attended service at Christ Church College, Oxford, and listened to a most artistic intoning and reading. Preparatory to this, I had listened to the greatest clangor of bells. Probably it would be difficult to find elsewhere an equal number of bells in the same area as swing in the

belfries of these clustered colleges, and when set to swinging at the same time their clanging is bewildering.

"The people of Oxford are physically the worst looking, and the people of Cambridge have the worst brogue, of any we have met in England. PREX."

From England the Club went to Paris, and saw it in detail; from Paris, to Switzerland, by way of Geneva, beautiful and historic; up Lake Geneva and the Rhone, to Martigny; over the Tete Noire Pass to Chamouni, Mt. Blanc, Montauvert, Mer de Glace, etc. All this must be passed here with a few touches. In crossing the mountains from Martigny to Chamouni, Prex and Parson indulged in

MAKING HAY,

which was duly chronicled in these words:—

"Higher up we are beyond all but thin meadows and mountain evergreens. The fields are full of people. Haying is fairly begun. Most of the workers are women. They do the heaviest parts. The scene awoke boyhood memories in Prex and Parson, and at one point, far up the mountain, where in a little meadow three women and one old man were mowing, they climbed the wall which kept the meadow from sliding into the path, and astonished the natives by proposing to finish the meadow on a short contract. Evidently deeming it a huge joke, the old man yielded his scythe to the Parson, and a comely Swiss maiden, with uncontrollable laughter, gave hers to Prex. The swaths are carried diagonally down the steep incline. The scythes are short, broad, straight, the snaths an indescribable combination of straight sticks and pegs set at different angles. One could stand only by planting his heels deep in the soft earth at each step, and leaning in part upon the stout snath at every stroke. We soon conquered the situation and finished full swaths in triumph. This brought loud applause, and the joyous laughter of the women followed us until we were out of hearing. It was evidently the event of the season."

Some experiences in and about

CHAMOUNI AND MT. BLANC

must be retold, because the story is so nearly a personal one concerning the president. Of him one of the Club said:—

"Have you ever seen New York newsboys on their first day in the country? Then you have some idea of the calm enthusiasm with which these two sedate and venerable college professors took their first view of a glacier. From the hotel it showed us a surface about one mile in width and six miles long, like the surface of a sea whose high tossing billows and deep hollows have been frozen solid in a moment, or like an instantaneous photograph of a raging sea. Farther up the mountain they told us we could see miles more of the river of ice, with its three converging branches, and so Prex and Parson proposed to climb the mountain and see. Pundit set his aneroid to the known height of the hotel, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one meters (six thousand feet), and, with Alpine stocks in hand, we started. At six thousand eight hundred feet the guide said we were as far as was usual to go, but from here there was no better view than from below. Above was a wild waste of broken stone, and the guide said there was no path, but by this time Prex was far above us, and on we followed, over rocks and patches of ancient snow, with now and then a bright green nook spangled with beautiful forget-me-nots, mountain daisies,—'marguerite,'—and blue gentian, until we stood on a plateau seven thousand four hundred feet high, giving a charming view of the valley below. Chamouni was like a toy village at our feet, and the distant roar of the Arve came to our ears like the dying murmur of an evening hymn. We could trace its course like a thread of silver, from its source in the Glacier de Argentier, down through the valley a long way toward Genéva, where it joins the Rhone. Six thousand feet above us rose the sharp pinnacles of the *Aiguilles Vert*, while behind them were the equally inaccessible *Aiguilles de Blailierre* and *du Plan*, like the pinnacles of an enormous Gothic cathedral. One can see here whence arose the inspiration in those architects of old who have given us such poems in stone as the cathedrals at Cologne and Milan. But beautiful as the view was from here, it gave us nothing more of the Mer de Glace, and so Prex and Parson mounted still higher, but Pundit was content to rest here to enjoy the scene, and watch some adventurous sheep which had wandered thus far in search of pasturage. Prex followed the guide for a while, until he found he was crawling along the face of a cliff, where a misstep would have sent him headlong three thousand feet into the valley, when he backed out, and sought a path of his own, which, if no better, at least did not make quite so bold an exhibit of its dangers, and pretty soon he and Parson stood on a point seven thousand six hundred feet high, from which we noticed that the cry 'Excelsior' came down to us in rather wavering tones, and

not long after the D. D.'s followed. It is wonderful how many things a practical eye will find in a pile of rocks. Prex gathered specimen after specimen, which the guide took good-naturedly, and put into his pockets —and what pockets they were! I never saw so many on mortal man before; but they were all full before we got back, the guide remarking that 'he was willing to carry all he could, but he *couldn't* carry the whole mountain!' . . .

MER DE GLACE.

"After a lunch and rest at the Montauvert Hotel we started to cross the glacier. Descending the steep face of the gorge seven hundred and fifty feet, we came to the foot of the moraine. Here in a little shanty, Prex found some fine fossils gathered from the débris of the glacier, which were quickly purchased and added to the load of the guide. The moraine here is about one hundred feet high, and over it we clambered, passing boulders as large as a good-sized house, and came to the edge of the ice, where we had another climb, or *clime*, if you choose to spell it that way, up steps cut into its glassy surface.

"The face of the glacier is anything but smooth or clean, but is wrinkled and dirty as the face of an Italian beggar, magnified one thousand diameters. Little rills of ice-cold water, clear as crystal, trickle down its surface and gather in its hollows and form streams, which soon disappear in some crevasse, to see the light next at the foot of the glacier. One large stream ran into a hole a few feet in diameter, with a roar, and was lost to view. We cared not to trace its way through the six hundred feet of ice to the bottom, where it joined its fellows. It was welcome to go alone, so far as we were concerned. There was a strip of stones and dirt down the middle of the glacier, which seemed at first to be a center moraine, but which was only a little windrow of dirt upon its surface. Here Prex and Parson paused, held a mass meeting, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Providence, and everybody concerned, for the privileges of the day. . . .

"Beyond the *Mauvais pas* we come to the *Chapeau*, a resting place so called from a rock which overhangs it, and assumes a form suggesting the name. Here we stop a little, to rest and take some slight refreshment, while Prex uncovers his head, and, with becoming gravity, drinks to the health of the overhanging cliffs. Well may he wish to propitiate them, for has he not been robbing them of choice treasures, which are swelling his every pocket, and peeping out at unexpected places? He afterwards admitted having pocketed no less than *forty-four* different varieties of plants and flowers, all of which were new to him. . . .

"The sun was giving his last good-night kiss to Mont Blanc, and her face was still suffused with blushes, as we rode into the yard of the hotel, tired and hungry, but well satisfied with our day's work in the Alps."

The companionship of President Allen on such a day, and the sharing of such experiences with him, remains one of the bright pictures in a series of undimmed memories.

The Club entered Italy by the Mount Cenis tunnel, visited Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan again, and returned to Southern Switzerland by the wonderful St. Gothard tunnel, a few days after it was first opened. It is impossible to say what is enjoyed most in a land which is so beautiful, and where everything is so inwoven with the world's history, poetry, and destiny. In Italy, if anywhere, Prex was at his best. Rome, around which so much of the world's history has centered for more than a score of centuries, is an inexhaustible mine, which the Club worked diligently, and from which the president brought many things that now enrich his monument, the Steinheim, where his treasures and his ashes rest together.

UP VESUVIUS.

Some experiences at Mount Vesuvius brought an accident to the president, and great anxiety to the Club; but his strength of body and character shone through this misfortune, like the sun breaking through the clouds of a vanquished storm; as the story runs on the reader will see how much reason for anxiety, and how much cause for gratitude because of the final outcome of that which was at the time so threatening. One of the Club wrote of the accident in the following words:—

"On the 24th of July, 1882, we left Rome at 6 A. M. for Naples, and reached there in time to visit the reopened grave of Pompeii, with its story of rude magnificence, semi-barbaric splendor, and not-to-be-told moral degradation. As we came back to Naples in the early evening, Vesuvius put on a crown of fire, and showed a stream of lava, which, like a thread of arterial blood, crept down the side of the cone toward Pompeii. We retired early, to be called at 2:30 A. M., for the ascent of Vesuvius. The 'being called' was an unnecessary precaution. Our

rooms were on the ground floor of the new 'Hotel Vesuvius,' on the shore of the bay, and at a point where our disturbed slumbers dreamed that all forms of Neapolitan life combined to make all forms of sound that human tongues or donkeys' throats could fashion, throughout the livelong night. These dreams were so real that we lay awake waiting to be called, and were glad to get out into the cool starlight of the early morning, and be off at 3 o'clock. We drove for three miles before we were out of the city, most of the way along the shore of the bay. By this time we were beginning to climb the slope of the mountain. For two or three miles the hillside is covered with vineyards and gardens, with fig and other fruit trees closely set. The richest fruits grow on the lava-covered sides, where time has pulverized and cultivation has deepened and enriched the soil. As we rise, the gardens recede, the well-kept road zigzags by sharper and shorter turns, until we are on the bare waste of lava. It is piled above, around, below, in all fantastic shapes, just as it cooled. Where we are now for some thousands of acres we see the results of the eruption of 1872. It is as devoid of life as the heart of the African desert—a great sea of molten desolation, transfixed when all its waves and currents were at war, and yet so full of latent motion that the whole mountain side seems ready to start again, and you involuntarily hold your breath at some sharp turn, lest the grinding of the slow-climbing wheels of the carriage set it flowing again, and sweep you away. At 7 o'clock we reach the foot of the cone, and the railroad, eleven miles from our hotel. This railroad is a modern affair, which saves the fatigue of the last mile of the ascent; and a few hours later we found great reason to be thankful for its existence. It runs by an endless chain and stationary engine at the base of the cone. The angle of ascent is about thirty degrees, or one foot rise for each two traversed. The car is wide enough for two on a seat, and, sitting and standing, will contain about a dozen persons. The sides are open, and only a light arm rail at the end of the seat is between the passenger and the abyss. The car climbs as if by "hitches," and seems so weary at times that you shrink into your seat, for fear it will collapse and all go to instantaneous ruin. If there were trees or aught else along the way to hide the scene a little, it would be better for uneasy nerves. You see the tracks underneath, the cables alongside, the station overhead as you look up, or below as you look down; all else is ashes, lava, sky. People with weak nerves can easily find places where they will be happier. It is too early for breakfast with these leisurely Italians at the little restaurant, so we order it to be ready an hour and a half later, mount the car, and go up.

"From the upper station a zigzag path leads to the 'old crater,' in about twenty minutes. Look down. We are far, far above the clouds, which cover half the city and the widespreading plain below. The waters of the bay blend with the clouds until the ships appear absolutely to sail in the heavens. The surroundings make one's nerves tingle, and the undertone of excitement becomes exultation as we stand and take breath, four thousand feet above the water below. There are no expletives to do the scene justice, in words; we admire and adore in joyous silence.

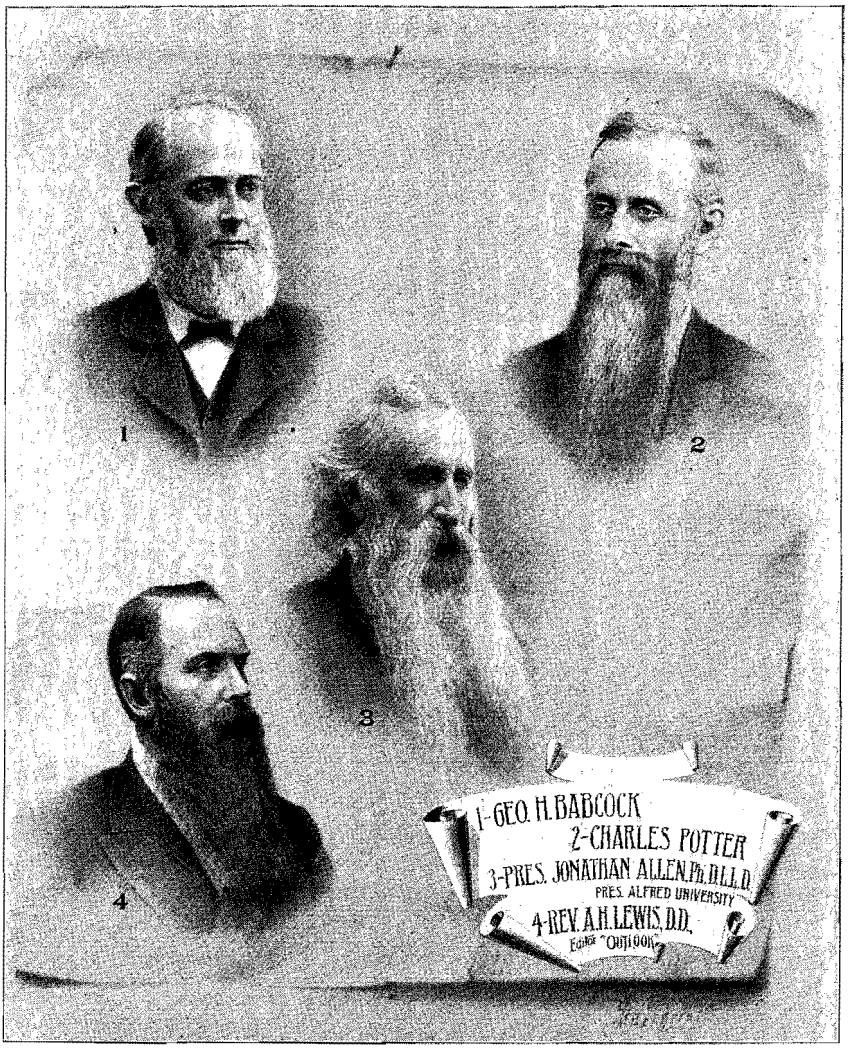
"From this point each man must have a guide to 'pull him' over the line of loose ashes and rough lava, between us and the dead crater. It is impossible to describe the top of Vesuvius so as to give a complete idea to one who has not seen it. The lowlands and ordinary mountains furnish nothing analogous. It will approach a description to say that the old crater is like a caldron kettle holding several acres of molten iron, cooled in an instant, just when it was boiling and bubbling into miniature mountains and whirlpools, crusted so that you can cross it, taking care to avoid holes and cracks, from which steam and smoke and sulphuric gas spurt and fizz as though the fires under the kettle were very far from being extinguished; over all is a thick incrustation of sulphur. Across and up we go toward the new and active crater. If it be difficult to describe the old crater, it is doubly so to paint the active one in words. We now stand on the outer rim, the narrow, crumbling edge of a great, irregular basin, too narrow to walk on except in single file. Sloping inward precipitously for a hundred and fifty feet, and then rising sharply fifty feet or more, lies the path to the rim of the second basin, from where you look directly into the hot heart of the mountain, from whence the steam and smoke ascend with continuous roar like the voice of twenty Niagaras. Every few minutes—sometimes seconds only—sharp explosions take place, flinging stones and lava high above the rim of the crater, and often above the column of smoke.

"'Shall we go down?'—'Yes.' The sides are too steep for walking and too loose for climbing. The moment you step over the rim everything begins to slide—sulphur, ashes, lava, guides, travelers, in one grand avalanche. Thus we go, four travelers, four special guides, one general guide, and four or five boys who are bound to turn an honest franc by rushing over the edge of the second rim to put a penny into the soft lava and bring it back thus imbedded, for a keepsake. Under the loose lava and amid the ashes lurk ten thousand jets of sulphuric gas, waiting to rush into the faces of those who dare to invade this vestibule of hades. By the time you have reached the rim of the inner basin, you are glad to

breathe through the folds of your handkerchief, held closely over the nose, as the only means of avoiding suffocation. Vesuvius seemed disturbed by our coming, for scarcely had we gained the inner rim, where all below us was too hot and fresh to be incrusted with sulphur, and was black as the heart of an encaverned midnight, when he shouted to the hidden artillerymen, and up came two or three shots in quick succession, the blotches of red lava falling around, some at our own feet, we dodging like playful children under a shower of apples from shaken boughs. The boys rush over the edge and deposit the pennies, bringing the lava back on the end of a stick; the wind veers a little; the cloud of smoke and sulphurous gas from the crater threatens to envelop us. Such an embrace means quick suffocation. The chief guide cries, 'Hurry! hurry!' and we rush, pulled, pushed, climbing, jumping, going, no one knows how, until we stand again on the outer rim, where a breath of pure air from below clears the vapors, and we stand, panting and exultant.

HOW THE REST HAPPENED.

"'Shall we go over on the other side and see the flowing lava?' 'Is it far?' 'Fifteen minutes to go down to the point where we can reach the stream, and *forty-five* to climb back.' 'All right.' On the steep sides of Vesuvius one can go down hundreds of feet in a brief period. We went in the face of an Italian sunshine, and found the heat intense. The outer edge of the lava stream was cool enough to walk on, but not to stand still on. It warmed through the soles of one's shoes as though they were pasteboard. It was irregular, rough-edged, cooled, and cooling in all fantastic shapes. It lay in ridges and lapped over in cornice-like edges, as snowdrifts do. It was full of chasms and caves. Only the 'general guide' is now with us; he leads. Parson, being the heaviest of the Club—avoirdupois—lingers a little. It cracks under his weight; all have stopped to catch breath, and the guide is shouting to his fellows, who are partly down the pass, waiting for an extra dollar for pulling us back to the summit. Full of scientific enthusiasm, Prex has pressed to the farthest point reached by the guide, for one more look, and for a moment is out of sight behind a great wart of lava. A subdued 'hallo' is heard, and he appears, hat in hand, his head and face streaming with blood. We are all at his side instantly. The story is brief. The lava broke as he attempted to spring across a chasm; his hands were full of specimens; he plunged forward, striking the sharp ridge of the freshly-cooled lava; the sharper points penetrated his thick felt hat, and the knife-like edge of lava cut an ugly gash *four and one-half inches* long



The "Cram Club."

across the left side of his head, the skull showing at the deepest point. A hasty examination shows the skull to be sound, and no large arteries severed. It bleeds profusely. We bind it with three handkerchiefs, shout to a boy to go for water, call the waiting guides, and prepare for what seems the best thing, to retrace our steps. The climb is by far the hardest of the day. Two strong guides take charge of the wounded Prex, and two more of Press, who, having once been the victim of a severe sunstroke, now shows strong symptoms of yielding again to the heat, which is terrific, coupled with sulphuric gas. Pundit and Parson each have a guide, and so we commence to climb, the wounded man ahead, his guides enjoined to go slow, and let him rest often, for we fear excessive hemorrhage. He is brave, and climbs as eagerly now as before he sought the dangerous spoils. Part of the way up Press yields still more to the fierce heat, and unfavorable symptoms increase. His guides lift him to their shoulders for a while, a favorable reaction takes place, and he takes his feet again. Just how, or in how long a time, we made the ascent, the writer does not know. Under God's blessing it was accomplished. The mountain top brought freedom from the excessive heat and stifling vapors, and at the railroad a bucket of water reached us. After resting, and bathing the wounded and sun-stricken heads, we made the descent. Here was a new trouble: The military police, who represent the government, fearing still worse results, urged our immediate departure for Naples. We urged rest for the patients, and breakfast. At last they granted twenty minutes. We took enough, without consulting our watches, for rest, some coffee, and a little food. These brought favorable results to all the Club, and before we reached Naples both Prex and Press were 'maist as weel as new.' The wounded man insisted that the Club should 'treat the case,' and by 3 P. M. we had the wound dressed, and the patient 'resting nicely.'

"At 9 o'clock that night four weary men leaned back in the four corners of a 'first-class compartment' on the night train for Rome, and four grateful hearts gave thanks unto Him who watcheth over his children, and gives unseen protection in the hour of danger.

"Thus we saw Vesuvius."

The calmness of soul, the steadiness of nerve, and the absence of all complaint, marked the noble manliness of President Allen under these trying circumstances, as few other things could have done. A few days afterward he said: "If I had found that I was fatally hurt, I intended to ask you to cremate

me there. I believe in cremation. It was but a little way below there that Byron cremated Shelley, and it would have been far better than to have taken my body home." This was said as quietly as a child would speak of his playthings. But a far pleasanter incident has come to the knowledge of the writer. Some time after his return from Europe, on a given Sabbath morning, President Allen preached a wonderful sermon on "spiritual transfiguration." Those who heard it seemed to listen to one who had been on the "holy mount" and talked with God. When asked whence came the inspiration out of which the sermon grew, he said, "My experience at Vesuvius." The writer can understand what he meant, for when we had made that terrible ascent, after he was hurt, and stood looking out on the blue bay of Naples, with its white-winged ships, while the cool breath fanned his feverish, blood-stained face, it was indeed the mount of redemption and of transfiguration. And, oh, how his redeemed spirit must now rejoice in the blessed realities of the spiritual glory of which that scene was a faint picture!

Space fails, and the rest of the delightful journey must remain unwritten here. The Club returned to Rome, went to Florence, and then to Venice, beautiful, restful, noiseless Venice, whose liquid streets rise and fall with the heart throbs of the Adriatic Sea, and lull wearied travelers like the whispered lullaby of mother's lips. While we rested here, and just when we knew the wounded head needed special care, Dr. Daniel Lewis, a loyal alumnus of the University, appeared on the scene. He dressed the wound, and assured us that it was "doing finely," and so helped to lift the only shadow that drifted across the horizon of that summer of rest. Leaving Italy the Club visited Southern Switzerland, Luzerne lake and city, Mount Riga, Basle, Baden-Baden, Coblentz, Wiesbaden, Ems, Mayence, Heidelburg, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Frankfort, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Rotterdam, Hague, and back to London, to Liverpool, and Chester, and at length home.

It is more than eleven years since we sailed on that bright June

day, returning when autumn was ripe and golden. The scenes and experiences of that delightful summer lie in the sunlight of memory, as the purple hills lie in the golden haze of a declining September afternoon. Lingering in all the memories, and making an integral and important part of them, is Prex, genial, gentlemanly, unselfish, enriching by his culture, enhancing by his nobleness, and sanctifying by his religious faith, all places and all experiences. He has taken the final homeward journey first, and while we wait, Press, Pundit,* and Parson unite to bring this grateful tribute to the memory of him whom one could not know as we knew him without enshrining him among the best of earthly friends.

*Since this was written, "Pundit," too, has finished life's journey, to meet the fast-gathering company of redeemed ones.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERARY SOCIETIES AND LIBRARY.

THE FOUR LYCEUMS.

THE general unrest that comes into all student life was especially apparent in attempts to form new associations or societies. As the years went on, the Franklin Lyceum came to be the especial organ for the older students, thus giving the younger members very little opportunity for the improvement it offered. On this account the "Rough and Ready" society was formed, where at each meeting all the members were expected to take part, whether they were specially prepared or not. The Platonic and Amphyctionic societies grew from the desire of those in the Greek and Latin classes to give more attention to classical literature, history, philosophy, and law. For a time there was an effort, though unsuccessful, to unite all these interests into the Theological and Dedaskalian or Teachers' association—which it was thought would meet the demands of all classes. These were to give equal opportunities to both sexes. They all flourished for a time, but afterward split up into branches, out of which have grown the four lyceums that have for many years maintained their individuality, and afforded opportunities for growth and improvement to by far the greater number of those who have come to Alfred.

The "Orophilian"—lover of oratory—was formed in 1850, the members coming mostly from the "Amphyctionics." It adopted "*Eloquentia Mundum Regit*" for its motto, as being the most expressive of the design in its organization. Professor W. R. Prentice says "that in founding the society they builded

better than they knew. Their object was to secure better advantages in learning the art of public speaking. They founded a society which has kept on making public speakers down through the years."

The "Alleghanian"—Head of the Mighty—was formed in 1851. It has proved, as its members hoped, a prophecy, since from its small beginning it has become a mighty stream in its educating influence. Its motto is "*Perseverantia Omnia Vincit.*"

After the first ladies' society, the "Alphadelphian," had lost itself in the other co-working associations, a new society was formed, in 1850, called the " Ladies' Literary." Mrs. Professor Marvin, then preceptress, was its first president. In 1864 it took the name "Alfriedian," with the motto "Excelsior," a true index of its long, vigorous, and still active work.

The "Ladies' Athenæum," afterwards "Athenæan," was organized in 1859. Its motto is "*La Sagesse soutient L'Univers.*" Of its early history May Allen Champlin says: "This new lyceum was very kindly received by the older ones, the 'Ladies' Literary' sending delegates and the 'Alleghanian' and 'Orophilian' both passing resolutions to receive its members as sisters. As a lyceum it has been equal to any other in generosity as well as in literary merit."

SESSION ROOMS AND PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

These four lyceums long since became permanent institutions of the University, all holding their regular weekly sessions during the school year. The gentlemen have occupied rooms in Chapel Hall, while the Ladies' Boarding Hall has provided those for the young ladies. These rooms have all been nicely furnished by their respective societies, and are provided with musical instruments and libraries. For many years the membership in the four lyceums has averaged about the same in numbers.

Near the holiday time in winter, and at the close of the spring term, each society has given a public entertainment. Often at these times the older members have been recalled to

give addresses or other assistance. Naturally there has been much pleasant rivalry on these occasions, and seldom has it occurred that any one society has felt to have fallen below the others in their public sessions. I am glad to say that no secret organization has ever obtained a foothold in the University.

THE SECRET OF HIS INFLUENCE.

During the many years that the metaphysics and general training for the senior year came under Dr. Allen's care, he often had from nine to ten classes in a day; this was severe, yet he was equal to the task. The morning hours before chapel were preferred for elocution, and the last hours in the afternoon for geology or botany, as this gave more time for field work. His evening classes were open to citizens. These were often held in the home, where ancient history, Chaucer, and Shakespeare were favorite subjects for consideration. These classes, though beginning with a small number, often increased till it would be difficult to find seats for all.

Dr. D. R. Ford, of Elmira, Dr. Allen's lifelong friend and co-worker, expressed the thought at the memorial service that the secret of his wonderful power and influence, and the incalculable benefit he had been to the students of Alfred University, were rendered possible only by his tact and originality in the art of organizing. This faculty was exemplified in the assistance he was constantly giving to the different organizations as they were developed by the growth of the institution in its different branches.

ALUMNI MEETINGS.

The Alumni Association, though it had long held regular meetings at commencement time, was organized in 1886 at the semi-centennial meeting of the University. Judge S. O. Thatcher, of the Supreme Court of Kansas, was chosen its president. This office has been held by Dr. Daniel Lewis, of New York, Judge P. B. McLennan, Judge S. M. Dexter, of Elmira, and Hon. W. W. Brown, of Bradford, Pa.

THE LIBRARY.

For increased efficiency, the theological library and those of the four literary societies were, with the University library, consolidated at the first meeting of the Alumni Association. Since that time the private libraries of Professor Larkin and President Allen have been added to these, and the main room on the second floor of Kenyon Memorial Hall has been fitted up for a general library and reading room. It is all indexed and catalogued on the "Dewey system," and is open to students and teachers every school day in the week.

Mrs. L. T. Stanton writes of the library:—

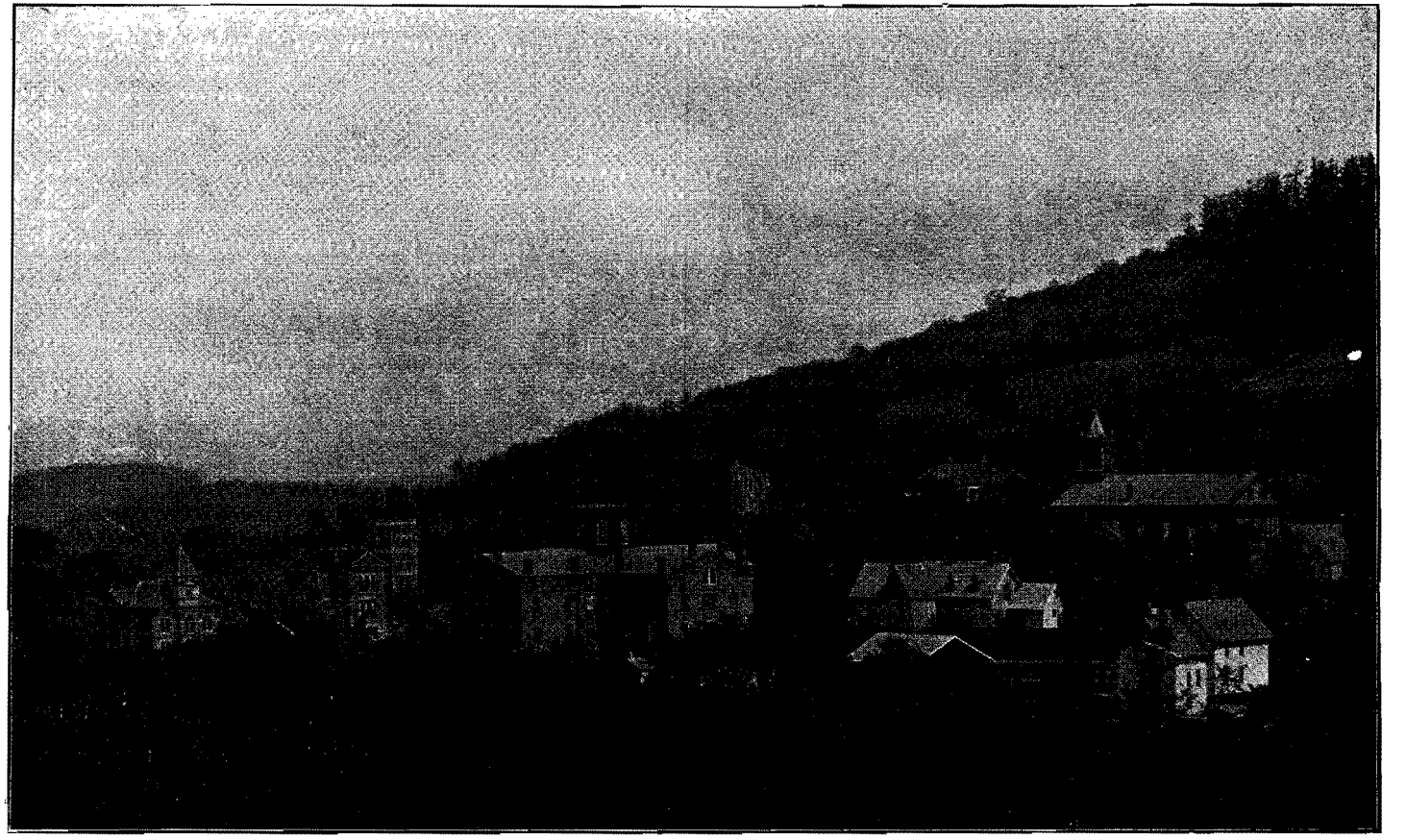
"Were it possible to give a vivid word picture of Alfred University library in 1891–92, it would be another illustrative instance of the personal element in the character of President Allen, that made his life like a benediction to multitudes of young people. You would see the bright room, with its great windows overlooking the beautiful hills and valleys, the cases filled with books, in which are the life thoughts of the best minds of all ages, the long tables around which the students gather for quiet study, while the quick ticking of the clock tells off the passing hours. The chapel bell rings, the third recitation hour is at an end. In a few minutes the doors of the library open and the senior class of '92, bright, eager, full of joyous earnestness, enters, followed by the grand, courtly form of President Allen. How they crowd around him, won by that genial, buoyant nature, that always had time to give himself, and whose very presence added new value to everything! Eager questions were asked by the scholarly man, who was equally at home in science, art, literature, logic, philosophy, and theology.

"His mental movements were clear and rapid, and all felt that behind his unconsciousness of self was the hiding of great power. Passing from case to case, familiar with all the books, and reading intuitively the minds of others, he was ready to advise or direct each one to the needed source of knowledge. By his words of shrewd wit, humor, or wisdom, he awakened and stimulated their minds, until their faces shone with the joy of mental activity.

"There was always the most eager yet friendly rivalry among the seniors in their quest for books relating to their college work. Sometimes an hour or more would thus be spent in the library, until one after another of the class, having secured their desired help, would go out, and

then President Allen would settle down for a little quiet research or recreation for himself among the books or late periodicals.

"Not to the senior class alone, but to all students of the University, this care-encumbered man gave his time, and that rarer gift, inspiring power. They went out from his presence feeling that such a manhood was a royal gift; and, thrilled with the impulse to a nobler life thus exemplified, many were vitalized with a power that determined the development and fruitage of their after lives. Such a whole-hearted admiration of a noble Christian man is the richest influence that can come into a young life."



A VIEW OF UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WESTERN TRIP IN 1891.

THE START.

MR. ALLEN had quite given up the idea of visiting our own wonderlands in the great West, as he had never seen his way clear for such a journey. However, this desire was gratified in 1891, when Judge and Mrs. N. M. Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, made us their guests for the summer vacation of that year. Taking us *via* the Central Pacific Railroad over the Rockies, thence on to the sea, we returned by the Northern Pacific down the lakes from Duluth, through Canada, and back to old Allegany.

Our college campus never looked more inviting than on that early morning when we rode out under the elms, all jeweled with dew, on our way to the train that was to take us westward. Just before reaching Chicago the Judge met us, and, smiling from under his new summer hat, took our checks and ourselves in charge. "From that hour," Mr. Allen remarked, "we had no more responsibility than women or children." Breakfasting the next morning at Cedar Rapids with the family, we rested for a week preparatory to taking the further journey, meanwhile making a short visit to friends in Austin, Minnesota. Judge and Mrs. Hubbard and our two selves were to form the quiet traveling party, which they had spared no pains in arranging for before our arrival. Looking back it seems as though no other number of weeks could count as many days of sunshine as those that greeted us on that journey. Our beautiful car, with all its modern improvements for comfort and rest,

would let us go to sleep in one State and awake the next morning in another, as we sped onward over the great plains. Day by day the bright sunshine lent its charm in bringing out the lights and shadows over boundless plain, distant mountain, fathomless cañon, or overhanging rocks.

It was planned to reach the Columbia River just at daylight, so as to have the journey by boat during the daytime. As we sailed down that queen of rivers, we felt that writers, poets, and artists have all failed to paint its grandeur and beauty. Everywhere basaltic columns rose up hundreds of feet from the midst of the water, as though Vulcan in his anger had thrown out some great thunderbolt in defying man's attempts to utilize nature. Here and there the great basaltic walls lining the banks would melt away to rich alluvial land, that must be tempting to the pioneer.

All too soon we reached Portland, Oregon. It was surprising to find here, as well as in other cities of the Pacific Coast, all the modern improvements in street cars, buildings, etc., often carried to much greater perfection than even in our old Eastern cities. Electric or cable cars seemed largely to have taken the place of the ordinary horse cars. These would mount up the high bluffs with as much ease as though going on level ground. Often a ride on these cars to the end of their routes and return would give a better idea of the cities than by going in any other way.

Tacoma and Seattle are built in terraces into the sides of the bluffs, so that sometimes from the second story you could go out into one street, and from the lower story, into the one below. Here we found sister Emeline Allen Wood—one of the "little sisters"—who was now a grandmother with silver hair. We had not seen her for many a year, but felt that the heart welcome was as tender and fresh as though we had parted but yesterday. From her front steps could be seen old Tacoma, whose giant face looked into ours, till it seemed that with arms but a little longer we could shake hands with the giant himself. And yet the mountain was more than sixty miles away.

At Seattle our stay was delightful. Here we met lawyer Frank Steel, one of our old student boys of many years before. A drive around Victoria made us feel that we must certainly be on the rocky coast of New England, so alike are they in general appearance and geological formation.

A WEEK IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

The Northern Pacific brought us to Livingston, from whence our steps were directed toward the great National Park. Here a week was spent, with new surprises awaiting us each day. You may have read many a description of this glorious part of our country, but should the English and all other languages be exhausted in trying to give descriptive pictures, only a faint shadow of the truth could be revealed.

Leaving Livingston on the train that would take us to Cinnabar, twenty miles distant, we journeyed by stage the remaining nine miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs. Here, before entering the Park, our dear Mrs. Hubbard was prostrated by mountain fever, so we were obliged to forego the society of our friends the rest of the journey.

It is not strange that the magnificent region of the park should so long have been unknown, except to the Indians and a few bold adventurers, for, being in a valley of such altitude, it is inaccessible, on account of snow, only for a few of the summer months. It is surrounded by snow-clad mountains, full of impassable cañons, much of it being covered with the primeval forests of gigantic pines. It is crowded with rushing, sulphurous vapors, rising constantly here and there and everywhere, and so strangely bursting upon the unwary traveler that it is no wonder it seemed to the untutored savage the very gateway to the abode of evil spirits. Three miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs the golden gate to the park is entered. Here the government has spent thousands upon blasting a driveway through the solid rock, yet we must crowd against the precipitous wall or feel that we were to be plunged into the raging torrent below.

A few miles further on and we are at Glass Mountain, where even the roadway is made of precious obsidian.

At Beaver Lake we caught our first sight of those interesting, artistic little builders from which the lake is named. Being so well protected by law, they seemed to have quite lost their fear of man.

Riding on we saw now and then the rising mist from some distant geyser, but no true idea of one was gained till we reached Norris Basin. Here we thought them wonderful, but on our return saw how insignificant they were, compared to those we had then seen.

At Grand Cañon—the Niagara of the Yellowstone—the river leaps hundreds of feet into an abyss that makes the head swim. Here, as everywhere upon the trip, as soon as the stage stopped, Mr. Allen was off to seek some commanding point of view, returning only in time for the onward ride. Often in the early dawn he would be out looking at the wonders spread before him, and perhaps gathering some choice specimens for the home collection. Judge Hubbard often said on the journey, "It is a constant surprise to see the freshness of his enthusiasm."

Marvels were everywhere. At Yellowstone we found that even the bears had lost their fear, so that they would come out of the woods to eat with the pigs, or steal choice morsels from the huts of the workmen. The deer and bison were frightened only by the noise of the steam whistle.

From Yellowstone Lake the road led down the Devil's Slide, a way so steep that the passengers felt every moment they must be thrown upon the backs of the horses. We preferred to walk. At Trout Creek the funny Irish proprietor of the eating booth greeted us with, "Come right in, professor; we were looking for you, and, though we haven't yet secured the antlers, we may before you return." The Irish blunder, so near the truth, caused a roar of laughter that was followed up all through the dinner hour by the traveling companions who had been with us for weeks.

The Lower Geyser basin, where we spent a glorious night,

was reached near the close of the day. From here to the Upper Geyser was a continued succession of surprises, from the great lake of liquid fire, whose overflow once in seven years filled the entire valley with desolation, to the tiny springs, with all their wondrous blending of prismatic colors. There were also springs throwing up piles of many-hued clays, which were known as "Paint Pots." At the Upper Basin we spent several hours watching more than fifty of these seething fountains. Here "Old Faithful" from his boiling caldron threw up a shaft of spray one hundred and fifty feet high every sixty minutes. Some forty of these fountains seen from the steps of the hotel were playing at irregular intervals, and took all kinds of fantastic shapes. Among these "Baby Fountain" shot up its tiny spray every sixty seconds.

Everything connected with this strange land, so like what scientists tell us must have been the state of the world when new, has been so often told and retold in prose and poetry that even our children are familiar with all that language can paint or tongue can tell, so we forbear here to say more than that these new experiences to us were full of joy and renewed life.

HOMEWARD.

Rich in the treasures gathered and experiences gained, we came homeward across the Dakotas and Minnesota, as far as Duluth, thence down the lakes, reaching Alfred in time for the beginning of the fall term.

Afterward the days and weeks of our Westward journey, with pleasant, joyful memories, were often re-lived in our home and with our friends. We both felt more indebted than can be expressed to the thoughtful and bountiful generosity of our friends Judge and Mrs. Hubbard.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST YEAR.

AFTER the return from the West, there were the usual preparations to be made for the opening of the school year. The strength imparted by change and travel was severely taxed. All departments of the University were crowded. For some years the seniors had been trained on the academic plan. The president gave out the subjects to the classes, stated the line of investigation, told them what books to consult, or gave them a "finding list." The themes being written out, the papers were brought into the class for discussion, he going to the library and pointing out sources of information to them that had been neglected. Extra time was allowed this class for practice in different styles of writing and in elocution.

During the year carpenters had been kept at work making new cases for Steinheim. Many of the winter evenings were spent in classifying new specimens and rearranging the old ones. The study floor was many times covered with trays containing these, while one was always on the table, to be attended to at odd moments.

He especially enjoyed the work of that spring term, the "last class" always being, for the time, his best one. When the seniors came in one day to greet him, he said that he often felt, as Plato expressed himself, that in future years he would be glad to see how well they were carrying out their early training, as he had watched with interest the after progress of senior classes for fifty years.

At anniversary time a large number of old students were with us, and it seemed that we had never better enjoyed commencement week. Dr. Robert Collyer was there to give the annual address. Dr. Allen told the friends who were anxious about his health that he felt he was doing the best work of his life. But when all were gone, we knew that he was very weary, but still hoped that the vacation would restore him.

CONCLUSION.

Our daughter, Mrs. Champlin, and family were with us during the season, Mr. Champlin being of great assistance in many ways. As the vacation was not giving the needed rest, the family urged Mr. Allen to go away, where the sight of what needed-to-be-done would not tempt him to overwork. In reply he would quote from John Quincy Adams, "An old man has no time for rest." Seeing him at work on the campus one day, Rev. L. E. Livermore said, "This is too hard for you," but he smilingly replied, "I do not want to look down upon imperfect work *here* when I get up *there*."

Preparations were made for the new term as usual, but, after consultation with his physician, he decided to put his classes into Mr. Champlin's hands for a few days, he appointing the lessons and indicating how he would have them treated, and receiving a full report from the class room every day. But he grew rapidly worse.

A few days before he left us, he asked for the manuscript of his last sermon. He thought it would refresh him to give it a few last touches. Over this he occupied himself for two days, and then laid down his pen forever. Every day the very sunshine was brightened by the fruit, flowers, and other things that the love of friends provided. Letters that came overflowing with tenderness gladdened his heart. Not being able to lie down at all, he spent much of the time at the open windows, looking out upon the grounds and watching the students, or, as he always called them, his "children," as they came and

went from the class rooms. A smile of recognition from him always greeted them as they passed by.

On the morning of the 21st of September, 1892, those who stood near him showed upon their faces their deep sympathy with his suffering. "I am happy," he said; "why cannot you be so?" These were his last words. In a few moments he had passed beyond mortal ken, and when those who stood by looked at the dear face for the sign of "peace," they saw, instead, a glorious joy. The "last enemy" had been conquered.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

JONATHAN ALLEN, Ph. D., D. D., LL.D., president of Alfred University, died at his home in Alfred, N. Y., of disease of the heart, September 21, 1892, in the seventieth year of his age.

Brief but touching funeral services were held on Friday, September 23, in the home where President Allen had spent the greater part of his life. The house, veranda, hall, and campus in front were completely packed with friends who had come to pay the last tribute of respect to him whose name had been a household word in all parts of the country for nearly half a century, one who was loved by all, the rich and poor alike.

The solemn hush that fell upon that great assembly told better than any words could of the deep feeling that touched every heart. The profusion of flowers, autumn leaves, and vines, that loving hands had draped and twined about the rooms and casket, betokened the love and esteem in which the deceased was held by the community where he had lived and moved, but which neither words nor fragrant emblems could fittingly express.

The services were simple and conducted in a very quiet manner. The trustees and members of the Faculty were seated as mourners. Prayer was offered by Dr. D. E. Maxson, and Rev. L. C. Rogers read selections from the Scriptures. Introductory remarks, by Dr. L. A. Platts, were followed by befitting words from Dr. D. R. Ford, of Elmira, and President W. C. Whitford, of Milton, Wis. The services were interspersed by

well-selected music, and were closed with prayer by Rev. L. E. Livermore.

It has been thought best to insert Dr. Maxson's prayer in this place:—

"O thou great and glorious, holy and heavenly Father, Father of us all, Father of our spirits, thou art the Maker of our bodies, and therefore rightfully takest them away in thine own good time! We thank thee for the glorious doctrines, evidences, and triumphs over death in the resurrection of life. Our heavenly Father, with bowed heads and sad hearts we mourn the occasion which brings us here this morning; and yet we are glad for this plan of redemption, glad that thy servant came into that plan which made his life grand, beautiful, and glorious so long among us. May the inspiration from his life gather force with gathering years. O God, bless the thousands on whom his benedictions of word and deed have fallen all over the land! Bless the Faculty with whom he has toiled so lovingly, and who have looked to him with so much tenderness and affection. Strengthen for the work, now that this one has fallen, that will fall on those who remain. O God, give additional strength, that the work may go on with the students, teachers, and trustees! Father, may our hearts never faint, may our zeal never diminish. Thou only canst heal the hearts that are broken. Strengthen her who needs thy support; give the dear children grace to bear affliction and deprivation, and help them to cultivate in their lives the Spirit that guided him. Be with us in this hour, and grant that we may leave this house with nobler purposes and inspirations. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen."

After the services the senior class, as pallbearers, accompanied the casket to the train, as it was conveyed to Buffalo for cremation. This was in accordance with an oft-expressed wish of President Allen that his body be incinerated. The cremation took place at 10:30 o'clock on Saturday morning, the 24th inst., in the presence of a number of old students living in that vicinity. Rev. Dr. A. J. Purdy conducted short and impressive services in the chapel connected with the crematory. The next day Mr. George G. Champlin, Professor A. B. Kenyon, and Mr. Place returned from Buffalo, bearing the precious ashes, which were deposited in a beautiful Greek vase of alabaster.

The vase came from the island of Cos, the country and home of Hippocrates, and once held the bones and ashes of the first king of that isle. It dates from 1200 B. C.

At the same hour of the services in Buffalo memorial services were held in the Alfred church, when the following program was carried out:—

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Sentence, "Blessed Are They That Mourn," - - - Choir
2. Invocation, - - - - - - - - Rev. B. C. Davis
3. Scripture lesson, - - - - - - Rev. L. E. Livermore
   Ps. 20: 1, 2; Matt. 5: 3–12; 1 Cor. 15: 12–21, 39–45, 54–58.
4. Prayer, - - - - - - - - Rev. Dr. D. E. Maxson
5. Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," - - - Congregation

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

6. On behalf of the trustees, - - - - Rev. Dr. L. A. Platts
7. On behalf of the Faculty, - - - - Rev. L. C. Rogers
8. Hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," - - - - - Choir
9. On behalf of the students, - - - - Rev. B. C. Davis
10. On behalf of the alumni, - - - - Rev. Dr. D. R. Ford
11. On behalf of public interests, - - Judge P. B. McLennan
12. Hymn, "Wait and Murmur Not," - - - - - Choir
13. On behalf of the Education Society, - Rev. Dr. W. C. Whitford
14. On behalf of the church and denomination, Rev. Dr. T. R. Williams
15. On behalf of moral reform, - - - P. A. Burdick, Esq.
16. Hymn, "Mournfully, Tenderly, Linger We Here," - - Choir
17. Benediction.

The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and autumn leaves, and the large portrait of the president, surrounded with a wreath of roses, was suspended in front of the organ.

Telegrams of condolence were received by the family from all parts of the country, one of which, from Mrs. Lizzie Nelson Fryer, from Oakland, Cal., was read during the services. It was this: "His life was a blessed inspiration, and his memory is precious beyond words. With tenderest sympathy." This expressed the sentiment of the many that came during those days from those who had learned from him life's truer meaning.

The trustees offered the following resolutions, which have been placed upon their records:—

"WHEREAS, It has pleased the all-wise heavenly Father to remove from us our fellow trustee and honored president, Jonathan Allen, whose death has filled all our hearts with sorrow; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we bow in meek submission to the all-perfect and divine will.

"*Resolved*, That we place upon record our appreciation of the faithful services of President Allen in his connection with this Institution for more than fifty years,—first as a tutor, then as a professor in the Academy and University, and finally as president for the last twenty-five years.

"*Resolved*, That we also recognize and gratefully appreciate the untiring zeal with which he served as a trustee of the University, doing duty upon committees, and otherwise striving to promote the best interests of our beloved Institution.

"*Resolved*, That in his death we mourn the loss of a noble Christian gentleman, a profound scholar, a successful educator, and a true friend of every noble cause.

"*Resolved*, That, while thus recording our own grief and sense of loss, we do not forget those who, in addition to these sorrows, shared by us all, mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father; and we do tenderly commend them to the loving care of Him in whose presence is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand our beloved fellow-worker, our honored president, has found the sweet fruition of his earnest life and trusting faith."

This tribute to the memory of President J. Allen is furnished by his late associates,—the Faculty of the University:—

"God, in his all-wise but mysterious providence, having seen fit to remove by death our beloved and respected associate, Rev. Dr. J. Allen, president of Alfred University, we do hereby cordially unite in testifying to our very great regard for him as a scholar, a teacher, and a Christian gentleman.

"He was indeed extremely modest in the possession of these various accomplishments and attainments. Our relation to him, however, gave us the coveted opportunity of knowing, as also of appreciating, his ample stores of useful knowledge, his breadth of scholarship, his love of learning, his close and patient application to study and to his work as teacher, his mental acumen, his self-poise, and the correctness of his judgment

and of his intuitions. To all these scholarly distinctions must be added his genuine love of mankind, which made him everywhere and always genial, and the friend and favorite of students.

"We take pleasure in testifying also to the moral worth of our late associate, and to his genuine Christlikeness of character. We refer with pride and satisfaction to his inherent nobility of nature, his high manhood qualities, accompanied always with commanding dignity of person, the unsullied purity of his life, his self-sacrificing spirit, his devotion to principle, his courageous advocacy of social and moral reforms, his tender-heartedness, his helpfulness, his constant kindness to the poor, his trust in God, and his love for and fellowship with all true Christians. We are glad to be able to say that our associations with our now departed brother have been uniformly pleasant. We have truly loved and respected him, and looked to him as the venerable father and head of our beloved University. In offering this humble tribute of respect to his memory, we are profoundly impressed with a sense of the loss which this death occasions, not only to ourselves, to the alumni and students of Alfred University, and to the general public, but also and especially to the surviving members of his deeply afflicted family, with whom we feelingly share the burden of this bereavement, and to whom we heartily extend our assurances of high regard and tender sympathy.

"As surviving members of the Faculty of Alfred University, inspired, as we trust we are and ever shall be, by the life of our now departed associate, we conclude this brief memorial with our fervent thanks to the kind heavenly Father for giving us so illustrious an example of real worth and true nobility of character for our further study and fuller imitation."

The Alfred *Sun* of that date says:—

"In the death of President Allen, Alfred loses a prominent and influential citizen, Alfred University a loved and honored teacher, and the country a profound scholar and learned educator. His life has been so closely interwoven with this Institution of learning that his name and the University were synonymous.

"When at about ten o'clock on Wednesday morning the old chapel bell began to toll in mournful tones, everyone understood too well what it said, yet all whispered, 'Is he dead?' We could not realize it, although we had come to expect it. The scene which presented itself in front of the chapel, as student after student stopped to mingle tears and sighs with those of their fellows, could but portray the intense love and grati-

tude that they had for him whose life had fled, but whose life had been an example for the noblest to imitate. Much has been said of the greatness and goodness of this life that is spent, but the half will never be told, for words cannot express it, and only will it be known when the recording angel in that great day shall read it from the pages of the Book of Life. Although President Allen will be with us no more in chapel, and no more will we see that grand and beautiful figure about the campus, yet his memory will ever be bright in the minds and hearts of the many whom he has helped to nobler and better lives. Of him the words of Bryant might be truthfully used:—

> "'Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

At a meeting of the students on Wednesday afternoon, the following resolutions were offered to the memory of Rev. Dr. J. Allen, president, deceased:—

"We, the students of Alfred University, and members of its literary societies, having been called this day, by the death of our beloved president, Rev. Dr. J. Allen, to part with one so loved and honored, do hereby express our high appreciation of his worth and worthiness, the true nobility of his nature, the manhood qualities he possessed, his kindliness of heart, his self-forgetfulness, and his ever loving care of others, his sublime and unbroken faith in the divine Saviour of mankind.

"In offering this tribute to the memory of our dear departed president and friend, we can but express our sense of deep loss which this death brings to ourselves and others, and especially to his bereaved family, to whom we extend the expression of our true affection and tender sympathy. COMMITTEE."

NOTE.—Much that was said at the memorial services has been inserted in other chapters of this book.

REMARKS BY PRESIDENT W. C. WHITFORD, OF MILTON, WIS

"I bring a message of sympathy and heartfelt grief to this community and the members of the University from the people of Milton, embracing the Faculty and students of the college there, old graduates of Alfred, and citizens who knew President Allen in his youth. There have been committed to me special words of love and condolence to the afflicted family, particularly to the esteemed wife. We mingle our sorrow with that of a great multitude of acquaintances and friends in different parts of the country.

"It is known that the deceased president spent a portion of his young manhood in Milton. The farmhouse in which he lived, and the fields which he harvested, are still pointed out to us. His parents resided there the last years of their life, and he was an occasional visitor at their home. At such times he was always greeted with pleasure, not only by his relatives, but also by his earliest friends living there. For several terms he was the principal of the old Milton Academy, and was afterward invited to become the permanent president of that institution, before he was elected to the same position in your University. Other ties unite us most closely with you, especially the older inhabitants of Alfred, and cause us also to feel deeply this bereavement. Our first settlers emigrated from your hills and valleys, and brought with them the educational spirit which was imparted to them in the first years of the history of your Institution. They made Milton College the child of Alfred University, finding in the latter nearly fifty years ago their example and their model. The first teacher here was the first teacher there; the studies pursued here were the studies adopted there. No educational worker in our denomination has ever been more fully convinced than was President Allen that collegiate schools, like that at Milton, should be organized and conducted among our churches in the West. From him we have received words of approval and encouragement in our labors. Why should we not grieve at his death?

"The internal life of President Allen, the secret of his great influence over others, and the instruction in his classes,—with all these you are familiar, and they have guided, moulded, and stimulated your very beings. But he has been filling a place which connected him with movements and persons outside of your locality, and even beyond the boundaries of your State and the nation. His students and associates are found in the four quarters of the globe, in an exalted station in the National Senate of

this country, in the humble and useful occupation of a district school-teacher, and in the honorable pursuits lying between these. He chose the labors of an instructor, and that at the head of a strong University, so that he could affect most powerfully the lives of young men and women coming in contact with him, and fit them most successfully for a beneficent and happy career. He thus made the most goodly and lasting impressions upon hundreds and thousands in our denomination, some of whom are our chiefest and best beloved leaders. The teacher is the prime mover in the affairs of the church, society at large, and the civil power. He stands at the fountain head of all streams of wholesome influence. To inform and direct the boys and girls of a great community is to assume charge of the grown-up men and women, of controlling intelligence and energy therein. Such labor is worthy to engage exclusively the thoughts and the heart of any man of superior endowments of soul. No one else understood this fact better than did President Allen; so he was contented to occupy, and faithfully, as his life's work, the position he filled with such distinction. He never sought some official place, which he would have greatly honored, in a wider educational field or in the councils of the nation.

"We have, in the past few years, been called to mourn the death of our most eminent teachers, those who originated, managed, and gave success to our denominational schools. The first on the list was the talented and knightly-souled Kenyon, your former president, who gave you the confidence and the ability to found here a University. I stood about a year since before the house in London, England, where he breathed his last, and thought of his enthusiasm, the lightning speed of his intellect, and the vigor of his purpose, as exhibited here with his coworkers in the training of the youth, whom he guided with almost unexampled skill. Next came the fatherly, self-denying, and large-minded Irish, whose toils here in the early days of your Institution, and later at De Ruyter, will ever be remembered by his grateful and loving pupils. Recently we bade adieu to the gentle, scholarly, and polished Carpenter, our first college graduate of this century, and the first principal of a school established by our people. His body rests in a foreign grave. Last we stand in the presence of the remains of the dignified, comprehensive, and philosophical Allen, whose mind was rounded like a ball, and could roll in any direction it chose. He was not a specialist, a mere agitator, but he had the ability to grasp the ultimate principles of any subject within the range of human investigation, and at the same time to collect and arrange the many details of that subject into a practical unity under the guidance of those principles. This is a rare gift.

In conducting the interests of your Institution, in participating in the affairs of your community, and in suggesting the work of our denomination, he has been a masterful organizer. His place cannot be easily supplied.

"It is meet that we attend these funeral services on the grounds of the University, in sight of its buildings, in the midst of this scenery loved so well, and surrounded by those interesting associations with which President Allen had become most familiar through fifty-six years of his life as a student and a teacher in this village. Look upon the hallowed place, contemplate and admire his noble work, consider how he has moved here the lever which has lifted to a higher level many choice spirits, and the tasks which they have accomplished, and resolve that your aims, your efforts, and your natures shall in the future be worthier and still more useful because of his example, his instruction, and his devotion to you."

"For we speak of you cheerfully always
As journeying on;
Not as one who is dead do we name you—
We say you are gone.

"For how could we speak of you sadly,
We who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
Grew over your face?

"M. E. H. EVERETT."

"Alas! what tribute may I bear
To thee, dear father, friend of my far-off youth?
With dimmed eyes and whitening hair
I turn to lay upon thy grave, in ruth,
One flower of love, and drop a grateful tear.

"Thy grave! where may I find thy grave?
No green slope of thy native hills
Cherishes one violet thy dear dust gave.
The mighty music of the pine tree thrills
Along the forest column's nave,

"But lingers not around thy sacred tomb.
I listen to the tossings of the troubled sea,
If he may murmur news of thy last home.
Nor land, nor wind, nor sea, can show to me
A mound, a stone, that marks thy earthly doom.

"'Tis well; who loves but nature's outward grace,
The tree, the flower, the stone, let him receive
Such tribute. Who hath power to trace
In human lives the record he would leave
Wins what no cenotaph can give, nor death efface.

"ELVIRA E. KENYON."

"And has the chieftain fallen—he,
The strong and true, the grand and free,
A leader in the realm of thought,
Who to his lifelong purpose brought
Endurance, courage, pure desire,
A living faith, a soul of fire,
The steadfastness of heart and will,
Life's holiest mission to fulfill?

"He is not dead. In all that gives
To life its value, still he lives.
In influence, usefulness, and power,
He lives most worthily this hour.
He lives in hearts whose love is warm,
In characters he helped to form,
In countless lives made pure and bright
By his example, precepts, light.

"Death but as God's evangel came;
The grave no victory could claim.
And, backward borne by heavenly breeze,
We catch such whisperings as these,
'Be earnest, diligent, and strive
Each day a nobler life to live.
Whate'er your work, where'er you rove,
Faithful to God and duty prove.'

"MARY BASSETT CLARKE."

CHAPTER XXII.

VIEWS OF PRESIDENT ALLEN'S CHARACTER.

ON BEHALF OF PUBLIC INTERESTS.

[Extracts from the address of Judge P. B. LcLennan.]

"SUCH a life as has been portrayed upon this sad occasion, President Allen's life, must of necessity have materially affected public interests; a character so grand and noble, so kingly yet so childlike in innocent simplicity, majestic, yet tender as a mother's love, imperious, yet ever pleading to come, never commanding to go; a character builded upon pure and noble thought and action, the outgrowth of God's lesson as he learned it from nature's volume, ever spread open before him; a character such as his made an indelible impression upon the lives of all with whom he came in contact. He sipped God's love from the tiny flowers, saw his majesty in the sturdy oak, his power in the tempest, his grandeur in the starry firmament—a beautiful and divine purpose in all. The plane upon which he dwelt was so high that, day by day, mingled with the discordant notes of humanity, he heard the music of God's angels sound so beautiful as to lead him ever to point higher and still higher.

"President Allen's life, so moulded, was consecrated to God and humanity, was consecrated, my friends, to you and to me. For more than half a century he traveled life's great highway, with a bearing so kingly as to compel our homage, strewing God's flowers by the wayside, and thus winning our love; carrying the heaviest burdens, and thus challenging our admiration. Indeed, an honest man, in God's own image, passed along.

"Think you that such a life did not materially affect the public interests of a locality, of a State, of a nation? Its outcroppings are seen on every hand. In the schoolrooms throughout the land noble men and women who were taught at his feet are day by day transmitting his enthusiasm, his power, his soul, to the boys and girls of the commonwealth. In business centers his students are contending, both by pre-

cept and example, for better methods, for stricter honesty and closer application. Those engaged in the professions realize a greater responsibility to clients and patients for having heard his proclamation of duty. In the legislative halls throughout the nation there are those who heard his views as to the duty of the legislator, who were taught his Puritan notions of honesty, and who are standing in this critical period of our country's history as a bulwark against corruption in high places and imbecility in the discharge of the duties of public trusts. In the pulpit thousands of his devotees are pleading in Christ's name with weak, with foolish humanity, to be stronger and wiser, and to come upon the higher plane where he dwelt. In every avocation of life there are those who are endeavoring to practice the precepts which he taught, endeavoring to follow his example, and are thus helping a little to make life's pathway more beautiful, man's abode upon earth more heavenlike. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands, are under the influences of his noble life to-day, and as the years go on they will multiply and still multiply, until the truths which he taught—God's truths—having been transmitted from soul to soul, shall be known throughout the world.

"Dear friend and loved one, thou art not dead. Those attributes of thy character,—love, truth, purity,—can never die. Sleep for an hour if thou wilt. Rest, if thou must; but thy glorious work must go on forever and forever. In our weakness now we shed a tear. If we were strong we would leap for joy that a noble soul is now untrammeled, that it may soar higher and higher, even to the house of God, and from thence be a still more potent helper in working out God's divine purpose toward man. Thy seeming death emphasizes, vitalizes, the influences of thy life. Thy students, thy children, engaged in the more public activities of life, will pause for at least a moment to shed a tear, but will consecrate themselves anew to higher and nobler things, to the emulation of thy example.

"Would that in this hour of sorrow I could pay the tribute of my heart to my absent, not dead, benefactor. I cannot speak the words. The thought of his many kindnesses, of his unselfish love for me, would overwhelm even a stronger heart. Instead, let me pledge a lifelong fidelity to Alfred University, the capstone of his life's work, the object of his tenderest devotion."

ON BEHALF OF MORAL REFORMS.

[From an address at the same service by Mr. P. A. Burdick.*]

"'He rests with the immortals; his journey has been long;
For him no wail of sorrow, but a pæan full and strong,
So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do,
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever true.'

"Of the many elements which combined to make Jonathan Allen a great man, no element of character was more prominent than his advocacy of all moral reforms. God made him with the positive forces necessary for this work. The talents given him were not hidden but developed, and so they brought forth an hundred-fold.

"The sacrifices and denials made for the University he loved, and for which he gave his life, strengthened in him the qualities essential to the character of a reformer. He had the most positive convictions, and the courage to follow them. He never stopped to consider results when a great truth was to be vindicated or a great wrong to be overthrown. His duty was to defend the truth, to condemn the wrong. Results he left with God. He had the courage to think, to act, to tell harsh truths, to dethrone splendid falsehoods, to follow the voice of God, even though it led into the wilderness. God gave him to the world at a time when such a character could have the greatest possible scope. The hidden moral forces had long been gathering into form, and waited the coming of resolute, fearless souls to become their champions.

"Foremost among the men who led the advance in all reform work stood Jonathan Allen. At an early age the question of slavery claimed his attention, and before he had reached his majority he became an enthusiastic and aggressive advocate of the antislavery movement. With his great love for the truth he became the champion of the most radical antislavery principles, and cast his lot with Garrison, Phillips, and Birney. This act cost him popularity with the masses, turned some friendships into gall, but did not swerve him from his course. It was weakness against strength, the oppressed against the oppressor. It was justice against injustice. For him to have done else than defend such a cause would have been bartering away his own individuality. No cry of compromise or expediency was of avail. The slave pen, the auctionblock' the lash, and the bloodhound, were formidable pleaders, and his answer was, 'Here am I.' He lived to see and enjoy the victory, the black man no longer a slave, but a free man. God spared him not only to behold the dawning of the morning, but to look upon the golden sunset.

*Mr. Burdick, one of the foremost temperance evangelists in America, was prostrated from overwork in Chicago, and died soon afterward at his home in Alfred, in June, 1893.

"Of all the moral reforms he upheld none was dearer to his heart than the temperance movement. He became a total abstainer at the age of thirteen, signing the pledge at a temperance meeting under the auspices of the Washingtonians. In those days the use of liquor in the home was almost universal, his home being no exception. He was laughed at and jeered at by his companions, and was the recipient of many persecutions. This only made him stronger in his convictions. He never changed in his precepts; as he came in contact with young men who became the victims of the drink curse, he learned to pity the victim and hate the traffic. With his great love for humanity he again put on the whole armor of God.

"The manliness of manhood, the virtue of womanhood, the sanctity of home, our Christian civilization, was imperiled by this monster, the liquor traffic. He had seen it change from a passive nuisance into an aggressive evil. He saw it organized into a mighty power, defying law, controlling courts of justice, and dictating the administration of government. True to every principle which made his life noble, loyal to his convictions, which made his life sublime, he again dared to be ahead of the times, and raised his voice and cast his ballot against the great sin of the nation. His sensitive nature was wounded, his heart grieved, at the unjust censure from those who could not understand his motives, but he bore these added burdens bravely, uncomplainingly, heroically.

"Jonathan Allen did not live for what the world could give him, but for what he could give the world. And one of the sweetest thoughts in this sad hour is that his own individuality of character has been molded into the lives of thousands who have come under his special care and influence. There are men and women here to-day who are better men and women, with higher aspirations, with broader lives, who have reached nearer the throne of God, because they came close to his great heart.

"His faith and works, like streams that intermingle
In the same channel, ran.
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

"The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife.
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life."

A COMPLETED LIFE WORK.

JUDGE M. N. HUBBARD.

"Thou hast embarked; thou hast made the voyage; thou art come to the shore."—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

"Physically and mentally, men are of two kinds, copies and original types. President Allen was an original type in both respects. He did not look nor act like other men. Most men are so similar that the difference is not marked, and then they are frequently taken one for the other. No one ever mistook President Allen for anybody else. He was over six feet high, broad-shouldered, and massive. His face was an uncommon one, and his large blue eyes had an unmistakable expression of unusual sympathy and kindness. Every lineament was an earnest entreaty to all in distress or who needed help to come to him. His head indicated remarkable mental power, and his calm, dignified bearing stimulated everyone to emulate him and to become like him. Modesty and humility could not fail to be read by all from every expression of word, or countenance, or act. There was not a trace of selfishness in all his life. He was a great teacher, intent only on uplifting the young to a higher plane of life, and on making mankind better in every way. He took no thought of himself; his sole life work was to make Alfred University a great blessing to mankind by pointing to the higher and better way of life through a higher education.

"Good actions are of three kinds: First, those which we do for ourselves; second, those which we do for our kindred; and, third, those which we do for others. President Allen devoted all his learning, all his energy, all his gentle loving-kindness, to the good of others. It is easy for all of us to be good to ourselves and to our children, but the number of great men who devote themselves wholly to the good of others is few and rare.

"President Allen was not a man of special gifts, but excelled in all branches of learning. Whether he taught Greek, or Latin, or mathematics, or metaphysics, or science, or rhetoric, or astronomy, or geology, or logic, he impressed one that, like Lord Bacon, he had chosen all fields of knowledge to be his province. His mental powers ranged the entire gamut of intellectual greatness, and his voice modulated to every good sentiment and emotion.

"He was not only deeply learned, but he was a born orator. He was eloquent without being conscious of it, and without any effort or intention to be so, and it was so because his whole soul was intent only to make better his fellowmen, and lead them to the higher way.

"While he generally spoke without notes, he seldom spoke extemporaneously, and never on a subject of importance. Thorough preparation and analysis preceded all his public efforts, and he never fell below expectation—although much was expected of him.

"But high above all the attainments of this marvelous man in every kind of human knowledge, stand his moral attributes, his precepts and example.

"Prince Guatama, the original Buddha, taught the kingdom of righteousness on earth by the noble eightfold path of right views, high aims, kindly speech, upright conduct, a harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought. Gautama's religion, however, ended here. He prophesied nothing for the future except eternal rest—the nirvana. He regarded man as a tiny part of a great universal whole, and as impossible of a real individual existence as that a drop of the ocean should become a sea by itself.

"The human race, like the ocean, seems immortal, but the human race differs from the ocean in that, at least for a time, individual existence is a real fact, while the drops composing the ocean are practically always blended.

"Christ came six thousand years later than Gautama, and gave us the inspiring doctrine of the individual immortality of the soul in a future kingdom of heaven, in addition to the kingdom of righteousness on earth as taught by Gautama. And herein lies the difference in the religion of the European and the Asiatic. Let the civilization and progress of the two peoples settle the controversy, if any, between the two religions. Certain it is that the hope of individual immortality in the kingdom of heaven has been accompanied by an individual strife for individual superiority and excellence here, which has created a jostling, bustling, omnivorous civilization, and which of itself suggests the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest.'

"President Allen taught and exemplified in his daily life the kingdom of heaven, as well as the kingdom of righteousness on earth. His mind was too broad and catholic to be bound by any mere creed of any particular church, and it is doubtful if he ever said a single word in favor of or against any particular non-essential tenet, dogma, or mere doctrine, or form, or catechism, or discipline of any particular church. From all sermons and from his daily walk and talk all that could be gathered was that he was a broad-minded, tolerant Christian. He was the only man the writer ever knew who overcame in himself both ignorance and selfishness—the two chief causes of human sorrow—and he labored unceas-

ingly to help mankind to this desired goal. He devoted his life to make Alfred University strong to this end. A simple instance illustrates: At a commencement a few years before his death, his friends presented him a few hundred dollars as a token of their appreciation of his love and labor for the University he adorned so much. He was much surprised, and, looking at the money in a dazed way, said, 'I never had as much money as this at one time in all my life, and I do not know what to do with it, unless I give it to the University.' Many similar instances might be given. He devoted all his great learning, all his energy of soul and body, all his life, to the founding of Alfred University, and all its alumni, scattered all over this goodly land, bring garlands and reverence to the tombs of President Kenyon and President Allen, who, by their courage, wisdom, enthusiasm, executive ability—and without money—founded a school where more than ten thousand in the past have drunk, and many times ten thousand in the future may drink, deeply from the Pierian spring.

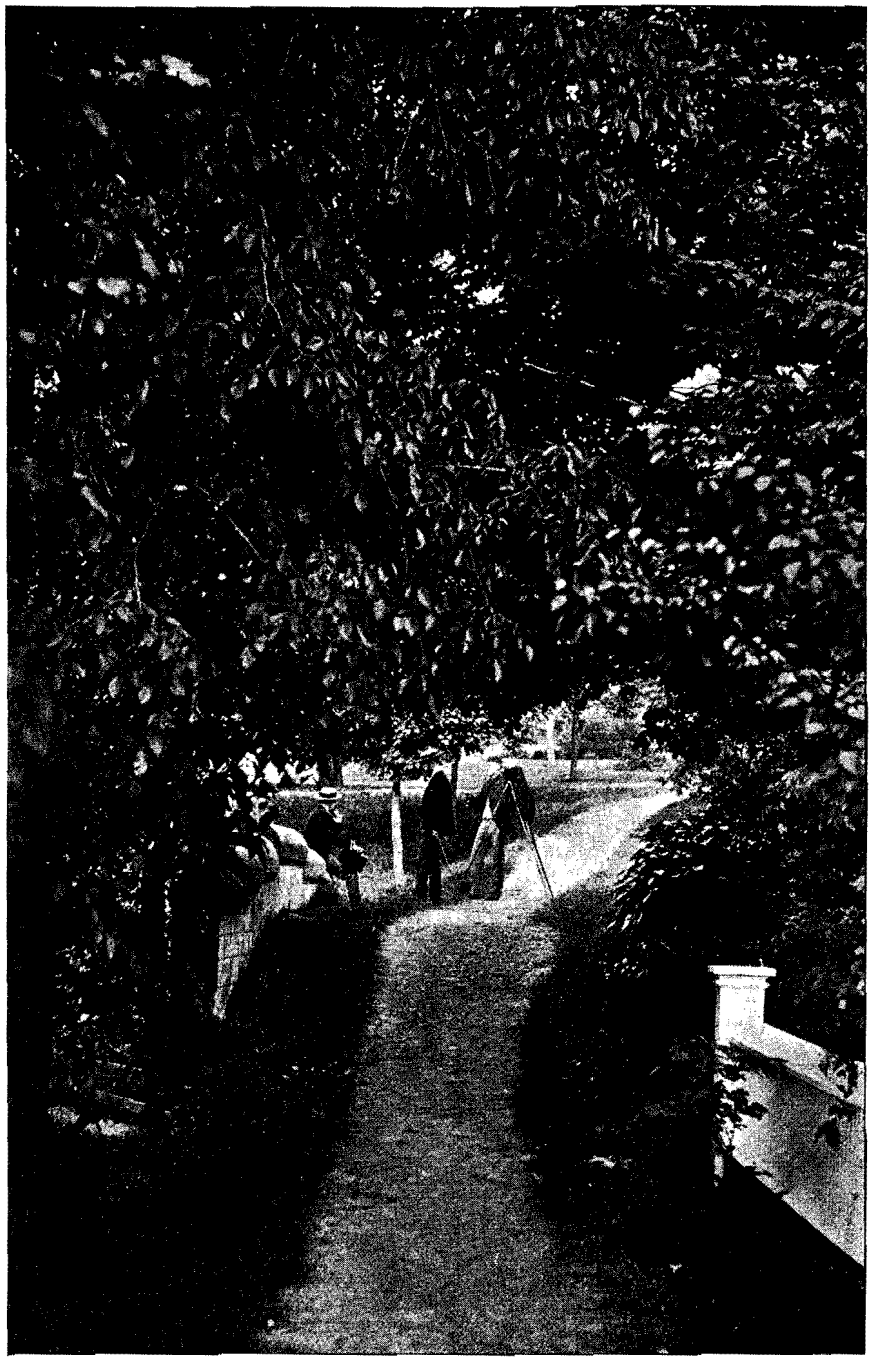
"Will President Allen be long remembered here? For it must be conceded by most of us that, hand in hand with our longing for an immortal future, goes a like craving to leave an immortal remembrance that we have not lived, even here, in vain.

"Born into the world without our knowledge, we leave it without our consent. Nearly fifteen hundred millions have come and gone every thirty-three years for thousands of years, and this will continue for all time to come. The house of eternal fame on earth is very small, has many windows, but few niches, and little space on its walls for the busts and portraits of the great.

"The founders of a new religion that takes deep and lasting root among mankind will live as long as their religion lives. Christ and his apostles and the prophets, Buddha and Mohammed, seem to be immortal. The founder of a new nation (for the founding is always attributed to one man), and the saviour of a nation in peril (like Washington and Lincoln), seem immortal. But, judging the future by the past, the lives of nations have an end. Each generation has its own statesmen and its own literature, and those whose memory survives, even among their own countrymen, fifty years after they are gone, are very few. Intellect and goodness are alone immortal, and they live detached from mortal bodies, without name, and their unseen power is only visible in the gradual rise of the race from ignorance and selfishness to the higher plane of wisdom and universal love. True human greatness is not heralded by the noise of cannon or brass, nor is it perpetuated by marble or bronze.

"A few great generals have appeared and written their names across the sky of history. Nine-tenths of mankind now living can count all the names of great men they can recall, on their fingers, and the other one-tenth would exhaust themselves with a hundred or two names. This sort of immortal remembrance is fleeting and vain.

"President Allen, during his fifty years as professor and teacher, came into personal acquaintance with ten thousand young men and women of more than ordinary intellect. He made as profound an impression upon them as did Plato or Aristotle upon their pupils. These ten thousand have gone into all the earth, and other tens of thousands follow, and all bear the impress, to some extent, at least, of the intellect, the goodness and greatness of this great teacher. And thus it is that his influence goes on in an ever widening and never ending path, to bless, to cheer, to purify, to elevate. His immortality is like himself while with us here—modest, charitable, unselfish, sweet, all-pervading, and altogether blessed. May we all of us live as he lived, teach as he taught, and die as he died, is the wish of ONE OF HIS PUPILS."



OVER THE SOUTH BRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEMORIES FROM OLD STUDENTS.

FROM COLONEL WESTON FLINT, LL.D., OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

I TRUST you will not think me negligent in delaying to express my great personal loss in the death of President Allen. I know how very little words can do to tell what the heart feels, and, more, how empty words are to those upon whom a great grief has fallen, as it has upon you. But I must express my own sorrow; I feel as if some great part of personal life were gone from my immediate grasp. It is not gone, but the first feeling is one of loneliness. But then again I think of what I have garnered up in the soul, what precious influences for good have been with me all my life, and will be to the end, that came from that noble heart, now stilled.

"To me President Allen resembled the grand philosophers of old. He was a man who looked to the bottom of things, hence his hatred of shams. He wanted what was noble in a man, and hence his pure democracy of giving everyone, whatever his place in life, rich or poor, his due reward. He saw through men. He was at times, as some of us thought, a little severe, yet he was as tender as a woman.

"I do not think that the students who received so much from him all these years appreciated the greatness of his character, but they will do so as the years go on. His toil of a lifetime in such a noble work leaves its impress on humanity. It goes down the ages. The outward expression of the wealth of the soul that has fallen upon human hearts is far more enduring than all else in this world.

"It was a disappointment that I could not be with you as the last words were spoken in his honor; but the words that were spoken by him are far more important to us all. I shall ever remember him as the lofty ideal of a true man.

"There is so much of grandeur in a character like President Allen's that, although I feel keenly the loss that has come to us in his death, yet, more than all, I rejoice that such a priceless inheritance has been left in his noble self-sacrifice of a life for the good of others."

FROM DR. DANIEL LEWIS, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

"Our lamented president of Alfred possessed so remarkable a combination of great and striking qualities that no brief paragraphs of mine can adequately enumerate them. After I left college (where it was my privilege to know him as intimately as any alumnus could), and compared his personality with many men of wide-extended reputation, the one feature which impressed me more than another in President Allen was the transcendent nobility of his ideals of life. I believe that my most abject failure in his estimation (and I remember many) was an effort made to meet his views in an anniversary oration upon a theme he wished me to treat.

"While it was a grand experience for Alfred students to be under his tuition, yet I now see that his own powers were restricted in so limited a sphere of action. If his field had been the great world of the metropolis, for example, no man of the present generation could have achieved a more brilliant or lasting reputation in his chosen field of scientific work or upon the platform.

"His diversity of great talents were a marvel to me. He was a master in natural history, a leader in philosophy and theology, an expert in the classics, in rhetoric unapproachable, in the pulpit with few equals in this or any other country. In his intercourse with boys he misunderstood them often, as they failed to appreciate him, but in maturer years they became his warm advocates and most devoted adherents at all times and everywhere.

"Alfred College can never find another President Allen, but, if his influence still lives in the hearts of the alumni and friends, his successor will be enabled by other aid to take up and advance the work which he so nobly carried on, until the past history of the school shall become only as the dawn of a bright and prosperous day."

REMINISCENCES OF ALFRED, BY JUDGE STEPHEN G. NYE.

"My first introduction to the school at Alfred was in 1854. It was then known as 'Alfred Academy and Teachers' Seminary,' and, as its name indicated, its province was the education of public school-teachers, and the preparation of young men for college; but it was far more than that. To me it was the opening of a new world. It seemed as if we breathed the atmosphere of optimism. I went there intent on pursuing academic studies for a year or two, and then intended to take up the study of medicine; but the conception of a full college curriculum was

something that even imagination was not permitted to entertain. Like the great bulk of Alfred students, I earned the means for further education by teaching and by labor, that brought monetary return. After I had enlisted as a student, the most frequent question was, 'What college are you preparing for?' I found there a great army of young men without purse or fortune, as confident of college honors as if they were already attained. It seemed to me the sublimity of impudence; I grew to believe it the sublimity of faith. I had not been a student there thirty days until the current swept me along, and I was literally 'in the swim,' and saw my college parchment just ahead as distinctly and certainly as if it were already in my grasp. In due time it came.

"*I had never seen any institution before, I have never seen one since, where the sentiment that all things are possible to him who strives seemed so completely to permeate and pervade and saturate and possess and energise student life as at Alfred.*

"The social atmosphere was purely democratic. Sons of the rich were there; but nothing in the student intercourse could indicate who they were. In the winter of 1855 I left Alfred to replenish my purse by teaching. The warmest welcome I received on my return in the spring was from the son of a wealthy manufacturer of New York City, who somehow seemed to think that I was enjoying advantages he did not possess. Of course I looked at it in a different light. Such boyhood ought to develop into noble and useful manhood, and it did.

"The influence, or atmosphere, or sentiment, or ambition, or whatever you may term it, that surrounded Alfred, which developed high resolve and ardent effort, was, as I have said, peculiar to itself. Its cause, I think, was in its teachers. Professor Kenyon, the founder of the school, was the principal, or president. Earnest, energetic, tireless, zealous for the good of the students, with a mind fertile in expedients, a man whose early life was along narrow lines, where 'low living and high thinking' had built up a magnificent manhood, whose sympathies reached out with stout words and strong arms to the young who trod the rugged paths over which he had journeyed, he was the ideal teacher. His rare ability in that character was in nothing more strongly shown than in the selection of his associate teachers. Professor Jonathan Allen was one of these. He had completed his collegiate course at Oberlin, and we can readily understand that, under the guidance and influence of the profound Dr. Mahan, and the blunt, truthful, energetic, sham-hating, liberty-loving President Finney, a mind tempered like Professor Allen's suffered no detriment. When he returned to Alfred, in 1849, Professor Kenyon made no mistake in selecting him as associate teacher.

"When I first knew him I was a boy of twenty; he was a dozen years older. Whether because of a taste for studies wherein he had made deeper research, or whatever cause, to me he seemed head and shoulders above his fellows. Tall, erect, of commanding presence, he filled the Roman ideal, *mens sana in corpore sano.*

"In the field of mental and moral science he was particularly at home. In the class room, some of us, in a spirit of mischief, or, as we termed it, 'to try his gait,' sometimes raised a discussion on lines opposed to the books, and nothing pleased him more than the independent thought that led outside of the text. If we could rouse him to pace the floor, we knew that the feast was cooking, and that it would soon be spread. When the argument came, his favorite position was facing the class, the index finger of his right hand breast high; this seemed the conduit off which rolled syllogism, logic, and illustration, his gaze apparently going through and beyond us, as if thence he drew upon the depot of his intellectual supplies. Even the advent of a new class for the succeeding hour could hardly divert him from the line of thought until the argument was complete. And back of all there seemed depths that we had never sounded, and reserves of power never measured. As a Damascus blade, when point and hilt have met, resumes position when freed, so he seemed able to sustain any load, and to resume, fresh and vigorous, his native posture when the burden was removed.

"Twenty-nine years after leaving Alfred I visited the school for the first time, and then but for a single day. Of all the teachers that were there in the old days, Dr. Allen and his wife alone remained. Others had been promoted from the student ranks, and the doctor had been president for many years of the great Institution grown upon the foundation planted by Professor Kenyon so long ago. Changed he was, and yet the same. Hair and beard had whitened, but mind, and soul, and heart had grown broader, stronger, deeper, and so had the great Institution of which he was the head. It was plain that the old spirit pervaded the student ranks. He still inspired them with the faith that all things come to those who have faith to labor and to wait. Looking back over the struggles of the early history of Alfred, the enduring labor and patience of Professors Kenyon and Allen, the thousands in the generations of the young who came under the energizing and inspiring influence of their school, and their personal influence, and the Institution they have left us, certain, it seems to me, that

"'They builded better than they knew.'"

REMINISCENCES OF ALFRED, FROM CHARLES A. CHAPIN.

"I first met Professor Allen as a teacher in Alfred University during the spring term of 1859. He had charge of the rhetoric class at that time. I recall the names of some members of that class, among them Wallace W. Brown, Seymour Dexter, L. L. Bacon, and H. C. Randolph. The class was large, being made up of a lively assortment of young men and women; in fact, it was spirited at times, and Professor Allen took great pleasure in putting the members through their lessons and their rhetorical exercises. Toward the end of the term we had a public review, when a large number of the students were selected to deliver declamations and orations. Mr. Wallace W. Brown was called upon first (we used to call him Cicero), and acquitted himself in a splendid manner. Professor Allen remarked, as he closed his speech, that Brown was a natural born orator, and would some day make a congressman. This remark, made in the professor's own inimitable manner, bothered us at the time to tell whether it was praise or criticism, but was afterward verified with honor to Mr. Brown and to his Alma Mater. I had also been selected to deliver a declamation, or an oration of my own production. I chose the latter, although I had then had very little experience or training in composition writing. I did the best I could, but, as I closed, the professor smiled meditatively, and remarked, 'Your eloquence is superb, but your rhetoric is wretched.'

"Two years later, Brown, Dexter, Bacon, and myself, together with eight or nine others, laid aside our studies, and, two days after Fort Sumter was fired upon, started for Elmira to enlist in the volunteer service in defense of the Union. I well remember that afternoon when we first had the news that the stars and stripes had been fired upon by rebel guns. The classes were speedily dismissed, and all the professors and students gathered in front of the college building, where speeches were made and the situation eloquently discussed. Here it was that I remember Professor Allen so well. Standing on the steps of the Ladies' Hall, he made a most eloquent and patriotic speech. His courageous attitude and eloquent words fired the hearts of all before him. He told the young men that the country looked to them for its defense, that they must stand ready to go to battle at the first sound of the trumpet of war, that they must not consider school, home, father, nor mother, but country first, and that support and encouragement and every assistance possible would be rendered them by patriotic Allegany.

"After we returned from the war (having left behind us two of our companions, Bacon and J. E. B. Maxon), Mr. Dexter and I, together with

several others, took special instructions under Professor Allen in the preparation of our commencement exercises. The professor was an excellent teacher of elocution. I recollect that on several occasions he took position on the hill east of the college, and sent us on the west hill, more than half a mile distant, making us declaim in a manner that we could be heard by him distinctly. All this training was enjoyable to the class and was splendid exercise, but the people in the town below us never did quite understand what all that shouting was about. The professor had a powerful, clear voice, and it seemed no effort for him to make himself plainly and distinctly heard at the distance of three-quarters of a mile, on a still day.

A SCIENTIFIC OUTING.

"Professor Allen was as fond of the natural sciences as he was of homiletics, mental philosophy, and rhetoric, but geology and botany were his favorites. He often took the classes out for special work in these branches. One of these expeditions came to grief, much to his displeasure. A day was set apart a week or so ahead for the advanced class in geology to go on an exploring jaunt for the investigation of various formations and fossils. The party, by some preconcerted arrangement, was composed of six young ladies and six gentlemen, and I have always stoutly maintained that the young ladies made the arrangement and decided who should be of the party to accompany the professor on this expedition. We were fully equipped with hammers, baskets, and luncheon, and started out early, to make a complete day of it. I can see the professor now as he led us down into the gorge toward the 'Bridge,' among the bluffs and crags, stalwart and grand as he was, while the mountains towered above, and the pines stretched out their arms in welcome to our coming. It was a scene of grandeur and beauty. It was natural that we should become inspired there, but as we did so, somehow or other, all the admiration of the grandeur and beauty about us seemed to be enjoyed particularly in couples. The day grew hot; the march slackened; the party straggled and became broken up, some suddenly becoming weary and hungry. Two or three of the braver ones, however, kept within call of the professor, so as to allay suspicion if possible. It was simply infatuating to watch those young ladies try to break stones in the interest of science, and at the same time lavish their sweet smiles and flash their lovely eyes on their escorts. Science was nowhere to us, and geology was as 'dead as the ages' in the midst of such beauty and loveliness, and of this the professor soon became convinced. At first he wore a disturbed and half angry expression; then he became stern and dignified, as though he had

been deceived; but the whole party were his warmest and truest friends, and as he was compelled to yield to the inevitable, he did so gracefully. Summoning us together, he addressed us about as follows: 'Young ladies and gentlemen, this geological expedition was planned and arranged for your scientific instruction and edification. There are many interesting and instructive lessons to be learned here, but you have perverted the whole program, and have done it deliberately and intentionally, and I see that you are not at all interested in the research of these formations and fossils. On the other hand, you seem to be utterly absorbed and intensely interested in animated nature. This expedition is at an end. You were excused for the day, but you will be expected to report as usual,' and he departed. The professor had gone, and we were free from restraint, and all this delightful and lovely scenery was ours to enjoy. It was, in fact, an outing just such as we had longed to participate in.

"Dexter and I graduated in the class of '64, and bade good-by to Alfred, to President Allen and his most estimable wife.

"In the little hamlet of Wirt Center, New York, one bright day in May, 1868, President Allen united in marriage Miss Belle Wheeler and Charles A. Chapin, and a month later Miss Ella Weaver and Seymour Dexter were married. These four persons accompanied Professor Allen on that geologizing expedition."

REMINISCENCES OF ALFRED, BY VANDELIA VARNUM.

THE TEACHER.

"It was the breadth of the man that made him preëminently a teacher. So far as the technical book knowledge was concerned, the student might or might not learn, just as he pleased. To be sure, if he were idle or indifferent, his standing would be down, not only that of the class room, but, what was of even more importance, the character standing, and occasionally, too, a bolt from a cloudless sky would warn him that the elements were not unmindful of his negligence.

"But it was in that higher realm of grasping truth, of utilizing knowledge, of inspiring life, that the teacher shone most brilliantly. To make the scholar is one thing, to make the man, the woman, is another thing, and it was here his ministration upon student life was most felt. No one who had a grain of aspiring impulse could come in daily contact with this broad life and not feel its uplifting power. 'Look up, look up,' he would say; 'never down, never backward, but upward and forward.'

"If the current of young life did not move in just the choice line he would have it, he knew that individuality was more than grafted knowl-

edge, and the natural bent of the soul more than the polished imitation of another life, and in his own rounded nature he sought to give it stronger impetus after its way.

"'I have tried my best to make a scientist of you,' he said to a student who was never born for that field, 'but'—'You couldn't do it, could you?' 'Oh, no, I gave that up a long time ago!' 'But really, professor, you don't want me to be always fussing and fooling around with bugs, and bees, and sticks, and stones, and truck!' 'Truck! truck!' and his eye glanced over the treasures of the beautiful Steinheim. 'Truck! that's what any heathen would say;' and then he added, 'No, I wouldn't have it any different. Some are made to grow wheat, some to grind it, some to make the bread, and some to break it to humanity. The highest gift is the last—to grasp truths that others have discovered and proven, and feed the multitudes.'

TOO MUCH INTERESTED.

"One bitter cold morning in February the class in international law found the fire in their room but recently built, and the temperature just struggling up from zero. We hovered about the stove, the president with the rest, when one of the students observed a smoke arising from some quarter, and, after ascertaining the cause, broke in upon the lecture with, 'President, your coat is too warm.' He gave the smoking phantom a brush, with the remark, 'Never mind my coat,' and continued with the lecture. 'But, president,' continued the student, not willing to be a silent witness of such destruction, 'your coat is on fire.' 'Well, well, well, you are greatly worried over my coat,' was the response. The class burst into a laugh, and I think that was the first he had really known what was taking place, so absorbed was he in the matter he was delivering.

SHORT ENOUGH SOMETIMES.

"Although President Allen was sometimes accused of using long, belabored sentences in prepared addresses and articles for the press, yet there were times, very vivid to some of us, when no such accusation could be made. One of those times is indelibly engraven on my memory. It was the first occasion when the 'unpermitted association' rule of the Institution was broken. A gentleman was in our room by invitation of myself or my roommate, or both, or neither, it makes no difference now, but at any rate he was there, and not only there, but he kept there. The chapel bells rang out their slumber song, but he did not hear their call. It sometimes happens that the conversation of students becomes so weighty and engrossing that such minor matters pass unnoticed.

"Finally there was a step on the stairway. A sympathetic glance

was exchanged by the roommates, but the guest did not take the hint. Soon the door opened, and there, with a lantern in his hand, in a fire-red dressing gown, and long white hair blown by the four winds, stood the president. Such a picture I never saw. To me, with my heart crowding my eyes out, he looked twice his natural size, and seemed to embody the subdued wrath of a thunder cloud. My roommate, with more courage than discretion, broke the silence by asking him in, and offering him a seat. Not a word in response. Then, in tones like the breaking of the cloud, came the words, 'Mr. ——, *go home.*' It was a plain, short, crisp, Anglo-Saxon sentence, and no mistaking its meaning. Mr. —— reached for his hat. By that time I had crowded my heart back far enough to say, 'He was trying, professor, to convert us to the seventh day.' 'U—h,' came the reply. Not another word was spoken, and, when it was past, my roommate and I talked it over, and wondered how we could meet the president the next morning. However, before we fell asleep, we planned to go down early in the morning and confess. We did so, and found him in his big chair, with broad arms extending on either side, the thunder cloud all gone, and the welcome sunshine of a new day gleaming on every side. We each appropriated an arm of the chair, and it did not take long to 'make up.' I shall always believe it was just a bit easier for him to forgive the girls than the boys.

CAME TO OUR HELP.

"At one time one of the ladies' societies invited the 'Alleghanians' and proposed to give a little extra feast in a 'breach of promise' case. It was leap year, and the plaintiff, of course, was a young man who sought to heal his lacerated heart through the court. Everything was arranged, parts assigned and learned, judge, lawyers, witnesses, everything but the jury; and while we proposed to have our own jurors, yet the first drawing was made from among our guests. The dignified theologians, the learned seniors, all were brought up and questioned minutely in regard to parentage, age, early training, life work, and general qualifications, and, strange to say, were invariably found wanting in some particular, usually being dismissed for 'lack of ordinary intelligence.' The plaintiff, not being able to defend himself, on account of sex, lost his case, and was forever to be a 'scoundrel of the deepest dye.' It was an enjoyable occasion all around, but the 'Alleghanians' thought they could get a great deal more fun out of it by carrying the suit up and having a public trial in the chapel. The plain truth, so far as the ladies were concerned, was this: We had had a good time; the jokes were mostly on the boys; our meager knowledge of law was exhausted, and we did not care to throw

ourselves into their legal clutches in a public performance, nor did we care to acknowledge our fear by refusing to go on; so two of us slipped around to the president, told him of the situation before the request for the use of the chapel could reach him, and, when it came, behold, it was refused. A few knew how the refusal happened, and were satisfied, but the boys thought he had spoiled a lot of fun. I think in all emergencies he never failed to help out the girls."

REMINISCENCES OF ALFRED, BY MARY SETCHEL HAIGHT.

THE JULIA WARD HOWE CONTROVERSY.

"The conservative and radical elements of the school did not always harmonize, and in the spring of 1871 circumstances occurred which arrayed these elements against each other in such a manner that the feeling became bitter and personal on the question of woman's rights.

"At an informal session of the lyceums Mrs. Howe was proposed as anniversary speaker, and accepted. The gentlemen, exasperated by remarks made by President Allen in the meantime, on the subject of Equal Rights, declared the action taken illegal, and that no woman should lecture upon that stage. The ladies felt themselves pledged to Mrs. Howe, and would not yield. A war of words followed. Faculty, trustees, and townspeople entered the contest for or against. The feeling became so ridiculously intense that one of the leaders of the opposition said, 'If Mrs. Howe goes upon that stage, it will be over my dead body.' President Allen's merriment, when told of this tragical declaration, can only be appreciated by those who knew how keen was his sense of the ridiculous. After various sessions and much discussion the majority decided in favor of Mr. Bartlett, of Chicago. But the end was not yet. A few young ladies felt that *they* had the right to secure the services of Mrs. Howe, should they so decide. The chapel was engaged for an evening previous to commencement week. Mrs. Howe was informed of the controversy, and invited to lecture to a select few upon the same terms she had given the societies. The invitation was accepted. On June 9 four girls might have been seen in consultation upon one of the street corners of the town, each carrying in one hand a mysterious bundle, in the other hammer and tacks. They separated. Shops and stores were entered, cheese factories visited, board fences brought into requisition, and soon the town, through its entire length and breadth, was billed, and in so thorough a manner that he who ran might read that Julia Ward Howe *would* lecture at Alfred, on a subject of living interest. This self-constituted committee of four thought it better to

withhold the subject of her lecture. 'Living interest' was suggested by President Allen, and hailed with delight, as it would enable the committee to keep the opposition on the anxious seat a few days longer. The gentlemen had been assured we did not wish a lecture on Woman's Rights; but during those years, to the average masculine mind, the thought that a woman could lecture upon any other subject did not often present itself. Men are wiser now.

"The calm that followed the final decision of the societies was broken. The discussion was resumed with renewed energy. One gentleman said, as he stood watching the effect of the information contained in the bills: 'Boys, own yourselves beaten. This is the most glorious flank movement I have known since Grant fought the 'battle of the wilderness.' One gentleman, who had intended to leave property to the Institution, said he would not give one dollar if Julia Ward Howe were permitted to lecture in the chapel. Others said the same, until thousands of dollars were staked upon the lecture. It would be interesting to know how many cents on a dollar of this money ever found its way into the coffers of the University.

"At first the committee were inclined to hold their position. The chapel had been hired, from the proper authorities, for the evening, and the lease could not be canceled without the consent of the committee. They were at heart devoted to President Allen, and no action was taken without his approval. Not wishing to do anything that might prove detrimental to the future interests of the school, it was decided to take the lecture to Hornellsville. The town was again billed. The political phrase, 'A New Departure,' had just been born, and President Allen suggested it as a good heading for new posters. This suggestion was acted upon, and the posters were larger than before. The public were informed that the lecture advertised to be held at the chapel in Alfred would be given at Hornellsville. Reasons for the change would appear in small bills. Great was the inquiry and manifold the questions concerning these small bills, but they did not appear until the day of the lecture, when they were found to contain a simple statement of the reason for the new departure, notices of the press concerning Mrs. Howe's ability as a lecturer and scholar, the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' with a rehearsal of the circumstances under which it was written, and closed with this appeal to the public: 'The ladies who have the pleasure of announcing this lecture respectfully invite the public who have read with delight the productions of Mrs. Howe's pen, and all who would honor a noble life, a beautiful and symmetrical womanly character, brilliant talents

devoted to the good of humanity, and who believe in *free speech*, to enjoy with them the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Howe at the lecture, as above announced.' Saturday morning, July 1, Mrs. Howe, as yet ignorant of the change of program, was met by the committee at Hornellsville, and that evening gave to a large and appreciative audience her lecture on Culture. A large delegation from Alfred was present, the railroad officials stopping trains in order to accommodate the party. During the day a committee of gentlemen from Alfred waited upon Mrs. Howe, with a set of lengthy resolutions, to the effect that they had no objections to her upon personal grounds. This must have been a great comfort to Mrs. Howe. Let us hope she still has these resolutions, to cheer and comfort her declining years.

"The following day Mrs. Howe went to Alfred, where she made a short visit. A reception was given by President and Mrs. Allen, to which students and townspeople were invited. Her learning and culture exacted the admiration of the old, while the hearts of the young were captured by her quick sympathies and sweet, womanly ways. A pleasing incident of the afternoon was the singing, at President Allen's request, of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' with Mrs. Howe at the piano.

"Thus ended what is known in the history of the school as the Julia Ward Howe Controversy. The following July Mrs. Howe published an account of it in the *Old and New* under the title of 'A Midsummer Idyl.' A few years later a member of the committee met Mrs. Howe in Boston. She referred to the controversy, and then asked, 'And President Allen, is he still at Alfred?' The remarks which followed showed that in her short acquaintance she had recognized, under the quiet, dignified demeanor, something of the man he was. President Allen possessed true greatness. Only those who knew him best knew his worth, and they stood too near to see his greatness."

Rev. E. M. Dunn says:—

"Among the pleasant things I remember of President Allen were his readiness to counsel and talk freely with the students who came to consult him; his admiration and study of nature; his love for and sympathy with children; the hope he inspired in young women as well as young men that they might count for something in the world; his freedom from ambition to be accounted great in the world; his modesty; his correct literary tastes; his innocent humor."

Christie Skinner Kruson writes:—

"President Allen's great soul had every window open to the sunshine, and in his many-sidedness he was able to catch the supreme effulgence of the beautiful, the good, the wholesome, and the inspiring, and to speed invigorating power in every life that came in contact with his. He had so rare a faculty of inspiring his students with higher ambitions, and more Christlike living, that to be with him was to absorb a grander ideal and a broader charity for all mankind.

"One of President Allen's special delights was to arouse a love of nature in the minds of his students. He thoroughly believed that the man or woman who loves the 'earth and the fullness thereof' cannot have a large space left for evil in his thoughts, and so he lost no opportunity of inculcating in the lives of those about him an appreciation of nature's beauties and immeasurable resources. All old students, if asked what was the most profitable training they received when at Alfred, would with one accord answer, 'To follow the footsteps of the Master.' The principles he implanted will be transmitted through untold generations, and, as true as the sun's own work, there will go on from his life a blessed influence through all time."

Susie M. Burdick says:—

"President Allen was a part of the atmosphere which I breathed. From my earliest recollection he was president of Alfred University until I left Alfred, and I cannot imagine the place without him. I realize that I am indebted to him in more ways than it would be possible to tell. Since I have lived in China I have come to think of some of his characteristics more than ever before, for instance, his forbearance and patience with students. How he would suffer long, still never lose his faith that sometime, somehow, the delinquent would come to his better self! The thought of this has often helped me much under very trying circumstances.

"Again, how he gave himself over and over again! Dear Mary Bailey once told me, with tears in her eyes, of the time when she and others of the family were ill with typhoid fever; while nearly everyone else was fearful and rather deserted them, President Allen came and cared for them night and day. Many others could tell a similar story. I hold him in loving remembrance now, and as the years bring added burdens and experience, my love and respect for him will doubtless increase."

Judge and Mrs. Solon O. Thatcher write:—

"It is a long time since we studied mental philosophy together under the genial and quickening presence of Professor Allen. During all the following years we have talked of the wonderful influence he exercised over his pupils, and the wide comprehension he had of the duties and cares that would come upon them in their future lives. There is no pursuit in life where the man can so completely transfuse himself into the thoughts and character of others, as that of the teacher. It was Professor Allen's happy lot to stamp his own sweet and pure life upon the purposes and hopes of thousands of young men and women. Through them his life will move on in ever-widening circles of beneficence and usefulness. We are more than glad to bear our testimony to the nobility, the purity, the sweetness of his character as a teacher, a friend, and a companion. He carried into Alfred University what Matthew Arnold says Stanley bore to venerable Westminster Abbey:—

> "'Bright wits and instinct sure,
> And goodness warm, and truth without alloy,
> And temper sweet, and love of all things pure,
> And joy in light, and power to spread the joy.'"

From Honorable W. W. Brown:—

"No death outside my own kindred has ever come to my heart with such poignant sorrow. President Allen was my ideal and my inspiration; I never achieved a success, or 'lost a battle,' but his image was before me. As when in boyhood I was wont to say, 'How will it please? and what will mother say?' so in my manhood Jonathan Allen, my beloved teacher, was my never-failing mentor. By his catholic mind and charitable heart I was always too generously judged. In him I had a friend, constant and confiding, far beyond my deserving. Sometimes his confidence in and love for me were embarrassing, for I felt that some day he must know I was unworthy of such bestowal.

"From the hour he first greeted me as his pupil, I had higher aims and better purposes in my heart. His life was in the highest and best sense a success. His memory will be an unceasing benediction to all who came within the range of his imperial presence."

From Rev. A. Purdy:—

"When making my choice of elective studies the last term in order to graduate, I chose another study instead of botany. Professor Allen said, in his good-natured way, 'I would not give much for a man who did

not love flowers and could not see in them the beautiful of the Creator.'

"I always enjoyed his classes, for the food he gave us outside the text-books. The geological chart he made, compiling the materials from forty-two different authors on botany and geology, I showed to Professor Winchell, at Ann Arbor, who said, 'Professor Allen could immortalize himself with that chart if he would give it to the world, for it is the most complete of anything extant.'

"He gave me more of the true ideal of a man—a Christian gentleman—than any other one I ever knew, and that at the formative age of my young manhood."

Professor George Scott writes:—

"President Allen was noted for, first, his splendid physique. He was a prince among men. His appearance anywhere at once won him favor and gave the impression of a man of eminence.

"Second, his intellectual strength. He was one of the strongest men I have ever met. He never paraded his learning, yet, in polish, in grace, in oratory, as a deep original thinker, he had few equals.

"Third, his fine soul qualities. An Elijah in moral courage, he was a Moses in meekness. The most indigent or dullest student always met with as gracious a reception, and received his best counsel, as heartily as the richest, or the one most highly endowed with nature's gifts. He was the impersonation of dignity without haughtiness. He ruled men by love, and by inspiring in them a sense of self-respect. Never did a college president more completely fill his place than did Dr. Allen.

"But the moral quality in his nature that impressed itself most strongly upon me was his spirit of self-sacrifice. His sermons on this topic were inimitable. No man's preaching on this topic ever affected me as did his. It was because his whole life was a sacrifice. He gave himself for others.

"Through trials innumerable, through discouragements without number, when the outlook at Alfred was the darkest, when he might have saved himself by accepting a lucrative position, for many such were offered him, he stood firm to his sense of duty. He was ready to go down with the ship, but never to desert her. And he triumphed. Standing on deck of the craft he had commanded so long, his ship repaired and strengthened, gliding over the quiet waters with sails outspread, the noble soul looked up *and was not, for God had taken him.*

"But he still lives, and will live as long as the thousands who have

been his pupils and friends are permitted to cherish his memory. I never expect to have another such a teacher, colaborer, adviser, and friend."

From Rev. L. C. Rogers:—

"Passing by the many shining virtues of his character, we may say that the one potent factor of his life was the sunlit diamond of excellence, viz., his prevailing spirit of self-sacrifice. He lived for others' good. He was self-forgetful; and from the point of view of our common lives, he was self-forgetful almost to a fault. Like other men, President Allen had his faults, no doubt, but this characteristic could not be one of them. A Christlike spirit of self-sacrifice was to him as the atmosphere he lived in from day to day. He did not, however, seem conscious of this; he simply delighted to do good. It was his happiness to look after and labor for the well being of others. It filled his heart with heaven's sunshine. He knew full well the secret of this higher, diviner life; he trod this royal highway, trodden by few, but these the noblest of earth's sons and daughters, led by the chiefest of ten thousands, the immaculate Son of God. President Allen loved all mankind. He was a lover of man as man, as a creature of God, and entitled to consideration as such, regardless of all adventitious circumstances, such as birth and fortune."

SERMONS

SOUTH CORNER IN THE STUDY.

SERMONS.

GOD IN ALL, ALL IN GOD.

[Baccalaureate sermon, preached before the graduating class of Alfred University, June 19, 1892.*]

ACTS 17:28: "For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring."

Paul founded his doctrine of man's being, life, and movement in God, on the all-comprehending doctrine that man is his offspring, as also taught certain of the Greek poets, Arantus, Cleanthes, and others. By this divine fatherhood, God is the originator of man spiritually from his own nature, in his own image, after his own likeness. As the image and likeness of the earthly parent are reproduced in the child, not so much in the physical as in the inner and more essential nature, of which the outward or physical is but a faint expression, so the image and likeness of God in man are not in his animal, but in his spiritual nature, and in the attributes of this nature. As like can beget like and like only, whatever is the essential nature of God, the Father, such must be the essential spirit nature of man, the child. This fatherhood of God and this sonship of man is the core of human existence, determining the nature of this existence, in the individual and in the race, and its relations to God, as revealed in the Bible, in human consciousness, in Providence, and in redemption.

This divine relationship has been recognized and taught in all times, by the foremost men and the foremost peoples. The Hindu Vedas pray "May the Father of men be merciful to us." Homer calls him "the most great and glorious Father." Hesiod, "the Father of gods and men." Plato taught the divine sonship of man. Horace styled him

*The revision of the manuscript of this sermon was the last work President Allen ever did. It was brought to him at his request after he had become too ill to rise from his chair. He said that it embodied his system of theology.

"the Father and Guardian of the human race;" Seneca, "the glorious Parent, preparing the good man for himself." Isaiah declared him "the Everlasting Father." Malachi asks, "Have we not all one Father?" The Talmud taught that "men are the children of their Father who is in heaven." Jesus based his mission and teaching on this divine relationship, instructing all men to pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven." A favorite and oft-repeated doctrine with Paul was that of God, the Father of the Christ and of all men.

From this oneness of nature with God springs the ever-present consciousness of his presence. Humanity in all stages of development is more or less conscious of this perpetual and all-pervasive presence, as the source of its being, and in which it lives and acts, and in which all existences have their origin.

Wordsworth says:—

> "I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought."

Another poet says:—

> "No! such a God my worship may not win,
> Who lets the world about his finger spin,
> And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
> Holds nature in himself, himself in nature,
> And, in his kindly arms embraced, the whole
> Doth live and move by this pervading soul."

Man does not come to this God assurance by logical induction or deduction. It is deeper, more pervasive and convincing, than all demonstration. Man, consciously conditioned as relative, finite, imperfect, and dependent, spontaneously and intuitively corollates himself to a Being, apprehended as absolute, infinite, and perfect. This apprehension springs clear, distinct, and positive, in the human consciousness, though the nature and attributes of this being may be incomprehensible in their fullness and completeness. Although these intuitions cannot be adequately expressed in the limiting terms of the finite, yet man never thinks more positively, vigorously, and consistently than in these intuitions.

The steepest, loftiest summit towards which the human reason moves

in these intuitions is that of personality, self-conscious, self-originant, and spontaneous, self-determinant, and free. In this upward, lofty movement, the reason demands and finds an absolute, infinite, and perfect personality. Man's spiritual nature, in its wants and aspirations, demands and finds, through his faith faculty, as insight, or "vision," as Plato terms it, a living God, as supreme Father, graciously and freely relating himself to his children in mutual communion and love. The personality of man has its source in the personality of God, and is the ground of the relationship between them. The more clearly the human personality is developed, the more assured to man is the divine personality.

What, then, is the common nature of this personality, whereby God is able to reveal himself to man, man is able to apprehend God and to hold communion with him? Christ answers, "God is a spirit," and seeks those who can worship him in their spirit natures. Man, as partaker of this divine spirit nature, possesses capacity for both right knowing and right worship, capacity for both inter-communication and inter-communion. If God possesses a nature or attributes other than man's, then man must be other than his offspring, and man cannot know God, God cannot reveal himself to man. By this oneness of nature a way is open for revelation, communion, inspiration, and a divine indwelling and ingrowing.

Religion is the response of the human spirit to this consciousness of God, inducing to the seeking of "the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." All religions thus seek, though, it may be—

> "Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
> And are lifted up and strengthened."

Religion thus involves a reciprocal relation. God is active towards man. Man is responsively active towards God. Religion is thus not only reciprocal relation but also reciprocal activity between God and man. God seeks man, man in turn seeks God. This universal religious impulse, this universal feeling after God, is the prerequisite and necessary condition for the coming of the kingdom of God. All ethnic religions are a prophecy of, and a preparation for, this coming.

More comprehensive still, all nature is a prophecy of, and a preparation for, the same. It is a gradual self-manifestation of the "indwelling God," up through all the lower stages to humanity. It is the outcome of the same Being that breathes by his Spirit life into man. Thus, in the spirit of man, God meets his own nature and image, and the realization of a life and type that partake more fully of the divine. Creation

sprang from chaos and grew to a cosmos, with man as its summit and crown, with his life in God. Even the would-be agnosticism of science is compelled to grant that all force must spring from force, all power from power, all life from life, all soul from soul, all spirit from spirit; hence, there must be mind, personality, as the source of all.

But beyond and still higher than this the trend is still upward, from a lower to a higher type in man, and from this higher type to the Christ. All peoples have manifested this tendency in a longing for, and expectancy of, someone in whose spirit the grace of a higher life, and the shining of a diviner nature, was embodied and manifested; someone great and divine enough to realize the type of a Godlike man, to whom they could render boundless admiration and heartfelt worship; someone to open the way for a clearer knowledge of God and a closer walk and freer communion with him; someone who should exemplify the divinity in human nature, and the divine significancy in life. The coming of a God-man has been the expectancy of human history. This has led to the seizing with eager joy upon a man larger, grander, nobler than the common type, and lifting him to a hero, demi-god, son of God, and reverencing him accordingly. It has been well said that every night since man left the Garden of Eden he has been looking into the throbbing heavens for the star of the East.

Add to this the common consciousness of sin, and the felt need of a mediator whereby pardon and reconciliation, which have led humanity to seek after one as a spiritual Healer and Restorer, one who could lift and lead it up to its first estate. To this end have all altars been erected and sacrifices burned. The world has never been without struggling, praying, climbing, self-denying souls, finer types of humanity, in its twilight groping after a Redeemer and a redemption. In the Christ this spiritual twilight brightens into a radiant dawn, as he takes his place at the head of humanity and leads up into the kingdom of heaven on earth. In him is satisfied the demand for the incarnation of the divine in the human. On the part of God, self-manifestation is an inherent tendency of his being, as shown in creation, in the nature of man, in Christ, in the procession of the Spirit—a perpetual outpouring of his fullness. On the part of man there is a perpetual want—want of the world, on his animal side, a want, a yearning for the divine, on his spiritual side. Each seeks the other. The union is realized in Christ. The continuous indwelling of the divine in the human is realized in the spirit. In the beginning was the Word, the ever-present type of all that is noble, lofty, and holy in human history, foreshadowing the incarnation. In Christ the Word

became flesh, with a larger bestowing of the divine life upon the world, uplifting man into a fuller sharing of the indwelling God, to the expanding and perfecting of humanity. A higher type is thus added by an elevation into a higher spiritual kingdom, through a higher and diviner man, filled with a larger measure of the indwelling God, insomuch that God thus inspheres himself in humanity in the God-man, the Christ, the Immanuel, in whom dwells the divine fullness, becoming thus more completely both son of man and son of God.

The Christ thus came for the spiritual renewal of the world, thus fulfilling the desire and hope of all peoples, carrying up the spiritual life of the race to its fullness and completeness in God, the culmination and crown intended from the beginning, and towards which the whole creation has ever moved, in which all history is fulfilled. This coming of the Christ is the epoch in the continuous revelation to the end that through him all things created by and for him might be spiritualized and glorified, and in whom redeemed humanity is lifted to a higher plane of development, living no longer for the world, but for the kingdom of heaven on earth, inaugurated by Christ.

> "Where the silver Jordan runneth from the Lake of Galilee,
> A narrow kingdom lies between the mountains and the sea;
> From the hillsides red with vineyards the gentle Syrian wind
> Bore the only voice responsive to the sobbing of mankind,
> To the cottage of the fisher, to the poor man's mean abode,
> The desire of nations came, the Incarnate God."

For this redemption of man Christ became the God-man. The atonement,lite rally at-one-ment, effected by Christ, was through joint participation of both the divine and the human, the divine-human. Together as one the divine and the human lived, suffered, died, rose from the dead, ascended on high. Through the first Adam humanity fell from its estate, through the second Adam it was again restored—potentially restored to all, actually restored to everyone accepting this redemption. This divine-human Adam effected this restoration by the realization of a perfect life in humanity, through a conflict with and a conquest over all the forces alien to God and man, and by a complete fulfillment of all righteousness, of love and mercy and forgiveness, and thus opening the way for the abiding and indwelling of the divine Spirit in humanity.

This imparting of the Spirit met the felt need of the race, met the universal aspiration for, and expectancy of, the inspirations of the Almighty, which giveth understanding, illumination, strength, guidance, a looking for inspired men as revealers of divine truth, and the divine will as teachers and guides. All peoples believed that, from time to

time, such men had appeared among them. Not only this, but all fine spirits felt that they had experience of the pressure, light, and power of this Spirit.

To just this end did the Christ promise the Comforter that all who desire might have the indwelling presence. As the atmosphere envelopes the earth, as heat and light flood and warm and light it, as gravitation pervades and attracts every atom, so the divine Spirit pervades, attracts, warms, lights, and vivifies the spiritual world. Its influence is, at once, universal and particular. It comprehends the whole. It concenters on each one. It knocks at all doors. It enters every opened soul and dwells therein. This is to continue till the natural life of man on earth shall end, and, for the redeemed, perpetuated in divine joys and heavenly glories.

Paul says, "By grace are ye saved through faith,"—grace on the part of God, faith on the part of man. The Spirit is everywhere and at all times pressing man to open the door of his heart and accept this divine grace. When man does this, then the life of grace begins in the new birth, regeneration, re-ingenerated with the divine life. This is the re-vivification of the original spiritual nature of man—the nature and image of God, in which he was created. The new birth, as Christ taught Nicodemus, was a necessity, from the fact that that which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. It is a spiritual, not a soulish life, that comes from God through Christ by the spirit, and, through faith, received by man. This life of God in the soul is the eternal, or spiritual, life, promised to all who shall accept Christ. It unites anew the human with the divine, as the branches to the vine, as Christ taught, insomuch that the partaker is no longer human, but divine-human.

This divine life in the soul is, like all life, a growing principle. Divine truth is the vital light, the vital food of the spirit. What sunlight is to the vegetable world, what food is to the animal world, this truth is to the spiritual world. The growth thereby produces the fruits of the Spirit,—knowledge, temperance, patience, love, joy, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity. This living and growing energy of divine truth gives strength, beauty, dignity, worthiness, and spiritual freedom, that lifts the possessor above all the enslaving forces of the world. This freedom is above all earthly liberties and privileges. With it all these are useless. Without it all these are vain. With it comes the peaceful flow of life, with the absence or conquest of every ignoble fear and worry, amid poverty, disease, suffering, even in the very valley of the shadow of death.

Man thereby becomes a fit member of the spiritual society composing the commonwealth of Christ, the kingdom of heaven. Citizenship in this kingdom comes not through racial, national, or any other earthly relationships, but may be attained to by every human being through his birthright as a child of the common heavenly Father, provided there be added to this common birthright certain voluntary spiritual qualifications. Christ announces these qualifications in his inaugural sermon on the mount.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, the mourner, the meek, the hungering and thirsting after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace makers, the persecuted for righteousness' sake and for Christ's sake.

These are the fit candidates for this society, fit subjects for this kingdom, wherever found, coming from whatever race or nation. These are to constitute the new and spiritual brotherhood, the new republic of Christ, wherein all have equal rights, the rights of loyalty, devotion, self-surrender, service, and sacrifice, whereby the royal law of Christ is fulfilled in bearing one another's burdens. In this republic this law is not to be enforced or regulated by a "thou shalt," or "shalt not," but fulfilled by becoming a glad service through the inspirations of the Spirit, securing thereby willing devotement through love to God and man.

Thus the freedom coming with this citizenship is not a lawless freedom. The supreme behest regulating this freedom is service to God and service to man. The supreme motive impelling to this service is love to God and love to man. Such service thus motived becomes the chief activity of each and every citizen of this kingdom. The mutual service, each of all, and all of each, and all of God, through Christ, in the Spirit, impelled by love, is not only right demanded by the supreme law of this kingdom, but also a joy.

This is the refrain of the music heard by the watching shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem from choiring angels, as they proclaimed peace on earth and good will to men, and the triumphant strains heard by the Revelator before the throne, saying, "Salvation to our God which sitteth on the throne and unto the Lamb."

"Love, which is the sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hatred are dead,
And war and want shall cease;
Peace on earth and good will;
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss."

The Christ says, "Behold, the kingdom of God is within you." Paul says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" This indwelling Spirit and kingdom are not to be waited for as something in the future, but are here and now to every true believer. The eternal life, the life of the Spirit in the soul, that constitutes one a citizen and partaker of this kingdom, is not conditioned on the here or the hereafter, on the limitations of time or place. It transcends all these conditions and limitations. Beginning in the individual, it goes out in service of all.

It is the divine image, constituting the ideal man in every man, that calls for love and service. This love of the human, as such, is a natural impulse. The Spirit elevates and refines this impulse into spiritual love all-embracing. Philanthropy is the generic term, comprehending both the spirit and the work of those indued with this love of humanity. True philanthropy not only relieves want and suffering, but also seeks to prevent them by improving human conditions. It still further seeks to lift and build mankind into a state of spiritual health, growth, freedom, and good will, and, guided by the spirit of mercy, it especially seeks the fallen, degraded, the outcast—all lost sheep. The kingdom of heaven, established by Christ, is governed by this love, seeking all good possible to all. Although this ideal has not as yet been realized, we are instructed to pray, "Thy kingdom come," wherein it shall be realized.

The ultimate end of all this is to make man godlike, by having Christ through the Spirit dwelling within, till all come in unity of faith and of knowledge unto a perfect man, "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," growing up into him in all things, who is the head. This growing Godward through Christ by the Spirit is the mission and end of life of all living. This is the high ideal set before all. That which determined position in the scale of humanity is the energy of this ideal, working within and upon us, by which we are freed, more and more, from the dominion of all lower and selfish ends.

Thus the ideal man, as the ultimate outcome, is to be divine as well as human, a divine human personality, by and with the indwelling Spirit. A perfect divine human type in Christ is the ideal for man, and the indwelling Spirit is to the end of perfecting the same in him. This ideal thus vitalized acquires an attracting, inspiring power, by presenting a divine end to be sought, with the hope of perpetually approaching it, and, though never completely attained, it becomes a pillar of fire, leading on to higher and still higher attainments in spiritual grace, dignity, and worth. A gradual elevation of the individual and of society is thus

effected. New and nobler practices spring up, and a more spiritual tone and atmosphere prevail.

This perfection of being is the essential good, and is in harmony with the nature of this being, with God, and with universal being, and is to be sought for self and all being as the true good—true worth and worthiness. Choosing this end is the beginning of true spiritual character. Love to God and man is the essence and germ of such choice, hence of such character. In such choosing man determines all his energies and possessions to the service of God and man, to the end of universal perfection, and thus to universal good. This determining can be realized only by living and doing according to the laws governing the perfection of univeral being. Man is not an isolated individuality. He cannot work out his best good regardless of the good of all else. He belongs to a universal system, with mutual interdependencies, intended to work together to universal edification. Each one's worth in this system is measured by his consecration to this universal edification.

This constitutes the only true ideal, as an end to be sought after in all living. Christ represents this ideal for all, in the union of the divine-human, in the spirit, grace, and perfectness of his life, in his love of humanity, in his coming, not to be ministered unto but to minister, giving his life to redeem and build humanity into a republic of righteousness and good will.

This ideal thus abides with humanity through all its struggles, its reverses, its successes, and its hopes, to the end of perfecting each and all in grace, beauty, dignity, and worthiness. To this same end the ministry of the Spirit ever abides with men; to this end was the kingdom of heaven established among men; to this end was Christ revealed as the perfect type.

One accepting these divine aids may have the Spirit as the light of his soul and the inspiration of his thoughts and deeds. His life may be the life of the Spirit, tremulous with the divine sensibility, and calm in the peace of God. His purposes may be responsive to the divine purposes. His character may be charactered in the divine, becoming thus a personality worthy of self-reverence and the reverence of all other personalities, made sacred by the indwelling Spirit.

We are here to attain all these qualities of selthood, character that will enrich the hereafter through their perpetual growth. The mastery of self and the attainment of true manhood are to be sought in this world, where temptation and sin are possible, and where suffering and sorrow, as well as joy, abound; but these have no significance if the end be noth-

ingness. Only in the power of an endless life, perpetuated in a realm moved and governed by influences in accord with the divine will and purpose, wherein spiritual growth and spiritual power perpetually increase, have they significancy. This is the meaning of the universe in its ultimate outcome and fruitage. This is the only end which satisfies reason, science, revelation, faith, hope—all the yearnings and aspirations of humanity. Only this is commensurate with the mighty processes of creation, redemption, and the divine providences, unfolded in human history. The image and nature of God in man was never born to die.

Thus everything has been and is working together to one great end, the development of the most exalted spiritual qualities in man, begun here, to be continued in the hereafter. As God is ever living, ever vivifying, so his children are ever living, thereby giving reasonableness and significancy to all that has been done for man. All these are means, not an end. The end is a perpetual growth unto the perfect more and more, growth Godward, otherwise all is meaningless. To one growing in godlikeness all is significant and ennobled.

Responsive to all these there is an assured consciousness within every soul as being in a state of confinement and thralldom. There is likewise a mysterious longing as well as an indefinable assurance of a day and state of light and largeness and freedom and blessedness. This life, with its sense of incompleteness, is simply a state of preparation for the complete. This is for what man was created and away from which he cannot rest. The spirit turns to this as the needle to the pole. All life tends in this direction. Heaven is home for all those children of the heavenly Father who are prepared for it in earthly homes, the nurseries of the heavenly. The beginning and end of life is home. The one is to prepare for the other. The one is fleeting, the other is eternal, unchanging. The one does not meet all the soul's needs and longings, the other does. The one, with its imperfection, is the foreshadowing with glimpses and foretastes of the perfections of the other. "The expectation of the creature," says Paul, "waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Relief and rest come to the spirit when it has entered into full assurance of this.

> "This chain of love,
> Combining all below and all above,
> For which bear to live, or dare to die.
> Whence comest? Whither do I go?
> A centered self which feels and is,
> A cry between silences,"

is thus answered and satisfied.

Young friends, we have thus outlined what God has made you—a little lower than the angels—what he has done and is doing for you, and the divine glories to which you are called. Account it the highest glory of life to be worked for and won—this of being welcomed into the kingdom of God, and into the affectionate confidence of all those for whom life has high meaning and high issues, and of being recognized among the subtle and beneficent forces of the world. In this companionship and in this work all earnest effort is ever fruitful. More noble already they who learn to think nobly of their work. Discipline and strength come from endurance and patience. Defeat does not sour or dishearten, nor success disturb the equipoise gained in life's experiences. In this present actual in which you live, here or nowhere is your mission. Work it out therefrom, and thus working you will have true life, true freedom, true independency, true nobility. Your environments are the stuff you are to shape your ideal life out of. What matters it whether such stuff be of this or that sort, so the form and quality you give it be heroic, divine?

> "Power to him who power exerts,
> And, like thy shadow, follows thee."

Remember you that strength, wisdom, and power bear with them great responsibilities. Ability, character, influence, are trusts with which to serve the world. Use them with integrity, courage, persistency, without vanity or boasting. Thus there will spring an energy ever strong to control evil, restrain passion, quick to direct action, shape careers, mould character. So live as to raise and ennoble the idea of man, combining such strength, beauty, and grace as to inspire in others self-reverence, aspiration, thereby awakening undreamed-of power abiding in simple manhood, free and independent, and the sweet and sublime serenities of a self-forgetting love for others.

Then can be announced:—

> "A man or woman coming,
> Perhaps you are to be the one,
> A great individual, fluid, chaste, affectionate, compassionate,
> A life that shall be copious, earnest, spiritual, bold,
> An old age that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

A man apart from other men, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life foreglooms of the glory of heaven, his presence a perpetual benediction.

> "He stands a man now, stately, strong, and wise,
> One great aim, like a guiding star before,
> Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness, to follow,
> So shall he go on greatening to the end—
> The man of men."

PROFESSIONAL OR LIFE-LABOR.

[Address to the graduating class of Alfred Academy, July 1, 1857.]

GRADUATES: A parting word with you and our work is done. The period has arrived in the lives of many, if not most of you, when you are to pass from preparation to action. The days of exclusive study are now ended. Henceforth comes the toil of active business life. There is no longer room for prospecting, for youthful dreaming of future activities. Now and henceforward or never must you act—act out what has been acquired in school life.

It is well if, standing thus on the dividing line between preparation and action, you can look back upon your preparatory period as a period bright with improved opportunities, rich with garnered treasures of knowledge; then you can look to a future bright with the prospects of usefulness, rich with the rewards of success. If the past has been carefully husbanded, as the seed time of life, the future will, doubtless, present to the reapings of age an abundant harvest. He who has consecrated all to God, resolving to make the most of the powers and privileges which have been given him, and has improved the past accordingly, will enter upon the future with the brightest promises of religion cheering him on, and at the close of life lifting the veil that hides the spirit land and revealing the joys of eternity. Industry, intelligence, and religion will ever be his companions. Although the more formal period of preparation is past, yet with such motives and resolves you will continue to improve—do and learn—learn by doing. Submitting yourselves to the guidance of an overruling Providence, you will ever strive to labor in harmony with Deity, being ever guided by his laws and inspired by his Spirit.

Though such should be the motive power and guiding principle of each of your lives, though you must all have a common center, and draw your inspirations from a common source, yet in the details of your various pursuits or professions there may and doubtless ought to be a wide and varied range. It shall be our purpose, then, in the few remaining words we speak to you, to consider some questions appertaining to your professional calling or life labor.

My life work—what is it? Am I to vegetate like the vegetable—to feed and grow like an animal—or to work, and think, and love, and live like a man? Work, evidently, is one of my high prerogatives. If so, what kind shall it be? Shall it be good and great—great because good? Was work-power given me without a work?—Evidently not. To what particular work, then, shall my life-power be dedicated? Hitherward and

thitherward I look, yet am unsatisfied. This sphere is too contracted—that work too one-sided. One calling is too superficial or frivolous—another too material and groveling. Some are too objective, others too subjective. Now the bad effects trouble me—the morality of the pursuit, at least its high spiritual tendency, is questionable. Again, the means are too limited for the object sought to be accomplished—the foundation too small for the superstructure. Give me a work for which I am prepared—adapted to my nature, and for which it longs—give a great work, a good work, a genial and a soul-satisfying work, and I am content. Such are the questionings and longings of every soul earnestly seeking its life-labor.

The profession or pursuit of an individual is the footing, the place whereon he stands and helps move the world. It forms the medium of connection between the individual and the public. It gives the principal means of support, and also a means by which he may work outward, serving and blessing thereby humanity. No one is fully prepared to take his position in society till he has a work, and a place where that work is to be performed. Until then he will be vacillating, discontented, complaining, fault-finding. A person without a trade or calling is pitiable indeed. His life is objectless. His aimless endeavors are spasmodic. He is tossed hither and thither, in the eddyings and surgings, in the winds and tempests of life. Seldom, likewise, can one be a person of all trades. The old adage, "Good at none," is as truthful as old. It is rare, indeed, that one possesses that many-sidedness of mind, that many-sidedness of power, which will enable him to work well and successfully at many or diverse trades. It is seldom that even Yankee versatility or tact can win riches or renown by driving many trades harnessed abreast. This tendency is the prolific source of quacks and quackery. One calling well filled, with occasional offshooting labors for its own improvement, or reaching out into the common field of humanity, where everyone is called to lend a helping hand, is generally all for which the time and talent of any individual are sufficient. Life is too short and powers too feeble to warrant leisurely ranging among many or diverse pursuits.

Granting that religion is the all-pervading, life-giving principle of your lives—granting that you are consecrated to the glory of God and the highest well-being of humanity, yet the choice of a profession through which this is to be accomplished is one of the most difficult and imperative decisions of life. Important interests and consequences cluster around such decisions—not only physical, but spiritual, not only to the individual, but to society. This choice has to be made by the inexperi-

enced youth, assisted, it may be, by the counsel and caution of friends; yet with all the aids possible, the determination may be but the casting of lots in respect to a dim uncertain fatality.

Adaptability is a consideration of primal importance in determining what is your particular life labor. Variety amid uniformity is enstamped upon everything. It is a leading law of nature. With a few simple elements the Deity works out the world's wondrous variety of utility and loveliness. It buds and waves in plant and tree, smiles and frowns in sky and cloud, feels, moves, and palpitates in the animal. The uniformity of genus varies in species—species, in individuals. In the physical world things may be quite alike in the generals, quite unlike in the particulars.

It is the mission of some to rush and thunder over the earth like the storm cloud, of some to warm and inspire like a tropical sun—of others to shed their influence like a gentle, refreshing rain—of others to distill life and beauty like the dew of a midsummer night. Now and then, one, like the palm, stands solitary and majestic in his far-off desert home, reaching out his hand over wide wastes of sand to his brother palms.

A few, like the gracefully singing pine or the sturdy mountain oak, are disciplined and cultured by a thousand storms. Some stand in the melancholy dreaminess of the weeping willow; others thrill with the sensitiveness of the trembling poplar. Some are meek violets, ever looking confidingly towards heaven; some are creeping, trailing vines, ever clinging to something stronger for support; others are delicate anemones, ever shedding around themselves an ethereal loveliness; others are sweet eglantines, ever whispering to the world of quiet home scenes and rural happiness. No amount of culture can ever make the vine to stand in majesty and strength, like the oak or palm. It must ever continue to perform its humble office; so with each species; so with human spirits.

Again, every profession or pursuit which is for the good of society, for the development and progress of humanity, is useful, is necessary, is honorable; yet in respect to the inherent nobleness or dignity of pursuits, there are very different degrees.

Those which tend to draw out and give culture to the higher powers of man, to call into activity those high spiritual influences that control and guide and elevate humanity, are the nobler pursuits of life. They are to be coveted as the better gifts. Yet capability is the limit to advancement. Better have reserved powers than to work beyond your power. Many a lower station has been deprived of a good occupant, to supply a poor one for a higher station. Be not so anxious about the

height of your sphere as that it may be well and faithfully filled. Beg not for place. Let place beg for you. Better to be asked to come up higher than go down lower. An humble work well done is better than a lofty one ill done.

Having wisely chosen your profession, you are, by it, to supply your necessities, secure spiritual growth, and benefit others. A profession thus chosen is to be your medium of labor. To it are to be devoted your chief hours and efforts. In it you are to find most of your cares and your struggles with life. Your failures or successes are here to have their chief root.

In order that success may crown your professional labors, your professional knowledge must be accurate and extensive. Theory and practice must go hand in hand. You must be at home in your particular calling; but your knowledge and labor should not, however, be confined exclusively to it. Kindred or related pursuits will claim a share of your time and attention. You must be continually reaching out to them for information and assistance—out into the world at large, bringing its advancement and improvement to bear upon your profession. Knowledge, help, and encouragement must be drawn from everything around, to perfect you in your chosen pursuit. Give also a portion of your time and talents to general pursuits, to society, to the calls of country and humanity, to the pleadings of benevolence, to the demands of religion—or, rather, religion should permeate, control, direct the whole. Gain thus new and high experiences, for every noble experience will leave its eternal impress.

But whatever may be your particular pursuit in life, there are certain important responsibilities resting upon you as educated men and women beyond the duties of those who have not enjoyed equal privileges with yourselves. You are called emphatically as educated youth to be the conservators and promulgators of liberty, learning, and religion. These are the triple guards of the individual—the triple foundation of the State—the elements of civilization. No State is secure without knowledge and religion to uphold its liberties. The church is not safe without the largest liberty of conscience and the clear light of knowledge to guide its activities. All that is of moral and spiritual worth in civilization has grown out of the free and harmonious blending of these three primal elements.

The *scholar's* relations to these great powers are most intimate and important. To the ignorant these treasures of knowledge are closed. He has not the high vantage ground of the scholar from which to labor.

He may be inspired by high and holy motives, he may be desirous of doing good, but he has not the ample field of the scholar for labor. He cannot give a definite mould and lasting power to thought. To the scholar the prospect is far different. The fields of knowledge are his. The hope and inspirations of religion are as freely offered to him as to the rest of humanity.

As scholars you are to be the bodyguard of learning. Education depends upon you for support and progress. Thinking, manufacturing thought is to be one of your leading objects in life. Thought, deep, comprehensive, enduring thought, is to be wrought out by you. The world brings materials to you to be wrought into thought. You are to take these materials and apply the test for truth, and if it stands the trial, the evolved thought is again passed over to the world, to be inwrought into all the relations of society. No individual is fully prepared to give definite mould and shape to thought for the future, save, perhaps, in the region of fancy and fiction, until he has faithfully studied the great, the leading thoughts of the past on the same subject. You are, however, to make all past knowledge the basis, not the limit, of research and progress. It is your duty to revise the thoughts of the past, adapting them to the present, and adding such new ones as Providence and man have evolved. It is one of your duties also to prepare thoughts for the future. It is not essential that these thoughts be written or spoken. They are often better acted, revealed to the world through great deeds. Deeds fit for history are nobler than the writing. Yes, it is the high, noble, earnest endeavor that is greatly needed.

Be not grumblers or croakers, whining about the hardness of your lot, or the injustice of man, complaining that hatred, strategies, treasons, machinations, hollowness, treacheries, and all "ruinous discords," are howling around you and hissing you on to the grave; but "put a cheerful courage on," with a "heart ready for any fate." Be not drones in the busy hive of humanity.

You are called upon by every consideration to labor with such purposes and motives. Voices call to you from the lowly graves of the fathers of this republic, imploring you as their children to preserve those institutions for the founding of which they labored and suffered. The blood of liberty's martyrs cries to you from many a battle field, beseeching you not to prove recreant to the cause for which they fought, bled, and died. You are called upon by the past, present, and future—by all the poor and oppressed—by all those struggling after light and liberty—to lend a helping hand in delivering this land from intemperance, oppres-

sion, and all error and sin—in scattering the fog and mist hanging over the minds of men—in raising bleeding virtue from the dust and enthroning her in the hearts of men—in agitating the mighty ocean of mind, which, by its convulsions, may be purified from the dark streams of vice which have so long flowed into it. And when you drop from time into eternity, may your fall start encircling, expanding waves, the impress of which the remotest shores of time shall gladly receive.

You are to live and act with high resolves and for noble purposes, regardless of opposition or discouraging prospects, resting in the full assurance that—

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
> The eternal years of God are here."

Do nothing without high motives and a clear conscience. Spare not your lives for yourselves, but give your lives and services freely for the good of others. Be aids to the defenseless, supporters to the lowly, comforters to the sorrowing, liberators to the oppressed. Live guileless before God and man. Be loyal to your country, bold for the right, true to duty. Determine deliberately, resolutely, solemnly, and by divine assistance, to make the very best of your time and talents.

Remember that in doing this you are achieving for yourselves, as well as doing good to others. You are building up for yourselves characters glorious and lasting—educating yourselves for eternity. Education is the healthful growth, the harmonious perfecting, of the whole being. Character is the subjective result, the embodiment of all the activities and habitudes of our being—the fruit of a lifelong education in the great school of the world. It is the great business of life, as it terminates on one's self, to form character. Character is made out of, is, the fruitage of life. All events, thoughts, sights, sounds, pains, pleasures, toils, are taken into the laboratory of our spiritual being and converted into character. You are thus to weave for yourselves, out of the warp and woof of life and labor, a robe which shall clothe your spirits forever. Yes, something more than a garment; it is a kind of spiritual body, furnished by the school of life, with spiritual nutriment and blood, by which, if derived from the gross feedings of sin, the whole spiritual being will become polluted and leprous. If from heavenly manna and the wells of salvation, it will be pure and lifesome. Let the lines which you are writing upon the unwritten pages of your spirits by the pen of life be such as you will not blush to read through the endless ages of eternity.

Happy indeed are you if, with all your preparatory labors, you have learned heavenly wisdom as well as earthly knowledge; if you have

secured a hold on heaven by the golden chain of faith; if you have determined to do with your might whatever you find to do; if you have awakened the inward power that looks confidently onward and upward to perfection, glory, and immortality. If so, you will grasp each golden moment as it flies, and exchange it for its equivalent in good done, influence exerted, character established. You will make winds, waves, storms and sunshine, sickness and health, joy and sorrow, adversity and prosperity, friends and foes, labor and leisure, everything, produce the "fruits of the Spirit,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Let industry, punctuality, and perseverance be manifested in all of your undertakings. Let religion speak forth in every action. Develop the self-searching power of the soul. Keep awake the self-forming power. Restrain the undue development of the passions. Cherish intercourse and communion with the wise and good of all ages in their richest and choicest thoughts. Let the Bible be your especial and constant light, guide, and companion. It matters not so much about the lowliness of your lot as the spirit with which you live and work in that sphere. The lowlier the lot the brighter may appear the day-star of perfection. However humble your sphere or calling, however limited your influence, whatever may be your career, all along your pathway you will be laboring and waiting for the unfoldings of eternity to reveal the full fruits of your labors.

May you now go forth from these halls to your respective fields of labor receiving the mantles of the great and good, as they ascend, one by one, to their rewards on high, and so acquitting yourselves of your several life tasks that when we all shall meet again at that great and last examination day, the judgment, we, one and all, shall be found there with diplomas whereon shall be written, in lines of living light: "Well done, good and faithful pupils. Ye have been faithful in your earthly and preparatory school, enter ye into your heavenly and eternal home school."

That such may be your career and final destiny is the sincere and earnest prayer of your teachers as they bid you a sorrowful farewell.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

[A sermon preached in the First Seventh-day Baptist Church at Alfred, N. Y., April 22, 1865.]

"And a certain one of them, Caiaphas, being high priest that year, said to them: Ye know nothing; nor do ye consider, that it is expedient for us, that one man die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not. And this he spake not of himself; but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for the nation; and not for the nation only, but that also he should gather into one the children of God that were scattered abroad." John 11:49–52 (Bible Union Version).

Caiaphas, like many another prophet, spoke language with a larger and more pervasive import than he knew. John, as is agreed by leading biblical scholars, takes up the high priest's words, modifies them, and unfolds this larger and higher meaning. It seemed next to impossible for the Jews, and very difficult for his immediate disciples, to comprehend that the Messiah of that nation was to be the world-Christ, and that this Christ could be Saviour only through sacrifice, death. Humanity could have no spiritual redemption save through the divine coming down and uniting with the human. This divine-human must needs take on all the limitations and liabilities of the human, being subjected to temptation, want, and suffering. Only thus could the human be lifted up, and made to live again; only thus could a way be opened for humanity to return to its allegiance to the divine and the prerogatives of its original sonship.

I. *No Salvation without Suffering—No Atonement without Blood.*—The law of the divine beneficence is the law of all human benevolence. It is universal and absolute. All love must, from its very nature, when flowing out toward the weak, the ignorant, the sinful, become a sacrifice. There is not, nor can there be, salvation without suffering, atonement without the shedding of blood, whether this salvation be spiritual salvation, or whether it be national, social, or physical salvation. Jesus became thus, in his life of love and sacrificial death, the great ensample and archetype of all human lives of love and labors of good will. All benefactors, all leaders, all elevators of humanity, must be patterned after the divine prototype. Humanity has never taken a step forward but that step has dripped with blood. No truth affecting human character or human destiny has ever been reduced from the abstract to the concrete without being baptized in blood. Every principle, coming as an evangel from God to man, has been received with mocks and scourges.

The divinest lives have ever been crowned with thorns—their brows ever damp with their own blood. Socrates and the poisoned cup, Stephen and stones, Paul and bonds and imprisonments, James and the block, Peter and the cross, with the long and illustrious line of witnesses, confessors, martyrs, are not only all typed in Calvary, but are likewise themselves types of all consecrations of philanthropy, all the devotements of patriotism, all the fidelities of friendship.

Liberty, civil and religious, is one of the most potent aspirations of humanity, one of the ever-enduring forces of the human soul. The Roman power was startled into insecurity by a few humble, unpretending Christian men, standing up here and there in the empire, with a conscience, affirming that the State was made for man, not man for the State, and, above and beyond all, believing in a spiritual God, whose idol could not be set up in the Parthenon with those of the national gods, but who must be worshiped in spirit and in truth, according to the behests of his own Spirit, whose presence and power his worshipers ever bear about with them. This allegiance to a higher law, this highest and most sacred right of man to worship God according to the behests of one's own conscience, has cost the Christian church, it is estimated, three hundred million lives, and the principle is not yet fully established. Civil liberty, the child of religious liberty, like its illustrious sire, has a gory history. Like all other noble sentiments, in embodying itself in human institutions, it must pass through a Red Sea of blood, and wander long in the desert fast by Horeb and Sinai, as preparations for its conquests and possession of the thrones of the world. The cry of the people under the burdens of caste and oppression has come down through the ages like the perpetual wail of the east wind. Liberty came to these western shores amid tears and death. It was organized into institutions with toil and blood. At length, in these last years, the bloodiest sacrifice of all times has been laid, by the greatest and foremost republic the world has known, upon the altar of freedom and free institutions, and at last, culminating and climaxing all, each humblest member of the republic has been offered a sacrifice in and through the representative and official head, the nation's President, Abraham Lincoln.

II. *Character of the Offering.*—As in the divine-human offering for sin we instinctively turn away from the betrayers and crucifiers to the Betrayed and Crucified, and the blessed forces springing from the sacrifice, so now let us turn with deep detestation and horror from that sum of all wrongs, slavery, which has for its last and ripest fruitage "the deep damnation" of this high "taking off"—let us turn rather to the consid-

eration of the positive and noble theme of the offering, and the far-reaching forces flowing therefrom.

1. It seems to be God's plan, when he desires to send a great benefactor to the world, to pass by all who have been volatilized by the fripperies of a fashionable etiquette, where the great end of life is in appearances,—*seeming* rather than *being*,—by all who, through worldly prosperity, have been like certain coralline animals, converted into stone as they grow. He passed by all such up, up to the common people, who are comparatively unaddled by the fooleries of fashion, who are not enervated by luxury, or hardened by worldly successes, up to the "plain people," whose instincts and spontaneities are much more in harmony with the divine, and the windows of whose souls open more directly heavenward—from such God is wont to choose his especial evangels to humanity. Jesus had a manger for his cradle, prototype of the origin of those who come to greatly bless humanity. Elisha, the plowman, with the prophetic mantle flung upon his shoulders by Elijah, as he passed by; Amos, from among the herdmen of Tekoa; the Galilean fishermen, are the true types of prophets and apostles, and of all such as have passed to the spiritual thrones of the world. True, Moses, the Hebrew deliverer and lawgiver, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, but he, the fiery and blood-shedding heir apparent to the throne of Egypt, must be sent to take care of sheep forty years up in the mountains, the divinest regions of the earth, and where all highest inspirations are born and nurtured. Here by the base of Horeb his spiritual vision was clarified and illumed, his soul toned to sweetest humility and meekness—full of the largest sympathy and gentleness—and impressed with the solemn grandeur of his mission; then he descends to deliver Israel, not with crown and sword, but as a simple shepherd, with his shepherd's staff for his scepter. When the time had come for Protestantism, its inauguration was taken from the mines, or, as Luther himself states it: "I am a peasant's son; my father, my grandfather, and my forefathers, were all genuine peasants. My parents were right poor. My father was a poor miner, an ore digger, and my mother carried her wood on her shoulders; and after this sort they supported us, their children." The glorious day of modern missions was heralded in by a shoemaker, or, as explained by himself when some high official asked another if "Cary had not been a shoemaker?" "No, sir," Cary answered, "only a cobbler." So, when God was about to inaugurate the same missionary scheme in this country, he passed by all ministering in costly churches, with their "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults," up to the three young

men praying by a haystack, and took them for his heralds. So, likewise, the great and beneficent scheme of Sunday schools found its forerunner in another shoemaker, who, as the historian quaintly remarks, "while he furnished soles for the parents, put souls into their children."

As in the missions of the gospel, so in the missions of liberty. God chose the founders of the republic, as to its northern portion, from the plain peasantry of England, while the southern portion was based upon cavaliers, aristocrats gone to seed, adventurers, fortune hunters The incompatible elements and forces have struggled till they have come to blood. In this bloody struggle is a most significant fact—who has not noted it?—that the most honored and evidently heaven-appointed leaders of the common people, in their overthrow of this aristocratic rebellion, have been a rail splitter, a tanner, and a tailor, as if the commonest and humblest industries had been anointed of God to become the standard bearers of liberty and equality, and through battle and smoke and blood to unfurl their ensigns before the eyes of all peoples, on the topmost heights of human progress and human destiny. The foremost one of these has fallen, just as he was gaining the heights; but the sacred ensign was caught up by one next him, ere it touched the ground, and he, a Joshua following a Moses, shall lead the people across Jordan dry shod, and safely establish them in Canaan. Yes, it is full of deepest significance that the great martyr emancipator should be chosen from the high plane of the common people.

2. As a natural and legitimate outgrowth of his origin, the great national offering was characterized, like most great benefactors of humanity, by his plain, simple, straightforward, manly honesty. Simple as truth itself, no pretentious form and ceremony in others could seduce him to act a hollow and unmeaning part. Utterly unassuming, all shows passed him as the idle wind. He appeared and acted the pure, gentle, kind-hearted, unostentatious man just as he was. I deem it one of the peculiar privileges of my life that I had the honor of taking by the hand the two great martyrs of liberty, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. Both had the same honest, hearty, manly grip and shake, but the eye, how different! One had the eye of an eagle—the other of a lamb. No one can enter the presence of manly simplicity without feeling himself ennobled by that presence. It was to this high, simple manliness that the instincts of the people spontaneously responded, in which they so implicitly trusted.

3. A correlative of this native simplicity was his broad, roundabout common sense. He was the embodied common consciousness of the

American people. His was evidently not one of those far-visioned minds that catch the first illuminings of new truths on the mountain tops of human destiny, and flash them down on the uplooking people, or one of those delicately attuned spirits that vibrate to the slightest touch of the eternal and universal harmonies of law, and translate those harmonies into language for the listening multitudes. He stood rather with the multitudes and interpreted for them their understanding of the truths and laws that had been announced to them, and utilized the abstract into living, active forces. Hence it was that he could state a principle so as to be apprehended by the common consciousness of the masses, apprehended so clearly and forcibly that they were ready to act upon it. He probably could do this more clearly and forcibly than any other living American, however highly educated he might be. His letters and speeches have already become models after which the young are taught to pattern themselves. Hence it was, also, that he never was ahead of, or behind, the convictions of the masses. Probably all of the great acts of his administration were performed just at the time when the majority of the American people were clearly and decidedly with him. If they had been performed sooner, the majority would not have supported him; if performed later, the masses would have outstripped him. His acts were thus but the crystallized convictions of those he acted for. Thus it was his administration ever rested securely upon the shoulders of majorities. Many, very many of the more radical, progressive Republicans voted for him at his first election, feeling that he was too conservative, was wanting in the manifold experiences of a long-practiced statesman. But there evidently was a Providence in it. These very facts placing him, as they did, but just ahead of the great masses, enabled him to control and lead them up to higher planes of duty much more readily than could have been done by a more radical and experienced man, against whom the prejudices of the people would have been too strongly set to have been easily swayed to the grave responsibilities of these solemn years, through which the nation has been passing. He led or was led, guided or was guided, confessing that events controlled him—which, to the weak or frivolous, is waiting for and drifting with the tide of things; to the prudent, is watchfulness of opportunities; to the religious, is the guidance of Providence and the harmonizing of life to the prayer, "Thy will be done."

Tennyson's lines for another apply with brimming fullness now:—

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
Rich in saving, common sense.
And as the greatest only are
In his simplicity sublime,
Such was he whom we deplore."

4. Abraham Lincoln, like most great historic characters, seemed to feel upon himself the behests of a definite and great mission, in which he was but an humble, an unworthy instrument.

"Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot
And mould the world into the scheme of God,
Have a foreconsciousness of their high doom."

The perpetuity of the Union, the liberties of the people, not only of this nation, but of the world, not only now, but "for all future time;" "the lifting of artificial weights from all shonlders;" to demonstrate that "no successful appeal can be made from ballots to bullets;" to "teach men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by a war," were questions of which he seemed to have a presentiment, with which he had a living and determinative connection. Not only this, but the fiery trials through which they were passing would light all connected with them "down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation." His address to his friends and neighbors at Springfield, as he started for his work, has a spirit kindred to that of the prophets, as manifested in the words read for our morning lesson, words uttered by him as he was about to enter his mission. Listen to it:—

"My Friends: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope that you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

5. *Consecration.*—All beneficently great lives of history have consecrated lives, lives of devotement to some definite and all-absorbing work.

They have not only felt the behests, the inspiration, of a call, but have responded to that call with a free and full giving up of self, laying all upon the altar of that work. This faith in a mission, and consecration to that mission, is the power that elevates the world. Knowledge is power, but the aspirations enkindled by the inspirations of faith in a vocation is a far greater power. That our martyr President was borne on by the power of such a consecration is taught not only by his life, but likewise by his works. Listen to his speech at Gettysburg:—

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

And if report be true, he there not only reconsecrated himself to patriotism and liberty, but he then and there dedicated himself to God and holiness, through Christ, without which all other devotion is flat and groveling, and can never raise one above the murk and mists of a worldly humanitarianism, for no fountain can rise higher than its source; but with such a dedication one becomes a medium and agent for all divine and heavenward lifting powers, whereby man may be lifted to higher and nobler destinies.

6. "*With Malice toward None, with Charity for All.*"—It was most legitimate and befitting that the great liberator, like *all* benefactors, should be crowned with that crown of glory, charity. A simplicity that was

nobility, a purity lucent as light, an honesty that was incorruptibility, a conservatism that was ever progressive yet never innovative, a true manhood that overtopped all rank and outshone all display, were all glorified by a tenderness that was womanly, a magnanimity that could never be betrayed into harshness or ungenerousness of word or deed, a forgivingness that had its spring in that great model world prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In this spirit was his last official word to the world. How remarkable! To the frivolous and shallow, a theme for jesting and ridicule; to the thoughtful and religious, a theme for meditation and reverent thankfulness. The following, from that inaugural, reads more like a chapter from some clear-visioned, solemn-voiced Hebrew prophet of old time than like paragraphs from modern political speeches or State papers:—

"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Such are some of the most prominent points in the character of the remarkable man now crowned with martyrdom for freedom. His whole character, how touchingly symbolized in his visit to Richmond, the last journey of his life, when, in the glitter of victory, amid the shouts of the nation, he entered the city, not clad in the robes of triumph, after the manner of conquerors, but "that tall, awkward form, clad in plain citizen's dress, that homely, kindly, fatherly face, looking its frank good will on the mixed, strange, doubtful population, his only attendant his own little son, clinging to his father's hand. Now all that is earthly of him is being borne to the geographical center of the republic for its home and its rest, along a thousand miles of a procession sable with mourning and sobbing with grief. A nation follows with bowed, uncovered head as mourner. Liberty is pallbearer. Two oceans chant the requiem. All peoples, looking and listening, through tears catch up the solemn refrain and repeat it round the earth.

III. *Fruitage.*—The dust of martyrs has ever been a seed sure to spring up and yield fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred-fold. Jesus, when teaching his disciples the necessity of his death, announced the first and controlling law of all growth: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." How heavily laden has been the fruiting through these eighteen centuries of that divine corn that fell into the earth with his death! The powers of evil have ever labored under the hallucination that great principles die with their champions. Rather than this the very life power of the champion at death seems to be transmitted into the principles for which he dies. The Council of Constance thought by burning Huss and Jerome at the stake, and scattering their ashes to the winds, and ordering that the body of Wickliffe should be disinterred and burnt to ashes,—by these acts it thought to check the spread of Bible knowledge among the people. The primate of England superintended the ceremony of burning the bones of the reformer, that had rested more than forty years in the grave, and throwing their ashes into the river Swift. The quaint old Fuller truly says, "The Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean, and thus they are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed the world over." Virginia paid with the most cheerful alacrity half a million of dollars to make ready John Brown's body for the burial; and though "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," still his soul—oh, how grandly! "is marching on" through all these solemn years. And who of all the South has not seen it in "the

watchfires of a hundred circling camps," and read its "fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel," has not heard its jubilant choruses swelling through the land, keeping time to the tramp of pale and dusky legions? The other day a little boy was seen kneeling on the pavement in Washington, and carefully wiping up spots of stain with bits of paper, and carefully putting those pieces in his pocket. Being asked what it meant, he replied that it was the blood of the President, and very precious. Yes, how precious and how fruitful! Each ultimatest globule shall fructify in richest fruitage, both for millions that now live and hunger and for other millions yet unborn.

Its immediate fruitage, if we mistake not, is this: Mercy is slain, justice made alive. A Moses, full of all gentleness and forgiveness, has fallen; a Joshua, full of justice, leads on. What Sumter was for the nation's patriotism and the preservation of the Union, such is the martyrdom of the President for national justice and the uplifting of the poor degraded white man of the South, and the enfranchisement of the enslaved black man. It was my lot to be one of that multitude, "shattered and sundered," struggling back into Washington on the morning after the first battle of Bull Run. Through that long, heart-sickening retreat the sad, oft-repeated question was: "Wherefore this? What means this? Where is the Providence in this?" No answer came till we stood on the heights overlooking the capitol, and the city sitting in dejection at its feet, and the dim clouds weeping over all. Then, like an arrow of light, came the answer, "Every military defeat is a victory for freedom." Whatever may be the intention of politicians, of people, or President, God intends no lifting of the scourge of war, but will shake and shatter the nation till the shackles fall from every slave. Thus now we of the North, in our high Christian magnanimity, if you please, and noble generosity, were eager to throw aside our war gear in the moment of victory, and take to our forgiving embrace those who, for the sake of building a power resting upon the necks of an abject race for its chief corner stone, had rebelled against the authority of ballots, and, by attempting to make allegiance a mockery, sap the life of the nation. We were willing to forgive and forget all this, and seemingly were about to open up a way whereby the leaders in rebellion might be leaders still, with power and privilege to plot and domineer hereafter as heretofore, but God evidently intends otherwise. He, whose justice is as absolute as his mercy is infinite, is laying upon us the behest that we shall respect and revere justice as we love mercy, and that peace, permanent and beneficent, cannot come through the crowning of the one and the crucifying of the

other. He, doubtless, will instruct us that he who appeals from the ballot to the bullet can never again have the rights of the ballot. Citizenship bartered thus recklessly for a mess of pottage cannot be had again for the simple asking. Let us fervently pray that the cup may pass from us without the further shedding of blood, even of the leaders in rebellion; but let us as fervently pray and earnestly labor that they may never have the franchises of citizenship. Such is the divine will, if we read His providences aright, concerning all the chiefs of rebellion.

Again, the martyrdom of the President has blotted out differences, hushed bickerings, united, cemented us, as never before. The nation has risen to its feet as one man, and, with uncovered head and uplifted hand, solemnly swears that freedom and free institutions shall live. We are a stronger, a more united nation to-day than ever before. We stand before the nations of the earth consecrated to liberty in a higher and more sacred sense than before. Every soldier that has died, every wound received, every drop of blood, every tear shed, every pang suffered, has ennobled, consecrated, made more sacred, the republic and its mission, and now this last great official, thereby representative, sacrifice has lifted us, one and all, to the plane of a common consecration. Henceforward the mission of the republic becomes loftier than before, farther reaching, more pervasive and controlling. This nation stands to-day, as never before, in the front of human progress, opening up a way, gory with sacrifice, luminous with heroism, for all nations to follow. To borrow a figure from a recent English speaker before a London audience, which is said to have roused that audience as a tempest harping on a great forest: "The American republic is the Christ among nations, and, though it is being crucified during these four years, yet it shall speedily have a resurrection; and when that resurrection comes, the veil of the temple of English aristocracy, of European caste, shall be rent in twain." Yes, the republic is an evangel among nations, and all that have died for it have died, not only for their own nation, but all peoples; and that beautiful stanza of a new poem, with a slight change, expresses the sublime doctrine of our theme:—

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
> As he died to make men holy, so they die to make men free."

If the attainment is in proportion to the sacrifice, the harvesting as the seed sown, great to the world must be the help and gain of these four years of blood, for never was there made a more plentiful sowing, or a more costly sacrifice laid on the altar of Liberty. Guizot says,

"Providence takes a step forward, and ages have rolled away;" but these four years have been those ages for liberty and equality. Providence is visibly controlling, guiding, leading on. Now, as never before, can all peoples catch up the anthem of the seraphim in the vision of the prophet, and cry one unto another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." Yes, the earth is full of his glory, if we but have clarified vision to behold. Sublimely does he manifest himself. How solemn and grand it is to live in these times! How rich in opportunity! How solemn in responsibility! Never were the workers for humanity and for God placed on such vantage ground as now. Then let us gather to ourselves all of these powers for good, and consecrate them all to the great work unfolding before us, resting in the divine assurance that all sacrifice for God and humanity shall spring into immediate and abundant fruitage.

FAITH.

[Baccalaureate sermon, delivered June 28, 1874.]

"Faith working by love." Gal. 5:6.

As is a man's philosophy, so will be his theology; as is his theology, so will be the structure of his religion. It is the anatomy of religion, but an anatomy dead till clothed upon by the power of a divinely living faith.

1. The mechanical theory in philosophy has, down through the Christian ages, largely given type to many of the doctrines of theology. According to this theory, Deity is the great Mechanician, the infinite Artificer, who has constructed this goodly mechanism, the universe, according to certain fixed laws, set the whole in motion, to run its course, with just enough of occasional or special providences to keep it regulated. He works from the outside down upon, and into, the universe. This theory of divine operations has been carried into all departments of thought, permeating our whole system of knowledge. It has especially given a hard, dry, mechanical cast to dogmatic theology. The dynamical or vital theory, suggested, though imperfectly, by Liebnitz, in his Monadology, represents the genesis of the universe through internal agency. Creation is not *ex nihilo*, that is, from both a subjective and an objective void, but from the divine fullness of power objectized and local-

ized in space as matter, substance, thus being the free spontaneous energy objectized, and, becoming an effect in time, furnishes the material for God to fill out his archetypes and thus render his subjective ideals overt realities. This dynamical, in its higher forms, becomes the vital theory. This vital or organic doctrine teaches that the universe is but the perpetual and everywhere present unfolding of divine power, informing, energizing, and controlling. All natural phenomena are the direct expression of the divine presence and will in power. The laws of the universe are the uniform activity of the divine personal will, guided by reason, lighted by ideas, regulated and directed by purpose. All natural agencies are modes of the divine activities. This avoids the paradox of an active universe and an inactive Deity, or of intense activity at one time and quiescence forever after, as demanded by the mechanical theory, with its Deity enthroned in the eternities, as a passive spectator of the gradual running down of the universe. Instead of a dead, hard, inert mass of matter choking up space, as Fichte expresses it, there rushes the eternal stream of power, and life, and deed. The life of the universe is a perpetual generation—life welling forth with perpetual efflux. The universe thus is not an emanation rayed out from Deity, nor mechanism by an artificer, but an outgrowth of objectized power, known as force, with laws which are the uniform action of personal power. This avoids a double providence—a general and a special or occasional providence becoming at once universal and particular, everywhere and at all times active, with the general uniformity of Deity's own unchangeableness, and, at the same time, having all the limberness of life. It specializes all providences, yet grounding them in general laws. Instead of dead, hard matter and unyielding mechanisms, insensate forces, unconscious forms, there is everywhere the living presence, the conscious spirit, the pervading God.

2. *Humanity, the Child of God.*—The fatherhood of God, and the childship of spirits, is a doctrine lying at the foundation of human existence, determining its nature and its mode of redemption. This divine childship of souls constitutes a real and living relation and communion with God, "the Father of Spirits." The image and likeness of man to God rests in this kinship, in this spiritual sonship. As the image of the earthly parent reproduced in his child is not so much in likeness of form and feature as of the inner and more essential nature, of which the outward is but a faint expression, so the image of God in man is not in physical conformation, but in life and power, in essence and attributes. God is a spirit. The essence of spirit is life, with the attributes of thought,

sentiment, will. This is the essential of all his children. When God breathed into man the breath of life, he imparted to him the essential principle of his own nature. Man, the offspring of God, was created to consciously live, move, and have his being in God. This offspring nature of man declares it to be the mission of humanity to live out, in all of its personalities, the divine life. All spiritual life and activity spring from the connection of the divine with the human. Thus humanity is organ for the divine. His wisdom is the outshining of the divine wisdom. His growth in grace is the unfolding of the divine life. His love is the overflow of the divine love shed abroad in his nature. "The inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding." Religion is the divine life in the soul. This arises from the generic oneness of God and humanity. This kinship gives connection and way for all divine revelations to illumine the spirit, all divine inspirations to vivify and empower it. Humanity lost this in sinning. The inflowing of the God life was interrupted, communion through the faith faculty obscured, the God consciousness depressed. The animal gained the ascendency. Sin became the great experimental reality.

3. *Conscience.*—According to the ultimate analysis of the term in its etymological and religious sense, conscience is the "associate knowing with God" faculty. This is the necessary consequence of the indwelling of the divine in the human, accompanied by the approving or disapproving impulse. There is a constant inner-living intercourse of God with man through this faculty. This gives a double result—faith assurance proper, or God consciousness, and an ethical action, revealing and enforcing ethical behests. This is known as conscience. It is the divine testifying itself to and in the human, and the response of the soul to the voice of divinity within. It is the light that lighteth every man. It is a reflex moral, religious activity to the self-evidencing of divine holiness—a reaction of the God-centered faculty—revealing not only the being of God, but likewise his nature as the perfect and holy, awakening a behest commanding holiness. This behest becomes the living law within the heart, a perpetual witnessing of the divine holiness. The conscience is thus the divine receptivity; hence it is not the expression of the soul itself, but of God. It is not under the control of man, but ever comes to him as a power from above. The soul can be so educated as to make its monitions more clear and definite, or its voice can be muffled and distorted by sin and false training, the soul thus becoming dead to all the higher inspirations of faith, hope, charity, its light obscured, as fogs and mists obscure; but as the essential of light is not changed thereby, so

neither is conscience. It may be obscured or distorted, but cannot be eradicated, but ever remaining as an excusing or an accusing power, with the sense of the divine still lingering "like the smoking wick of an expiring candle." Strictly speaking, we do not have our consciences, but our consciences have us. They possess us, not we them, like Socrates' good demon. It is the holy of holies of the soul.

4. *Conscience as Faith Faculty.*—The faith organ of the soul is conscience in its Godward activities, or in its capacity of receptivity of the divine, becoming conscience proper in its responsive spontaneities to the behests of the divine. As organ or faculty for this vital connection, and the medium for the inflow of the eternal life, it is the faith faculty. It is the spontaneous appetency of the soul for the divine, and gives the inward experience by contact with spiritual, invisible, or supersensible realities, as the instincts, appetites, and propensities are correlated to their respective objects, and through perception give the experience of sensible things. It is the power, not by which we guess or suspect spiritual realities, but by which we know them. Conscience as faith is the God-knowing faculty. It is the faculty in and through which he reveals himself experimentally to the soul, as the absolute, perfect, and infinite, given by movements, monitions, and at length as a clear consciousness. It is the presentative power revealing God, as sense is of the world. Its unsatisfied activity is a want, a longing, a divine hunger, an aspiration after the infinite. Augustine's noted saying, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we cannot rest till we rest in Thee," gives the origin and end of faith. As the tree ever stands with its myriad leaf-palms lifted skyward, as the flower ever looks with open eye sunward, so the soul through faith, rising above the ethical, stands looking and stretching Godward by impulse, by insight, by aspiration. It is thus the primary bond between God and the soul, and furnishing the deepest spring of the spiritual. Though clouded by sin, it is still the Godward looking eye of the soul. It is thus the summit faculty—the topmost blossom of the reason, most sharply and widely separating man from the brute, and correlating him to the divine. The blending of all the spiritual faculties in one upward flame through conscience, is faith.

5. *Its Action.*—The faith sentiments of God, spirit, and immortality are their own grounds of assurance. All that the logical and presentative faculties can do for it is to find confirmatory and illustrative examples. Primordial truths come with the force of a revelation to the faith faculty. Faith comes as a light to the reason, love to the sensibility, energy to the will. In modern Germanic philosophy this faith faculty

in its activity is called God consciousness. It is the power whereby the spirit spontaneously apprehends a power above itself, which the reason cognizes as absolute, perfect, and infinite. Faith consciously connects itself, conditional and dependent, to its originator and upholder. Man has this conscious assurance that he is thus related to an absolute, perfect, and infinite One. This conscious correlation of fatherhood and childship thus revealed in the soul is one of the most intimate and assured of all the spiritual spontaneities. In its gradual unfoldings, like consciousness in general, it is, at first, an intimation, a suggestion, vague and undefined at first, perhaps, but very genetic and fruitful, unfolding to full faith assurance, thence clarifying by degrees into an idea of God, or that he is, gradually unfolding into an ideal of his nature, or *what* he is This God consciousness constitutes an original, universal, subjective revelation of God to man, giving him a self or experimental testimony of that Spirit in which his own spirit lives and acts. Through sin, man has a depraved sense, a darkened understanding, and a dormant, beclouded faith; yet it reveals the divine more or less clearly to every soul. In proportion as man is freed from sin, and the faith faculty restored to its normal action, and illumed by the divine light that shines into the hearts of all men, is God revealed to and through our own spiritual experiences in the revelation of his fatherhood and the soul's sonship. This God sentiment is the organ for religion. In the pious consciousness God is as immediate and certain as its own self, because all apprehensions of self are truly realized in and through the apprehension of God. Faith is thus an affair of the entire being, at first an intuitional sentiment, then a thinking, then an acting, in a word, a life. Jacobi, the originator, or the reviver, of this philosophy, not inaptly termed the faith philosophy, rejected all logical proofs of Deity, and rested directly on this faith assurance for his proof of Deity. "There lives in us," he says, "a Spirit coming directly from God, and constitutes man's most intimate essence." As this Spirit pervades man in his highest, deepest, and most personal consciousness, so the Giver of this Spirit, God himself, is present to him through the heart or sentiments, just as nature is present to him through the external senses. No sensible object can so move the Spirit, or so demonstrate itself to it as a true object, as do those absolute objects, the true, good, beautiful, and sublime, which can be seen with the eye of the mind; but these are the attributes of God, as color and hardness are of bodies. We may hazard the assertion that we believe in God because we see him with our spiritual vision. This direct seeing of God is the jeweled crown of our race, the distinguishing mark of humanity. With

holy awe man thus gazes directly into the sphere of light, into the presence, yea, into the face of God, beaming with truth, beauty, sublimity, holiness. Schelling makes man to have his being in God, continually dwelling in him. The history of humanity is the unfolding, the revelation, of this universe of God, in his on-going moral order and harmony. On the completion of humanity, and only then, will the idea of God be completely manifested. Schleiermacher finds God in the sentiment of dependence in which man at once recognizes his own being as the dependent, and the infinite being of God as the independent one. This is the ground of religion. We come by this assurance through direct consciousness, just as we come by the assurance of the outward world. As the eye sees the world by means of light, the ear hears by means of sound waves, so the faith faculty sees and hears God through the medium of the Spirit that lightens, the Spirit that speaks with a voice of soft gentleness to the soul. Hope is that branch of faith wherein expectancy is awakened by the element of futurity attached to its assurances of good. Fear is the element with the assurance of evil.

6. *What Is Religion?*—Religion is the divine life in the soul, with its inward, free, self-moving principle, wherein the divine indwells and operates in the human. This divine life was humanized in Christ. He comes as the healer, the life-giver. Salvation is life, the saved, the living. The Saviour is the life-giver. The life of Christ becomes a hidden life in humanity, to reveal itself in all those who are united to him in the vital union of regeneration. Christ became in humanity a life-giving Spirit. The incarnation was not simply the occasion of the regenerating power in humanity. It is this power itself. This divine-human life is a vital principle in the world. Christians are not simply messengers of truth, examples of right living, but rather the bearers of a new and divine life. "He is life in their life." Christopheri, Christ-bearers; Theopheri, God-bearers, as they, in the early ages of the church, styled themselves. The theanthropic life of Christ, passing over to his disciples, becomes life in them. As the human nature of Adam passes over to his posterity, so does the nature of Christ pass over to the regenerate. This divine life in humanity is a power of holiness for all—a possibility of life—realized only in those who by voluntary act place themselves in connection with this life-power, thus becoming sharers of this divine-human life, partakers of the divine nature. This divine or God life, unchangeable as God is, perfect as he is perfect, consciously raising above worldly perturbations by a living union with God, penetrating, spiritualizing, sanctifying, producing the external righteousness of works from an internal righteous-

ness of a divine-human life acting as a living law, becoming to the individual a new creation, releasing its possessor from guilt, giving reconciliation, harmony, and peace. Regeneration, or being born of God through Christ by the Spirit, gives vital connection through the faith-faculty, whereby the life of the divine Spirit lives, grows, and fructifies in the human spirit, descending through spirit, soul, body, filling, governing, exalting, sanctifying the whole person. In this salvation the restoration is not wrought so much *for* us as *in* us. Human nature must be re-ingenerated with divine life in order for this healing and spiritual health—reconnected with the divine, in order to be leavened with this new life. This union is effected by the indwelling of the Spirit. Christ is received when his Spirit is received. We have his life when we have his Spirit—the Spirit of life. Religion is not simply a knowledge, a doctrine, an objective faith or dogma, but a life. The union of each regenerate soul with God through Christ is not simply moral, legal, or federal, but organic and vital, partaking thus of Christ's righteousness not by imputation or substitution, but rather by impartation, thence imputed, not instead of, but for the soul's own righteousness, being its own through this vital union. Whoever receives the impartation of this divine-human life by the Spirit through faith is lifted into all of its prerogatives and blessings, freed from the pollutions of sin and the condemnations of guilt. This impartation of the Christ-life by the Spirit and its reception through the faith organ of the soul, is an impartation, at the same time, of his holiness. This incorruptible seed in the soul transmutes the corruptible into the incorruptible, the sinful into the holy, by a glorious and divine alchemy. As the divine fire descended upon the sacrifice of Elijah and consumed sacrifice, wood, and water, transmuting them all into fire, so acts the holy flame upon the nature of man. Justification, therefore, is no arbitrary act accounting a sinful one as holy by an outside, commercial, or substitutional transaction, but rather by an internal process of purification first. The divine life in our souls justifies through indwelling righteousness, imparted before it is imputed. The righteousness of Christ appropriated by the faith-organ becomes a part of the inner life of the believer, a new and living principle. The Holy Spirit is the common, vital principle, received thus into the human, the Christian becoming thus organ for the Christ-life. Regeneration is the birth of this divine principle in the soul. Faith is the instrument, the medium of operation. By it is restored the life lost by sin. Holiness, thus entering the soul as a living principle, sanctifies, and thereby justifies. Pardon results from the regenerating act. The regenerated one is *made* innocent, guiltless, rather than pronounced so. Pardon is

thus an efficient act rather than a declaratory act—through and by a living, purifying process, rather than a declaratory judicial transaction *ab extra*. Thus righteousness is not a commercial, judicial, declaratory act, according to the mechanical, trading, or governmental theories of rationalizing Protestantism, nor an infused state according to Romanism, but a living process, whereby death, decay, the impurities of sin, and consequent guilt, are eliminated by holy or divine life-power. The Spirit comes livingly into the soul in the new birth through the faith-faculty, and, by direct internal illumination, enkindles in the soul new light, life, and power. It is by the witnessing of the Spirit in our spiritual consciousness, revealed as a present and living salvation from the power and guilt of sin. This gives the "assurance of faith, the spirit of adoption, crying, 'Abba, Father.'"

7. *God-Consciousness as Christian Faith.*—God-consciousness becomes Christian or saving faith when man finds true life in communion with God, through the *Logos*. Faith, when it is touched, vivified by the Spirit, becomes illumed, and living, and loving. Grace is God's imparting love; faith is man's accepting love. This union makes the recipient a participant of the Divine-human, the Christ-life, in one word, Christian, to be more and more transformed by this living principle thus entering by the faith-faculty. The root of this divine life in the human is faith, of which hope and love are the branches. Herein is satisfied the craving of the soul for personal insight and assurance, a possession of the truth by an immediate or experimental knowledge. Vital religion has a self-attesting proof. By faith we become partakers of the divine nature. It gives a realizing sense of salvation as a living reality. Religion thus becomes a vital and practical experience, not a theoretical and mechanical system. Not dogmatic formula and assertion and logical syllogism, with their lifelessness, is what the soul wants, but present, self-attesting proofs, a vital relationship and communion of the soul with the divine. This is religion, the Holy Spirit coming as a living, loving power into the soul, not a conviction of the understanding by evidence in the form of historical testimony, not an external canon of inspiration, though never so carefully constructed with the balance of probabilities, though they be two or ten to one in favor of the present canon of Scripture. The ultimate basis of religious certainty must be in divine communion and life, for which we were created; the objective argument is simply introductory, confirmatory, illustrative of this internal assurance. Religious certainty is not the inferences of logic, or the credence of historic testimony, but immediate, and living, an experimental assurance by a personal relation

of the soul to God, not miracles without, and in the past, but a miracle present and within. Religion is the conscious presence of the Spirit in the soul, regenerating, justifying, sanctifying, and ultimately glorifying—a present, living, and perpetual miracle. It is Christ living thus in the very core and essence of self-consciousness.

8. *How Can We Know the Historical Christianity with Its Founder to Be of God?*—This is the vital question. Questions of the canon, its extent and inspiration, are secondary and dependent on this primal one. Must we depend on historic testimony for all? Is salvation assured to us on no higher grounds than historic testimony? Lessing says: "This, this is the foul, broad ditch, over which I cannot get, often and earnestly as I have attempted to leap. Can anyone help me over, let him do it; I beseech him; I adjure him. He deserves from me a divine reward." But Lessing was doomed to live and die without being helped over. So have thousands of others. Help cannot come from human agencies. The help must be that divine help which this historic Christianity was instituted to reveal. The purity of the Hebrew and Greek texts, the extent and limit of the canon, the authenticity and genuineness of the books of this canon, depending, as they all do and must, in their ultimate analysis or uninspired historic testimony and uninspired exegesis for the meaning of the same, can never satisfy the highest want of the soul nor meet the deepest doubt. This all-satisfying help, this ultimate test and ground of assurance, comes, and comes alone, in the reality of the inward, spiritual, individual soul-life of everyone born into the kingdom of God, becoming biographical in each pious life, and historical in the common consciousness and experience of the Christian church. Every true believer has the conscious, experimental assurance that he has a new life-power living in and through him. As when, from the outward presentation of physical bread for the satisfying of physical hunger, we partake on the testimony that it will meet our physical necessity, and are satisfied, not only satisfied but find our physical life, health, and strength renewed, invigorated, so when through historical and cotemporaneous testimony we are induced to drink of the water of life and eat of the bread of life, we find our spiritual life renewed, invigorated, and our spiritual nature pervaded by a divine satisfaction. All who have partaken of this divine bread have found their soul-hunger abundantly satisfied, just as assuredly as physical bread satisfies physical hunger and gives strength. They who have drunk of these living waters find that they slake soul-thirst and transform the soul itself into a living fountain. All such knowledge is immediate and experimental. All external, logical, and historic testi-

mony becomes confirmatory. The Christ within the soul is the highest and most assuring proof of the Christ without. The Spirit living and operating in the soul is the highest proof of the Spirit given on the day of Pentecost. "Christianity," says Coldrige, "finds me in the lowest depth of my being, as no other system can. It meets there my direct needs." Every external revelation of the divine will presupposes the inner one in the conscience to respond to it, otherwise the outer cannot be known and accepted as the divine. External or historic revelation is necessary to supply the light of truth to feed the faith-life, as sunlight is necessary to feed the plant life; but there must be the internal or subjective life to receive, appropriate, and assimilate the outward or objective. The soul is constitutionally the subject of divine indwelling and influence. Christ, in his person in the incarnation, and by the sending of the Comforter after his departure, left not his children orphans, but has come back and made his abode with them. Without Christ and the indwelling Spirit humanity is incomplete; but with this indwelling, man is restored to that communion with, and participation in, the divine, for which he was originally created. Christ, standing without, knocks at the door of the faith-faculty or conscience. We arise and let him in, and he abides with us—within us. Christian piety or faith in its Christ-life is an inward certainty of salvation, and the assurance of a personal Saviour in this redemption, which, connecting itself with the historical Christ, gives the assured certainty of his divinity. His Spirit witnessing with our spirits gives the assurance of his objective reality. There may be innumerable uncertainties, historical and dialectical, but the ultimate fact of redemption rests upon an assurance of life as immutable as any other science. The supreme strength of religious faith is the indubitable experience of a spiritual life, satisfying all the religious needs of the soul. The sense of forgiveness, reconciliation, the beatitudes of communion with God in this new and holy life, with the joyful hopes of eternal life, have transformed the lives of thousands, enabling them to die joyfully in the assurance of its realities. It is not a theoretical, but an experimental salvation, whereby the soul knows that it is

> "Disburdened of its load,
> And swells unutterably full
> Of glory and of God."

9. *Inspiration.*—Inspiration, in its most typical or generic sense, is a perpetual divine inbreathing, through the faith faculty, giving spiritual power, life, health, to the ever ingrowing spiritual life. In this generic

sense, inspiration is the fountain of all religious life, an ever present energy in all spiritual experience, the source of all spiritual knowledge and power. This God-inbreathed life thus entering the soul, generating and ingrowing through the whole spiritual being, quickens, vivifies the entire spiritual nature, yet is limited and modified by the individual in which it lives; hence its outgrowth and fruitage are neither entirely human, nor wholly divine, but partake of the nature of both, being thus a divine-human. This outgrowth also varies as vary the individuals. The more divine the life the greater is the inflow of the Spirit, resulting in a more perfectly divine human character. The great typical divine-human life of all was Christ's—the most divine of all, the most human of all. All children of God, "partakers of the divine nature," are patterned after this archetype. The generic unfolding of this inspired or inbreathed life is in what are termed the Christian graces, called by Paul the fruit of the Spirit,—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance." This fruitage is not human entirely, not divine entirely, but a divine-human. The seminal principle is divine, the nurture is human, the fruitage is divine-human. Again, this fruitage varies as individuals vary, so that in one the characteristic, highest, and best fruitage is love; in another, joy; in another, peace; in others, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. The quality as well as the kind of fruit differs in individuals of like spontaneities or temperaments, so that the love, faith, or goodness of no two individuals are precisely alike. This is the inspiration of life or character restoring the normal state of the soul, purifying, exalting, illuming the life. We next, by adding something new, ascend from graces to gifts. Graces convert truth or principles already possessed objectively into life and character. Gifts add to the truths already possessed, or make new or special application of known truths for the use of others for their edification or improvement, perfecting them in the graces. Inspiration of character or graces and of uses or gifts are generically alike; otherwise it would need a new inspiration to interpret one to the other. Inspiration of gifts, like those of character, must be a union of the divine and human. It is still an inworking of the divine, hence a divine human outworking. That is, a scripture, God-inspired, is not a dictation in a mechanical mode, to or through a passive medium from without, but rather it is inbreathed into the very texture and being of the recipient, thence expressed from the very essence of his Spirit, thus empowered and illumed. The first result is diversity of gifts, as Paul calls them, springing from the same empowering Spirit. To one, wisdom; to another, miracle-working power; to another, prophecy; to

another, diversities of tongues; but all of the selfsame Spirit working in and through them. By this same inspiration Abraham was led out and became the father of the faithful; Moses, a leader and lawgiver; Bezaleel, the cunning artificer; Joshua, the skillful chieftain; Deborah, a noble patriot and deliverer; David, the sweet singer; Solomon, the wise; Isaiah, the sublime poet prophet; Elijah, the thunderbolt of destruction; John, the contemplative, semi-mystic apostle; Paul, the intense, enthusiastic worker and sharp logician; Luther, the reformer; Wesley, the renovator; Howard and Nightingale, angels of mercy; Penn, the apostle of peace.

There results, also, not only variety of operations in kind, but likewise in quality. That is, truths of the same kind, expressed by different persons, will be shaded and tempered by their individualities, so that Isaiah, Jeremiah, John, and Peter would all express the same truth with different hues of coloring, like the pure white light penetrating a prism, is unraveled and thrown out—not in abstract whiteness, but rainbow hued. In these inspirations those individuals best adapted to secure the results sought are used. If it be the nobler sentiments that are to be awakened and illustrated, then the Spirit moves a soul full of all human sympathies and sweetness. If it be pure truth that is to be revealed, then a calm, clear-visioned nature speaks; if activities are to be aroused, then a divinely energized soul of power arises. The teachings of Christ are full of the truth of this living revelation and growth and power. This divine life is a leaven, a seed, a growth. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." These and many others teach the living connection between God through Christ and his children, and its growing, fructifying power.

10. *Faith as Life-Power.*—Faith in these living processes satisfies Paul's definition as the very substance, essence, living reality of things hoped for, the evidencing, the internal manifesting of things unseen. The trust element in faith is the full and free surrender by the will of the whole being, to the faith object. When the emotional nature has been favorably affected, when the faith assurances have awakened responsive emotions of approval, and love has been enkindled, then the will thus motived carries the whole being over in glad surrender, and reliance or leaning upon and devotement to God. Piety is thus the embodiment of faith in trustful love and glad, filial obedience, joyful service, lifting its recipient from the moral to the religious. It is thus the fruitage of communion of the divine with the human, filling the soul with divine life and superhuman power. This faith-life diffuses itself down through all the departments and avenues of our being, vivifying the conscience, sweeten-

ing the affections, purifying the sentiments, illuming the reason, energizing the will, subduing the passions, and glorifying the body, thus attuning all the lower forces of being harmoniously and symmetrically to the highest, becoming thus at once the life of all spiritual graces, the basis of all noble culture, the inspiration to all labor. It lifts above the merely moral or legal state, wherein all virtue is outward, mechanical self-restraint and punctiliousness, resulting, at best, in a tranquil, self-poised, self-centered state, to that state wherein all is devoted, sacrificial, inspirational, full of the elevations of self-forgetting love, and the supernatural energy of a faith-life.

In this Christed life, or divine-human life, wherein Christ says, "I in them, they in me," with his indwelling life working out in all the thoughts, feelings, and willings, all selfism disappears, all mere morality or legal virtue disappears, being transmuted into a life centered in the divine life, swayed by divine inspirations, wherein the outward presence of legality or temptation is no more felt, being superseded by the higher and positive forces of this divine enthusiasm. Faith is the most central uplifting power of the soul. Love is but faith working down into the emotional and affectional forces of the soul, and touching thus upon the springs of the will. It is a world-accepted maxim that knowledge is power, but faith is a greater power. A faith moving, working by love is the great power in the world's spiritual elevation and progress. What indifference, listlessness, downright laziness pervades humanity for want of faith in God and his eternal principles, in life with its eternal destinies and limitless possibilities. Nothing is so chilling, so benumbing, as doubt, skepticism. Better burn in the fires of fanaticism than freeze in the torpers of unbelief. In the old Persian religion the first and distinguishing characteristic between angels and devils was the former had for their formula "I believe," the latter, "Perhaps." Many a soul lying listless in the dormancy of "perhaps," would, if touched by the inspirations of belief, faith, spring to life and activity. As springs to work a sleeping world, when the heralds of morning shout from the eastern hilltops the approach of a new day, so would such souls touched by faith, leap to their work. What light, day, is to the world, such is faith, enlightened by truth, to the soul. As living faith dies, spiritual power dies, and there remains but the cold, dreary sleep of doubt, disturbed, it may be, now and then, by fitful dreams.

Faith is the seed from which grows all ideal living and right, manly acting, wherein all faith assurances are lived out into realities. It quickens and gives depth and elevation to all life's aims. The clear

and far-reaching sweep of its "solemn visions" lifts living above all time-serving, and assumes the majestic proportions of eternal relationship. No man can be entirely great without a clear-visioned faith. A living faith is full of presence, poise, calmness, self-surrender. It is creative, affirmative, direct, attracting, centralizing, monopolizing. It gives boldness, purpose, specific and lofty, glow, enthusiasm, solemnity, nobility. It sees the ongoing providences, and follows their lead, making life easy and strong. The strength of the divine providences becomes his strength. The great faith spontaneities of humanity are the "inspirations of the Almighty." A man resisting these spontaneities is mad, floating blindly, listlessly upon them; he is imbecile; but, making way for them and leading on with aspiration and endeavor, he becomes noble. The innate and supreme aspiration of faith is oneness of life and aim with Deity. This is attained only as the divine comes into the human, and lifts up the human to the divine. A divine and living faith, which touches all the springs of love, lifts the soul with winged hope, tends to give a life full of all nobility, efficiency, self-forgetting and sweetest sympathy, a world-reaching philantrophy, a life more sublime than Niagara or Alps, more beautiful than the flowers of many springs, more lovely than sunrises or sunsets. It is the ladder whereby the angels of God are descending to the human, and ascending from the human to the divine. Humanity without faith is but one great troubled heart, trembling, palpitating, voicing itself in sobs and wails, struggling against the inevitable—death.

The universe is shrouded in mists, and the blackness of darkness—no light, no air—all oppressive, stifling, suffocating. The assurances of faith rift the clouds; light and air and life break in, hope and joy sing in the human soul. This substance of hope, this direct evidence of the unseen, has been the source of all divine living in this world. It enabled the fathers to obtain a good report; it was the excellency of Abel's sacrifice; it translated Enoch; it made Noah a successful sailor, and the father of the new humanity; it made Abraham the father of the faithful, Moses the liberator and lawgiver, and that long line of worthies who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, restored the dead to life. Others were tortured, mocked, scourged, imprisoned, stoned, sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. Others wandered in deserts, in mountains, lived in dens and caves, clothed in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy,

but obtained a good report with God and all good angels and men. Faith gave heroism to the Christian martyrs, reformatory power to Luther, nonconformity to Cromwell and his compeers, inspiration to Milton, genius to Bunyan, organific method to Wesley, persuasive eloquence to Whitfield, victory to Joan of Arc, guidance to Columbus, expatriation, a new world, a new nation, and a new liberty to the Puritan Pilgrims. "Faith working by love" inaugurated the modern missionary spirit, which is radiating all the dark corners of the earth, as a divine light, is building schools, proclaiming liberty, equality, and brotherhood, establishing charities and reformatories, removing ignorance, superstition, and wrong. It is teaching man that he was not, in the language of the Roman poet, simply "born to consume the crops," to live in the limited and paltry circle of his daily wants and gains, appetite and gratification, but to live above and beyond the little circle of self, out on the broad plains of humanity, and to climb the mountains of God round about.

To you that are about to leave this Institution, having completed your prescribed courses of study, permit me to say that your lives can never be greater than your faith. Living faith in God, in religion, in all great and sublime truths, is the only nourishing and invigorating principle to great, sublime, divine living. Faith alone will permit the seraphim to descend with live coals from the altar and touch your lips, your words, your lives with a living, purifying fire, enabling your whole being to flame with a divine radiancy. Your classics, your mathematics, your science, your theology, which you have been so sedulously seeking through these years, are as dead as Ezekiel's valley of dry bones till inbreathed with life and power from on high. A life with a Stephen-like fullness of faith and the Holy Ghost is the all-conquering life, with its triumphant death. It opens the heavens; it sees the spirit-horsemen, God's forces, encamped on all the hills of life; it sees God in all providences. Every morning is radiant with his glory, every evening lovely with his love, every bush aflame with his presence, every soul has the image and superscription of the divine, making all events, all circumstances of life, tend to a final triumph. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." It gives that "restful peace and sweet content" which the world can neither give nor take, passing all understanding—even the peace of God. "Wherefore let us also, having so great a cloud of witnesses encompassing us, laying aside every weight and sin which doth naturally enwrap us, run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto the Author and Perfecter of our faith, even Jesus." Amen.

OBLIGATION IMPOSED BY CULTURE.

[Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Alfred University, June, 1880.]

Romans 1:14, "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise."

"*Noblesse oblige*" was the motto and rallying word of chivalric times, for quickening the sense of obligation among the privileged classes, the nobility in general, to the rest of mankind. It was surcharged with the doctrine that great opportunities carried with them great responsibilities. Wealth, position, culture, in short, power in any form, is weighted with the debt of obligation.

Paul, I apprehend, had a "working theory," a living conviction of this great principle, when he penned the above passage. Through the foremost schools, through the best literatures, through travel and intercourse, through all best opportunity, and, finally, through faith in Christ, Paul had received the highest culture, secular and religious, of the age, and he declares his readiness to give payment to the best of his ability, to preach the gospel, "the power of God unto salvation."

This leads up to the theme chosen for this occasion. The obligation imposed by culture is that of a working good will to mankind. More definitely, culture is obligated to be, ever and everywhere, an evangelist, the bearer of good news through good will to the world.

The behests of duty born of conscience, the divinest faculty of the soul, become obligations when recognized as imposed by law. It is the echo of that voice of soft stillness heard by Elijah at Horeb, at the sound of which every soul of right attitude stands with uncovered, bowed head and unsandaled feet. It is the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to lead on the obedient, and from out which the Shekinah appears to the clear-visioned soul. Being thus of divine origin, the behests of obligation are sacred, light-bearing, life-giving, lifting the otherwise dead, barren universe into a radiant sphere of spiritual realities and living energies. All study, and knowledge, and culture, and work, and suffering, become luminous and significant. Obligation is thus, in its very nature, ennobling, lifting the spirit to its feet, giving backbone and muscular tension, making the gristle and sinew of character taut and strong, which before was lax and flabby. It is the source of all invigorating activities, the pole-star to all right living. It prevents life from becoming stale and insipid, and gives it significancy and grandeur. The voice and aspect of duty have nothing soft and caressing, but rather, like Milton's archangel, it stands solemn, lofty, heroic, and stern-eyed and far-looking, and with

voice trumpet-toned, lifting the listener to his feet, setting the blood coursing with new vigor, and nerving the arm with heroic power.

Obligation fulfilled becomes the source of joys the most healthful and dignified. No life guided by duty can be groveling, cloddish; but it is thereby touched, uplifted, strengthened, and made sublime. All privilege is noble just in the proportion that it is full of obedience and sacrifice of purposeful, helpful work, by which the soul becomes transfigured with a divine radiancy. Obligation regulates liberty, is its balance-wheel, steadies it for high deeds, gives meaning and dignity to action, glory to achievement. It lifts life from aimless floating to aimful sailing, from insipid vegetating to noble endeavor. The obligations imposed by culture are multiform, wide sweeping, and long enduring.

Youth, health, hope, faculty, culture, are the grand possessions with which you, who are soon to graduate, begin life's work. This high possession, however, comes at great cost, making you great debtors, with correspondingly great obligations. Goethe said, "Each *bon mot* has cost me a purse of gold; half a million of my own money, the fortune I inherited, my salary, and the large income derived from my writings for fifty years back, have been expended to instruct me in what I know." Gibbon, for his great history, did not get within ten thousand dollars of what the books required for its composition, cost him. Milton, for his "Paradise Lost," into which he had wrought the best of his multiform enriched life, received only seventy-five dollars. An educated person is an expensive being; but a truly noble one is worth the cost. We are debtors for all we have and are to a wider circle of toil and sacrifice than we outwardly come in contact with. We are inheritors of all the accumulations of all the ages. They have all labored, and we have entered into their labors. Their high thoughts, lofty ideals, noble living, great deeds, are our inherited possessions.

A college is an abridged edition of the humanities, an epitomized schedule of nature, a compend of all the best products of civilization, a storehouse of all known truth, an armory of all best weapons for life's warfare. The foundations of most of these have been laid in religion. Their walls have gone up through the inspirations of high and unselfish aims, every stone and brick and board and nail placed with prayer and consecrated toil. Sacrificial living and dying are the cost of college equipments. Every leading truth taught therein represents the highest and best reaches of the world's most masterful minds—the princely gifts of imperial intellects.

Jesus, with all the inspired, devout men of old, lived, suffered, died to

give a religion; all philosophers, with "high thinking and plain living," have furnished the philosophy. All poets have lit up the mental heavens with their poetic inspirations; all historians have recorded the ongoings of Providence, governing the world; all mathematicians have labored to set forth the abstract mathematical truths; all astronomers have revealed the immensities and the glories of the special universe; all geologists are revealing the mysteries of a time-world; all scientists of whatever department are revealing the mysteries of God in nature; all inventors, reformers, helping on civilization. These have all thought, and wrought, and suffered, and died, and ye have entered into the rich fruitions of their lives. Every truth of mathematics, literature, art, science, law, philosophy, every principle of religion, every element of liberty and civilization, has cost toil and sacrifice, and some of them untold sacrifice. These great spirits have walked the way of tears and of blood, and the rich clustering fruits of all this, you have been garnering during these long years of training. Yourselves, your parents, your friends who have helped you on, have added their contributions to augment the costliness of your culture.

What is this culture that thus costs?—All perfect culture seeks and gives life, health, growth, power, tastes, habits, skill, symmetry, proportion, ennobling and perfecting its recipients. It is earnest, purposeful aggressive—full of the streams of fresh, free thought. It is ingrown with the sentiment of pure soul-worth, rising above all outward circumstances and trappings, wherein being and doing transcend all getting and having, these sentiments inwrought into all the fiber and texture of culture, enlarging and elevating the self-forgetting and appreciative sympathies, rather than simply sharpening the critical acumen. Noble culture, like noble natures, is not born of carping criticism and envious captiousness. It is open-eyed toward beauty and nobleness, but blind and irresponsive to all that is contrariwise. The sheen of its nobility glorifies all within its luster. As the great musician must become more and more the impersonated spirit of the violin, the harp, the piano, the organ—in short, of all harmonies—so must the cultured become the impersonated spirit of all literatures, sciences, arts, industries—all ennobling and civilizing processes. It is the high aim of all true culture to develop all the perfection possible through a training which enlightens the intellect, restrains the passions, elevates and purifies the affections, and empowers the will. It enables one to enjoy not only the broader truths and experiences of life, but with a quiet self-possession appreciate all the subtler influences. He can discriminate between joy and joy, sorrow and sorrow, love and love,

career and career, discovering in all the events of life their beauty, their pathos, their comedy, or their tragedy. Culture, expanding the merely temporal and local of the neighborhood into the broader sweeps of all times and places, and touched by all human interests and experiences, getting thereby a sense of the more subtle and beautiful colors of which life is capable, and realizing how fair a thing it may be, how rich in harmonious coloring, beauty of form, many-sided freedom, self-forgetting friendships, sacrificial loves, thus opening up to the dusty, everyday life boundless gardens of the past, with their rich woods and waters and outlooks on illimitable seas, open to us the undying deeds of history, with all the keener and profounder passions in action, the exquisite groups of figures with their splendid living, lifting life thereby into an exquisite and noble reality, enabling us to appreciate, sympathize with, and absorb into our own life, all the scenes, incidents, and teachings of everyday life. Culture enables the soul to yield from every appulse from without, a composite harmony, becoming a many-voiced orchestra, or an æolean harp, which the winds of life play upon, touching note after note into delicate music. It is the mission of culture to remove the mark of sense, the mists of error, and all dull-sightedness, until the spiritual world dawns clear, and we are enabled to behold ourselves compassed about with chariots and horses of fire, and all spiritual relationships and affinities reveal themselves. A new truth starts responsive lights from multitudinous other truths.

Again, "The light of a high ideal," as Fichte well says, "is more beautiful than the sun, and above all orders of stars." Culture should not only make clear to the vision, freed from all cloud and murk of selfishness and materiality, this ideal, but likewise gives strength and cunning of hand, and deftness of skill, to work out, in and upon the world, this pattern "seen in the mount," without which one will only be an idealistic dreamer. Good culture sets before a man a high ideal to aim at, becoming a control and an inspiration to his life, and training all his inward powers and outward instrumentalities to the end of realizing this ideal, by overcoming all obstructions, surmounting all difficulties, and enabling him to use all the utilities of life for this ideal realization. Ideals beget aspirations. We are shaped and moulded ultimately not by rules and precepts, but by the living, governing energy of our ideals, the light of our lives, the inspiration of our doing, the strength of our endeavors. They melt and fashion the metal of one's being, revealing themselves in all he thinks and does—being thus the master thought, the mainspring of life. These ideals have material or spiritual, selfish or unsefish, ends.

It is the aim of true culture to supplant all selfish and material ideals by unselfish and spiritual ones. A reasoning being implies an idealizing one, and, whatever the conditions of life, in order to save it from being submerged by mere animality, it must have a pole-star, to prevent it from becoming full

"Of sad dejection and dull, sick routine."

Life is not to be spent in vaporings or idle dreamings, nor yet absorbed in pushing one's way in the world, maintaining the struggle for existence, inclosed in the material, hemmed in by circumstance, crushed by imperious necessity, but to battle up through them to the higher levels of this ideal, divine life. Everyone should be in some sense a bread winner, that is, should have technical or professional culture. A culture that fails to set one squarely on his feet, and give him two strong arms and two apt hands, fails in essential points; but man cannot live by bread alone. Any culture stopping here has stopped short of all that which is noblest and best.

"*The humanities*" was the classical name given to all higher studies, pointing to the broadening, humanizing influences of such, "awakening a desire to use all culture for the good of humanity," as the child of God. This is the noblest end of living. "Culture," in the language of Arnold, seeks to give "increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy." It must often, like virtue, be its own great and sufficient reward, giving soul freedom, lifting above appearances, seemings, artificialisms, imitations, idolatries, to all divinest ideals. In the language of the German poet, then, "Be true to the ideals of thy youth."

Again, humanity is an organic unity, and is destined to develop and establish itself more and more as an organism through the conscious mutual helpfulness of all its members, as a common brotherhood, striven for, in some degree, by all religions, most especially by the Christian. Each individual has an additional significancy as a part of the whole humanity, or brotherhood, while it is only through individuals that it can receive the full development of its manifold powers. No one can realize self-worth till he has realized the worth of humanity. Human worth comprehends and gives significancy to personal worth. Personal nobility is the outshoot from the common trunk of humanity. There is everywhere in this humanity so much that is latent, such unfathomed mysteries and possibilities of nobleness, commanding sympathy, respect, effort. Culture has been, through the ages, slowly yet surely lifting man to higher civilizations. High religious virtue, empowered and guided by high culture, is the lever by which this has been accomplished.

Thus, all highest and truest culture springs from a religious root. The best culture of any and all ages has been that which has led up to God, and the best possessor and user of this was the best scholar and man for his time, and the best student is he who strives with all his life to attain these divinest possibilities. He who penetrates and is penetrated by the divine plan and purpose, and is moved and motived and guided by the same, is the one of highest attainments. To him the world becomes radiant with new significancy. As all true life is in God, and acts with and for him, so does all true culture. To this end all partakers of this culture must labor, that this blessing, in its purest and best possible form, may be spread throughout humanity, not merely for its utilitarian results, not for its technical knowledge and skill, not for the professional success it may bring, but for its humanizing, elevating, and inspiring effects. Culture is not simply to render an intelligent being more intelligent, but rather, as Wilson and Arnold put it, "To make reason and the kingdom of God prevail, within and around us," not simply seeing things as they are in the light of science, but by seeking to know the moral order of the divine ideas and purposes in the universe, and conforming and helping. Right culture seeks the highest science, art, literature, in order to make them tell on human life and conduct. It seeks the proportionate and harmonious perfection of our entire personality, to the end of seeking the same in entire humanity. It is not "a having and resting," but a perpetual growing and becoming, through an ampler growth and more human expansiveness of each personality for the sake of all. The peculiar wealth and glory and dignity of culture are that no perfection arising through it can be isolated, purely personal, but overflows on to all human nature. Any culture which does not lead outward to others is dwarfed, deformed, and ignoble. True culture, then, seeks the kingdom of God within and without.

Your school life has been receptive, full of routine and drill, chafing restraints, enforced seclusion, and ungracious discipline. Upon these the stir and noise of the world break with a crash and roar as of great waves on a far-off shore, awakening dream and unrest. Whether the outlook and forecast respecting future spheres be humble or exalted, you follow, with pulse quick and high, the lead of hope, as, with radiant countenance, she beckons forward with promise of happiness to all, and, perchance, laurel-crowned brows ere the sunset of life. Not infrequently preparation becomes irksome; longings for life-work intensify. This preliminary gathering of knowledge, discipline, clearness, and versatility is, however, an essential condition for securing growth and power, to be, in turn, in

their future outworkings a potent influence for human uplifting. High aims and solemn consecrations need to be embodied in steadfast purposes, preparatory to going forth to the ampler and more complex and richer culture of life.

As you now pass from anticipation to participation, from the acquisition to the expression of power in use, these bright visions will become very earnest realities. Success will require wisdom in aim, prudence and vigor in action; otherwise, youthful dream and aspiration will end in fog, longing in fitful and fruitless effort, and life in failure. Not a few prepare for life with the illusion that success is within easy grasp. Difficulties soon dishearten them. Earnest effort soon yields to restless discontent or stupid inactivity, the result, generally, of false views, groundless anticipations, insufficient preparation, or misdirected labor. On the other hand, if life's activities are entered upon after careful and thorough preparation, the consciousness of preparedness and adaptability to one's calling and its responsibilities gives that lifesome vigor which assures noble achievement. You that have made school life bright with improved opportunities, rich with garnered wisdom, may look forward to a life of true usefulness. If the fields of youth have been sown with the good grain of true culture, then will the reapings of age be rich with the golden grain of true glory.

You have been seeking through these years of training to get, not that culture which is chiefly effective in small criticisms, with a keen turn for fault-finding and bookish pedantry, but most ineffective in all the great activities, but, rather, that culture which enkindles sympathy, enthusiasm, and a purpose which works with an "intense and convinced energy." Culture is coming, more and more, to mean that quickness, depth, and force of the entire being, not to be obtained solely from courses of study, nor modes in class-room drill, but rather from those pervasive influences which go to make the present living tendencies of civilization.

You now go to that life culture which is acquired by experience. In experience, abstract and theoretical knowledge becomes concrete reality, and is the most satisfactory and permanent knowledge. It gives self-poise, self-control, head wisdom, heart sympathy, hand skill. Ulysses, that many-experienced and wise man, said:—

> "I am part all I have met."

To become thus wise in all sinless experiences places one on high vantage ground, satisfying some of the noblest aspirations of the soul, while their memories awaken emotions tinged with the golden haze of other

years. Herein is the advantage of living rightly through the experiences of a long life, over being early cut off from them. While the ever-changing experiences from the outward world, with its scenes and modes and events, may be sought after, yet life, to be rich and noble, need not necessarily be greatly taught in these, if so be it knows the deep soul experiences of abiding and clear-eyed faith, that cause all the spiritual forces to mount Godward, with their sweet spirit communings, quickening into self-renunciation, solemn consecrations, and unselfish endeavor. These are the topmost flowerings of humanity, and no culture can ignore these fairest and highest blossomings.

As you go forth to your work, you need, like Milton, to feel that great work can be achieved only "by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." He believed that to this must be added, by one's self, study, observation, reading, all seemly and generous arts and affairs. He who would write poems "ought himself to be a true poem." This is a universal principle. Noble doing can only spring from noble living, and doing that thus springs will command attention, respect, and a following. Such have ever been the ideal heroes of humanity.

Be ever, then, light-seekers, light-bearers, light-givers. The poet says:—

> "Light seeking light doeth light of light beguile."

Truth is—

> "The life of whate'er makes life worth living—
> Seed-grain of high emprize, immortal food,
> One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving."

Stand upon the mountain heights of progress, with watchful eye, to catch the earliest dawn of any new truth about to break upon the world. Ever listen with ear fine-attuned to catch the divine harmonies of any great law about to pulsate out from the infinite harmonies of all law and order. As soon as the new truth is seen, or law heard, repeat it to the waiting world.

Be positives, not negatives, affirming, not denying. As scholars, with your high privileges, and, thereby, large duties, you need to rise above all negative carpings, and choose and work for what is positive, what is affirmative, what is advancing. Truth and goodness live and thrive only on these, not on denying, criticising, negating, not on snobbishness or sniggerishness, not on exclusiveness respecting others, not by tearing down others. The scholar should be open-eyed to all truths, and filled with their light; he should flash new ideas along the pathway of human-

ity, thereby kindling new light, awakening nobler sentiments, and inspiring to higher and broader activities. You are not to be simple passivities, complacently receptive, but rather be felt as a positive and controlling power. Rather guide than be guided, lead than be led, in all great, beneficent and progressive movements. Freely investigate all underlying principles, all overshadowing laws, governing all parties and sects and institutions. Be friends and helpers of literature, art, science, law, government, industry, religion. The world ever tends to draw down, blunt, adulterate, stultify; hence there needs to be a counteracting, lifting up, purifying, by returning often to the fountains of culture, clarifying the vision by the light of pure truth.

Sidney says:—

> "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

Seek the deep, clear, calm waters of eternal truth, far out from all the murmuring shoals of fanaticism and error, and all shallow, narrow sectarian or party living. Disrobe your spirit of all cant, prejudice, and fetich worship. Let life be clean, calm, wholesome. Then its free forces will become manifest. Spirit freedom and independency must be secured at any cost. This is the essence and core of all noble living.

"On the neck of youth," says an oriental proverb, "sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise." The essence of enterprise is earnestness. This is always contagious, touching and lifting to their feet all coming within its influence. The masterful, conquering spirit is he whose hand has the skill and power to execute what his brain plans, the ability to make his ideals realities. Happy he whose pleasure is his work, whose hand skillfully executes his plans. Fortunate are those who have given to them great questions to solve, new truths to establish, noble principles to inaugurate, enduring institutions to build. Such work develops very rapidly the latent powers of the workers. If they are sound to the core, made of fine, tough fiber, there will be noble and lofty characters unfolded under the high and manifold influences, and, not infrequently, intense activities of such a work. Every great enterprise must encounter darkness and storm. Fortunate if it have a pilot who can see the gathering tempest before it breaks in its fury, and courage to face it. If unskillful hands have placed the noble ship in a false position by ignorant maneuvering, where, seemingly, she must go down at the first shock, his is to warn of the approaching danger, and, amid the painful suspense, grasp firmly the helm, and, however destitute of helps, with but, perchance, a single ray of hope, every energy absorbed in the resolve, the ship shall be saved. Others may betake themselves to the lifeboats; he will share

the ship's fate—sink or sail with her. With such a pilot, the vessel is very sure to outride the storm, and moor in calm waters, with its magnificent cargo. Such has been the salvation of many noble enterprises that bless humanity, and call for thanksgiving.

The world needs—

> "Strong, *still* men in this age of cant,
> Who can work but cannot sham."

As the peasant painter, Millet, puts it, needs those that, free from all "posing, unnaturalness, exaggerations. By always trying to put one's self in some other one's place, and talk and act in 'character,' one loses the just appreciation of his own personality. To be genuine and true to all the high art and noble living, all theatrical must be shunned." To be able to make all the trivials of life serve the expression of true greatness, this is power. Plutarch well says, "It is not always in the most distinguished achievements that men's natures may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles." The world needs those whose culture has given them back to themselves, awakened, strengthened, and made completely available and noble in all these trivials. It needs men who transmute faith into life. It needs spiritual Columbuses, adding new realms of truth and mental wealth. It needs God-inspired men, sailing not by the shiftful winds of earth, but by the steady trade winds of heaven. The soul, simply self-centered, self-purposed, is like the earth obeying its geocentric forces, spinning on its own axis, ever stationary, or wandering darkling out into space and black night; while the God-centered soul is like the same earth, sun-centered, sweeping, by its heliocentric attractions, its grand yearly cycles around its center of light, life, and beauty, and being borne on with the sun in its own infinitely grander sweep.

Finally, as—

> "We touch Christ, in life's throng and press,
> The healing of his seamless dress
> We feel, and are whole again."

So all lives should be healing, life-giving. It is only when soul speaks to soul, eye to eye, smile to smile, tear to tear, that this power is fully manifest. Then lives become the great helps to other lives. They are the greatest of all human influences, awakening, as they do, sentiment, affection, action. They are the masterful forces in progress and civilization. Humanity cries out for noble, inspirational lives, wherein all high and holy principles are inwrought organically into character. It is famishing

for lives healthy and wholesome, lives struggling up, it may be, from low beginnings to high stations and commanding influences, or living nobly and grandly in obscurity, greatly good in all humble work, becoming lights shining down through the vista of the ages to guide halting and stumbling feet. Many a noble life is lived through that process whereby it is poured out, drop by drop, through long years of sacrificial libation, in that grinding attrition by which it is worn away little by little, no less surely, though less visibly, than if dying in a world-heralded martyrdom. This is what tries the patience and courage, determines the quality of the metal, as in the refiner's fire. It takes more courage to stand for the right through long years, regardless of opposition, obloquy, and neglect, than to die in the heat and strife of battle. Humanity needs the inspiration of lives that attract to nobleness, full of aspiration and high endeavor, supported by the power of achievement; not lives that tell only or mostly of outward circumstance, accidental distinction, the pomp and splendor of office and station, the outward polish of fashion, but rather those which unfold the inner workings of the spirit, the processes of thought, sentiment, will. It needs lives that are lived upon the clear heights of sincerity, open-eyed, calm-browed, though the mists gather and darken below, awakening in others the impulse to pattern after their nobleness, and inducing them to marshal all their powers in subduing all bad influences and converting all into triumphs. The world needs lives rich in culture, attuned to sweetest sympathy, illumed by truths, with a sincerity lucent as light, full of spiritual life and enkindling enthusiasm. It needs such as have faith in great principles, and most especially in the Author of these principles, with the high trust of a Noah, the faith of an Abraham, the meek assurance of a Moses, the zeal of the prophet-reformer Elijah, all those great spiritual heroes of old, whose faith lifted them above the world, with all its low forces. How do such lives instruct the world! No lives in court or palace or on thrones can equal those who, out of want and suffering and persecution, have been, through the ages, teaching and inspiring. Give lives thus patterned and empowered, and great will be the achievements,—loyalty to truth, allegiance to law secured, culture promoted, the evangelization of the world helped on, civilization advanced.

Go, then, to your life-work, with good will as the inspiring motive, "with charity for all, malice toward none." Continue through life seeking truer, deeper, wider, higher tastes and sympathies. Follow the lead of a conscience quickened by religion, enriched by truth. Continue to seek that culture which lifts into religion, and that religion which broad-

ens into a many-sided culture. Whether famed or fameless, recompensed or recompenseless, abounding or wanting, go forward under the guidance of the behests imposed by your privileges. And may the benedictions of the All-Father ever encompass and protect you. Amen.

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

[Delivered before the students, and others, of Alfred, November 24, 1881.]

Text.—"That both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together." John 4:36.

1. *Origin of Thanksgiving Service.*—The Reformation, under Henry the Eighth, had separated the English from the Romish Church, and enfranchised the English crown. Elizabeth enfranchised the Anglican Church. The Puritans, claiming equality for the plebeian clergy, attempted to further reform the liturgy, ceremonials, and discipline of the church, accepting therein no authority other than the "pure" word of God. The Independents discarded all church hierarchy, and asserted the liberty of every individual to discover for himself truth in the word of God. The Separatists went further. "Seeing they could not have the word freely preached, and the sacraments administered without idolatrous gear, they concluded to break off from the public churches, and separate in private houses."

A small company of these Separatists, composed of simple farmers and tradespeople, residing in the north of England, on account of the intolerable harrying and persecution which they had to endure, resolved to flee from their native land. First seeking refuge in Holland, but seeing, among other dangers, that the morals of the rising generation were likely to degenerate, if they remained here, they sought the guidance of God to "discover some place unto them, though in America, as they desired, not only to be a means to enlarge the dominions of the English estate, but the church of Christ also, if the Lord had a people among the natives whither he would bring them." They pondered, debated, fasted, prayed, and, nerved by the consideration that, though "famine, and nakedness, and the want, in a manner, of all things, with sore sicknesses," threatened them in such a venture, yet as "all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courage, and through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, borne or overcome; yea, though they should

lose their lives in this action, yet they might have comfort in the same," they resolved to seek a home in America.

Accordingly, "such of the youngest and strongest as freely offered themselves," set sail, and, after a long, stormy, and perilous voyage, they planted themselves and their principles on Plymouth Rock. "I see them," says Everett, "escaped from the perils of the sea, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-bound rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this."

"Do you not think," asks Choate, "that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims—its brief sunshine; the nights of storms slow waning; the damp and icy breath; felt to the pillow of the dying; its destitutions; its contrasts with all their former experience in life; its utter insulation and loneliness; its death beds and burials; its memories; its hopes; the consultations of the prudent; the prayers of the pious; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the heart threw off its burden, and, asserting its unvanquished nature, went up to the skies—do you not think that whoso would describe them, calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when it did, a mightier arm than a Persian, raised in act to strike,—would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rare heroism; a scene, as Wordsworth has said, 'melancholy, yea, dismal, yet consolatory and full of joy; a scene even better fitted to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes, till time shall be no more?'"

Before the first year was ended, fifty-one, just half of their number, had perished, twenty-eight out of their forty-eight able-bodied men. At the season of greatest distress there were but seven able to render assistance, not sufficient to take care of the sick, scarce able to bury the dead. "Warm and fair weather," they wrote, came at last, "and the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly, and flowers of very sweet fragrance."

As best they could, with spade and hoe, they sowed six acres with barley and peas, and planted twenty acres of corn. The peas failed, but the barley was "indifferent good," and "a good increase of Indian corn." They, consequently, in November, 1621, appointed a thanksgiving. The governor sent out a party to hunt, "that so they might, after a special manner, rejoice together after they had gathered the fruit of their labors." For three days they entertained and feasted Massasoit and some ninety of his people, who made a contribution of five deer to the thanksgiving occasion. Such was the origin of this now national festival.

2. *Its Significance.*—What was the significancy of this thanksgiving to them? What is it to us? To them did it signify simply gratitude for the failure of the peas, the indifferent good yield of barley, and the fair increase of corn? To us is it rejoicing over merely health, abundant crops, and general prosperity? If so, both to them and to us its significance is low and groveling. These material blessings are, indeed, a good, but a good only as a means to a higher end.

Men, souls, should be the aim of all toil, all sowing, reaping, trading, building, gain-getting, teaching, preaching, legislating, governing. Epictetus said: "You will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses."

Our text suggests a rejoicing together in a higher species of sowing and reaping than springs from any material grain. May not thanksgivings likewise be radiated, transfigured, and dignified by those high aims to which peas and barley and corn are but means? All material labors, gains, and interests are charactered by their ultimate uses. Aims constitute the spiritual alchemy which transmutes all means into gold or dross. Vigor, valor, nobleness, mental abilities, spiritual dignities, these are the high, ultimate aims.

The turkeys, for instance, which are so soon to become the thank offering of the more favored ones, will, in the mysterious alembic of life, be transformed into living, human vigor, that, on the morrow, will be translating Latin and French, Greek and German, solving mathematical and metaphysical problems; will be singing and painting, rhetoricating and debating; some will be farming, building, railroading, trading, speculating; some others, poor fellows, will be lying, cheating, stealing, swearing, and all that sort of thing. Thus the selfsame sacrificial turkey will come to high or base ends, just according as the human absorbing it is motived by noble or ignoble aims.

Plymouth, Forefathers', or Pilgrim Rock, as another illustrative symbol, that hard syenitic granite bowlder some six or eight feet in diameter, itself a pilgrim, in the far-back, glacial period brought and deposited in the shingle at the edge of the bay, and forming the stepping-stone of the Pilgrim Fathers, as they passed from ship to shore, has, from this momentary contact, been lifted from the common to the sacred. No other simple rock on this round world has connected with it such patriotic associations as this.

At the dawning of the Revolution, the people, to quicken the enthusiasm for independence, attempted its removal to the town square, for the purpose of erecting over it a liberty pole. In this attempt the rock split asunder. This was quickly interpreted as an omen foretelling the separation of the colonies from the mother country. Leaving one portion, the other part was drawn by twenty yoke of oxen to the town square. Recently, an elaborate and costly monument has been erected over the portion at the water's edge.

President Dwight, of Yale College, wrote in his day: "This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States. I have seen bits of it carefully preserved in several towns of the Union. Does not this sufficiently show that all power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and the stone becomes famous. It is treasured by a great nation. Its very dust is shared as a relic. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces? Who cares for them?"

Visiting this rock once, I found other visitors picking up pebbles along the shore, and, after laying them on the rock for a moment, taking them thence to their homes as sacred relics. After much labor I obtained a few small pieces, but in so doing left fragments of other rocks used in the breaking. Next day, on my way to the funeral of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, I saw these fragments in the possession of individuals attendant on the funeral, who were taking them home, to be handed down to other generations as sacred things.

As Plymouth Rock is that symbol of the highest reaches of pilgrim Puritanism; as the Kaaba stone is symbol of Moslemism, in its devoutest Mecca pilgrimages; as the Yule log was symbol, in the old Norse worship, of the returning sunlight, with all its glory and beneficence; as the Hebrew feasts were symbols of Hebrew theocracy; as the eucharist and the cross are symbols of the sacrificial death of Jesus—so is, or should be, Thanksgiving, symbol of spiritual and political independency.

3. *This Spiritual Independency the Germ of Our Free Institutions.*—

It is the germ from which have sprung a free nation, a free church, a free school, a free press, and a free ballot. When, on the 22d of November, 1620, the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, it planted the germ of all these and more. True, these Pilgrims were all unconscious of this, were themselves narrow and persecuting. Bryant well says:—

> "They little thought how pure a light,
> With years, should gather round that day;
> How love should keep their memories bright;
> How wide a realm their sons should sway!"

The impulse to their migration was purely spiritual, "to lay some good foundation for religion." They declared themselves "agreed in nothing further than in this general principle, that the reformation of the church was to be endeavored according to the word of God. Let this reformation come in God's measures, and as he himself will shape it." This simple purpose, nevertheless, made its inception more sublime, as its progress has been grander than any of the colonizations of Phœnicia, Greece, or Rome, grander than any of the mighty migrations that overran the ancient world, grander than any other modern colonizations.

Carlyle bids us: "Look now to American Saxondom, and at that little fact of the sailing of the *Mayflower*. It was properly the beginning of America. There were straggling settlers in America before; some material as of a body was there, but the soul of it was this. These poor men, driven out of their own country, and not able to live in Holland, determined on settling in the New World. Black, untamed forests are there, and wild, savage creatures, but not so cruel as a star chamber hangman. They clubbed their small means together, hired a ship, the little ship *Mayflower*, and made ready to set sail. Hah! These men, I think, had a work. The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable, then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. It is one of the strongest things under the sun at present."

John Robinson, their pastor at Lyden, considered the father of church independency, in his farewell address to the Pilgrims, assumed a position two hundred years in advance of his times, and struck the keynote to all religious progress. "I am confident," he says, "that God hath more truth yet to break forth out of his word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who have come to a period in religion, and will go no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be driven to go beyond Luther; for whatever part of God's will he hath further imparted by Calvin, they will rather die than

embrace it; and so also the Calvinists stick where Calvin left them—a misery much to be lamented, for, though they were both shining lights in their times, yet God hath not revealed his whole will to them. Remember your church covenant, whereby you engage with God and one another to receive whatever light shall be made known to you from his written word."

The Pilgrim Fathers originally had no political ambition or purpose; yet before they had landed from the *Mayflower*, necessity compelled them to form themselves into a body politic, by adopting the following solemn, voluntary compact, which was the germ of our independence and constitutional freedom:—

"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, . . . do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, and in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together, into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and, by virtue thereof, to constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

"There's a divinity within
That makes men great where'er they will it.
God works with all who dare to win."

4. *Favoring Conditions for the Growth of These Principles.*—The Puritans were Anglo-Saxons. When Gregory the Great saw, in the slave market at Rome, the Anglo-Saxons which the Roman legions had conquered, he exclaimed, "Not Angles, but angels," and resolved to go as a missionary to these beautiful people. Being baffled in this, he afterwards sent Augustine, with forty other missionaries, to England, to convert these "angels" to Christianity. "The fair Saxon," says Emerson, "with open front, and honest meaning, manly, domestic, affectionate, is not the wood out of which cannibal, or inquisitor, or assassin is made, but he is moulded for law, lawful tradé, civility, marriage, the nurture of children, for colleges, churches, charities, and colonies." The Puritans constituted the anthology of this fine race, composed of flowers, plucked from the topmost branches.

Deity, who hath determined the times and the bounds of the habitation of all nations, appointed the Pilgrims a habitation preëminently adapted to germinate and grow the essentials of all republican institutions. Infertile, rock-ribbed, river-veined, sea-sculptured, storm-swept regions have generally been the ones where the quickening powers of all the best

civilizations have had their birth. The great prophets, lawgivers, philosophers, poets, orators, initiators, whose thoughts and deeds have led the world, have generally had their spring in such lands as Palestine, Greece, Scotland, Switzerland, Prussia, England, New England.

5. *Other Sowers and Other Seed-Grain.*—Whilst the nation has been reaping the harvest from these Puritan seedings, multitudinous other sowers have been broadcasting over the land. Millions of other peoples and kindreds, seeking a home here, are mingling the strene of their blood with that of the Pilgrims. Migrations, revolutions, institutions, customs, manners, principles, doctrines, creeds, arts, sciences, literatures, religions, are sowing here, with open and free hand, wheat-seed or tare-seed. All the dead generations, all the dead nations, have left seed-grain for all the new generations, for all the new nations. Each epoch of human history gathers unto itself the fruitage of all the preceding, enriched and advanced thereby. Each successive age is the harvest home of all its ancestral ages. It is the mission of each age to produce better seed grain than the old, for the future. All its discoveries, and inventions, and improvements, all its culture and progress, are seedings cast into the fruitful soil of the future, to spring up and fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred-fold, to be perpetuated with ever-increasing fullness and variety. Its influence upon itself is small compared with its influence upon the future. Men with men are like the oaks of the forest, hurtling their gnarled branches, without bending or swaying; but the upgrowing saplings are easily swayed and fashioned. This swaying and fashioning is the high privilege and solemn responsibility of the present to the future.

Greece, with its era of greatness barely covering a period of two hundred years, and holding sway over an insignificant area of the earth's surface, has, by its free spirits, seeking individual perfections, with the free play of all their faculties, according to aptitude and genius, and by the culture of reason and taste, given to the world fruits as enduring as humanity; an inspiration and guide to taste and art; the germ of all philosophies, sciences, and literatures. We are to-day rejoicing in their enriching and ennobling influences.

Rome, through tumult, and storm, and bloody tempests, bequeathed to the world the genius of government and administrative sovereignty, the worth of principles, formulated into laws, of organized order, the majesty of law, reverence for authority, the nobleness of love of country the sacrificial nature of patriotism.

The Asiatics, amid crushing despotisms, lifted the veil of infinitudes, bowed reverently before their mysteries, and sowed the world with reli-

gion. The Hebrews, a branch of these, gave the world Monotheism, a personal God, imposing his behests upon the consciences of men, the worth and dignity of spirit, the independency of soul, to stand erect and superior to all outward authority, and, through Christ, supreme love for the Father of spirits, and good will to men. The early church fructified humanity, with its devotions, faith, sacrifice, and saintliness. All these the ages have taken up, preserved and perpetuated for us. We are receiving their fructifying influences. Are we—

> "Competent to keep
> Heights that they have been competent to win?"

> "Not that our age excel
> In pride of life the ages of our sires,
> But that we think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well."

6. *Harvest Home.*—Students, in closing, permit me to speak a few words especially to you. You are in the harvest-home period of life. You are here to gather in the rich sheaves of knowledge, ripened in all the fields of the past; to glean from all times, and climes, and sowings; drink from all fountains; eat of all fruitings; and grow into all that is beautiful, true, noble, and good. For this high end have all the great and unselfish toilers of the past wrought.

Sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and six after the settling of Boston, Harvard University was founded. "After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning, and perpetuate it to posterity." To its building everyone contributed, according to his means; money, goods, sheep, cotton cloth, pewter flagons, dishes, spoons, a peck of corn, beads, wampum. The old alchemists sought in vain for the elixir that would change all things into gold. These men discovered that divine elixir which converted their wampum and spoons and pewter flagons into radiant shafts of light to stream down through the ages, lighting not only their posterity, but all coming within their sweep. Winckelried gathered into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears to make way for the liberty of Switzerland. Gather ye thus into your souls a sheaf of these shining shafts, and transmit their glory augmented to your successors.

November 11, 1647, the General Court of Massachusetts, to the end "that learning might not be buried in the grave of the fathers," passed an ordinance, inaugurating the first common school system which the world had known—a system that is gradually yet surely spreading over the

earth, and will as surely light all kindreds and peoples up to higher planes of civilization.

Young friends, you have had your being, lived, and moved, in the radiancy of that light which thus first dawned in Massachusetts. How have you improved its privileges? This is the way boys went to school in Shakespeare's time:—

> "The whining schoolboy with his satchel,
> And his shining face, creeping, like snail,
> Unwilling, to school."

How many of you have gone, are going, that selfsame way to school? It is, nevertheless, an encouraging thought that not a few just such boys have turned out to be Archimedean levers for moving the world. How many of you will prove to be such levers?

In 1700 ten clergymen met to consult in reference to founding a college in Connecticut, and closed by laying each a few volumes on the table, saying, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." These were the fitting germs of Yale College, which has grown in proportions and in power one hundred and eighty years, and is just in its youthful vigor. Indeed, college germs seem to have an immortal vigor, both of growth and of reproductiveness, in them. Many other colleges have been the outgrowth of Yale. Her influence has reached far and wide. Each one of you has doubtless received growth and vigor from her. Pythagoras, on discovering a new theorem in geometry, sacrificed a hecatomb of oxen as a thank offering to the gods for granting to him such high privilege and honor. Show your thankfulness for privileges far surpassing those of Pythagoras, not by burnt offerings, but by helping to promote learning in future years, when all such interests will be in your keeping.

When the world was young, men like Enoch, Noah, Nimrod, Abraham, Ishmael, Moses, stood out, individual, columnar, and grand, and we see their giant forms shadowy against the darkening sky of the past, and feel their influence sweeping around us; but now, owing to the leveling-up influence of education and the equalizing of power by liberty, men perpetuate their influence and power best by combination, by organization, by founding and building up institutions that shall grow more and more vigorous, as the centuries go by. Preëminent among such institutions are colleges; preëminent also are they for their wide-sweeping and uplifting influences.

A vine which had climbed to the top of a cedar in a single season, exultingly exclaimed, "What, O cedar, after a hundred years no taller

than I after a single summer!" "True," replied the cedar, "but after you shall have been dead a thousand years, I shall still be standing and growing." Men are to institutions what vines are to cedars. Transmute, then, young friends, your life power into institutions that shall grow and bear fruit through the millenniums.

To this end gather into your souls during this harvest period all ennobling, life-giving, fructifying forces possible. Make the most and best of yourselves, to the end that you may broadcast the world, in your future sowings, with the best possible seed.

Rules and tutors alone cannot educate. All true education must have a subjective spring. As the organific life-power of the seed appropriates the helpful conditions of earth, air, water, heat, light, into growth and fruitage, so may you, by personal vigor, gather soul-growth from every rule of restraint or guidance, help of teacher, problem of mathematics, lesson of language, truth of science, from all social converse, all rub of experience, success, failure, joy, sorrow. God, in his divine husbandry, has sown the fields of the universe thick with grain of inexpressible variety and richness, from which his children can glean full handed. With open-eyed search you will find rich gleanings of truth, beauty, and love. Their sheen illumines every pebble, rock, fossil; every lichen, moss, and fern; every plant, shrub, and tree; every flower that blooms and seed that ripens; the glory and gladness of dawn; the silence and sadness of twilight; the day of Ossianic fog and mist, as well as the day of brightness; the sparkle of winter frosts as well as the fervors of summer heats; the promise of spring and the fruitions of autumn. To your native centers fast gather into your beings all the flowing forces of past progress, remoulding them into better, higher future progress. In the great electric lamp of the world be carbon points, transmuting its spiritual currents into flame, to shine down the vistas of the future.

REV. NATHAN VARS HULL, D. D.

Text.—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

This church, called on to-day for the first time in its history to bury a pastor, we, its members, meet in a new, most touching, and most testing service. For over thirty-five years he who now lies peaceful before us has been not only our pastor, but likewise personal friend, and brother, and father, all in one. He has gone out and in before us as our under-shepherd, leading us by the still waters of peace and prosperity. He has in times of affliction, oh, how often, been the divinely-appointed means of restoring our souls with heavenly consolations, ever leading in the paths of righteousness, and how many, as they walked through the valley and shadow of death, has he enabled to fear no evil, by helping them to firmly grasp the divine rod and staff that comforteth and supporteth, and to look to the heavenly hills, whence cometh help! We all had learned to repose in him as a tower of strength, as a wise counselor, a safe guide, a friend ever to be relied on. We have seen, lo, these many years, not only the members of this church, but a great cloud of witnesses, as well, in all the regions round about, how bravely, how valiantly, how sacrificially, and how well he has fought the good fight to the very end, and our tears of sorrow are illumed by the joyful assurance that to him has been given the crown of righteousness!

What is thus to you all an epochal day in your lives becomes to me personally the most trying one in my experience save the one, perhaps, when I was called to perform a like service for the late President Kenyon. Taken at once into his confidence when he became pastor of this church, he has ever been to me an elder brother. Coming to me in all times of joy, consulting freely on textual interpretation and doctrinal points, rejoicing together over many a new book of value, thus closely bound together in all the joys and sorrows and labors of life, when he made known this, his last wish, it seemed impossible to fulfill it; but remembering that, having performed the like service for the companion of his youth, and having officiated at that fortunate and blessed marriage altar whereby he was united to her who now here weeps a widow, and remembering that it was the last service I could perform for him, I tremblingly replied, "I will try;" and now I beseech your sympathies and your prayers.

On thus consenting, I inquired if he had any memoranda of his life and labors that might be used. He replied, "Not a scrap." His aim through life had been to go forward in whatever duty came to him, uncaring for his name in the future.

I have gathered from other sources the following brief data: He was born October 18, 1808, in the town of Berlin, Rensselaer County; 1814, moved with his parents to this town; 1829 became a member of this church, in the twenty-first year of his age; November, 1830, preached his first sermon; I have not been able to learn the time of his ordination; July 7, 1830, was married to Miss Phalla Vincent, of Almond; 1833–1846, he was pastor of the Clarence church, Erie County, thirteen years; May 1, 1846, he became pastor of this church; 1848–1862, president of the trustees of Alfred Academy and University, thenceforward vice president; 1858–1877, president of the Education Society; 1868, appointed professor of pastoral theology in the Theological Department of Alfred University; 1872, appointed editor of the *Sabbath Recorder*, entering upon the duties of the appointment in June; September 9, 1872, he was married to Mrs. Lura A. Hartshorn; May, 1881, preached his last sermon; at midday, September 5, departed this life.

Such is the meager outline of a great life. Let us, as best we may in these brief moments, consider some of the more salient points and characteristics of this life, and draw lessons of inspiration and guidance therefrom, for no teaching is so potent as great and noble living.

Our pastor, as if by a wise provision, was endowed with a physical constitution eminently fitted for the arduous labors which, under Providence, it was his mission in life to perform. He was a born athlete. Standing six feet in height, symmetrically and strongly built in every limb and fiber, with face of Grecian type and sculpturing, if he had lived in the days of Paul, he could have easily become a winner in those athletic exercises, or endured the hardnesses of the Roman legions, whose tread shook the world, from both of which the apostle was wont to draw such frequent illustrations and ensamples, our text among the number, for the Christian athlete and soldier. . . . Work was his joy, his life. He said to me a few days ago: "It seems to me I have done the work of three to five men all these years. I have carried to the uttermost pound of my strength of the world's burdens. I have not knowingly shirked a single ounce. I have not known for these many years what it is to be rested of the weariness that overwork brings." It was this unremitted overstrain that shortened his days, lengthened as they were, for with his physique there was no natural reason why he might not have lived on yet several years.

Our pastor was likewise a mental athlete, strong, agile, ever alert, quick to see, grasp, appropriate, and express a new truth, a prime gift for the preacher, in the requirements enumerated by Paul, and which our pastor gave early proof of as a common-school teacher, bringing, according to the testimony of his pupils, order out of chaos, and lighting up the whole school with a new and great enthusiasm for learning. As a dialectician he was adroit, supple, ingenious, quick to parry, prompt to attack, watchful of opportunity, being thus well fitted to become, as he did, not only a sleepless watchman on the walls of Zion, but likewise the chosen champion of the denominational faith and practice.

With a will, indomitable, masterful, self-reliant, giving power to stand squarely on both feet, and the ambidexter use of all his faculties, he was fitted to become a dominant power among men, a leader among leaders, a prince in Israel, whose regnancy had the express approval of nature's divine signature and seal.

Added to these attributes of strength and power, he possessed what is seldom in strong natures,—a most delicate sensibility, an emotional nature, sensitively alive to loveliness in nature or life. To "the inquiring love of truth," as Dr. Arnold expresses it, "there went along a divine love of beauty and goodness," and gave him "that considerate sympathy and refined courtesy which invest with a peculiar attractiveness a few superior natures." Shrinking with all the high, chaste delicacy and sensitiveness of a woman from the coarse, the low, he was attracted lovingly to the beautiful and good everywhere. Witness his lively appreciation of the beauties of nature, as expressed in the sculptured hills and valleys of this region; witness his sympathy with all gentle, sweet, noble living; witness his intense love of innocent, artless childhood; witness his tender, loving treatment and care of animals; witness the simple neatness and order of his apparel, his model home, with all its surroundings and appointments; witness the delicate amenities he carried into all the relations and activities of life. In short, he was a refined Christian gentleman, of the old school, if you please, a school fast disappearing in this age of rush and sharp, incisive activity.

Thus endowed and panoplied by nature, when lifted by the divine life to a higher plane of living and thinking, and especially when the call to preach came, he gave himself utterly to the work. It was to him, from the very first and continually, not a profession merely, but a divine enthusiasm and joy,—his life. From the start, and always, he had the same assurance of his divine call that Christ had respecting his teachings, —"the common people heard him gladly." Commencing his ministry in

an age when people believed more implicitly than now in a special divine call to preach, it was no unusual thing to hear those who had listened to him remarking, "Well, I guess there can be no question about *his* being a called preacher." "Not a bit of it," was the quick response. The approving seal of a common Christian consciousness was from the first set upon his ministry.

At the time of his entering upon this work it was the common practice of preachers through this region to divide their time and labor between the ministry and some industrial pursuit. He said that he resolved at once to live by the gospel alone. Whether with bread or without it, whether he lived or perished, he would give himself entirely to the preaching of the word. He accordingly set himself at once to the carrying out of Paul's injunction to Timothy: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." "Do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry." . . .

Springing, as he expressed it, from among the stumps and log heaps directly into the pulpit, without any preliminary training, with but a limited common-school education, his first and perpetual aim was, in connection with his ministerial labors, to seek culture, to seek it from all sources, in conversation, in intercourse with men, in travel, in books—wherever obtainable. Being one of those natures that readily and easily take on the polish of society, the transforming influence became quickly marked. My first remembrance of him is of his appearance in the pulpit when he first began to preach. Clad in coarse homemade garments, with coat off, with action angular, sharp, intense, as if chopping his daily four cords of wood, with voice keyed on the high, monotonous pitch popular in those days, with his mobile and expressive countenance radiant with enthusiasm and streaming with perspiration, he carried the audience literally by storm, moving, swaying it as he listed. After an absence of a few years he returned, and I could scarcely realize that it was the same man. The polish, the ease, the grace captivated, held me enthralled. The transformation from the rude, uncultured youth to the model gentleman was complete, and seemed to me nothing less than miraculous.

The mode and course of his theological studies were quite different from those laid down in the schools, nevertheless, very effective, and with many fine results. He made the Bible, and especially the New Testament portion, the initial point and the pervasive element in this study. Using the house of worship at Clarence for his study, he retired to it whenever opportunity permitted, and there memorized verse after verse,

chapter after chapter, book after book, of the Bible, rehearsing them aloud, interspersing the exercise with song and prayer. He said this meetinghouse became to him a very Bethel, wherein some of the most blissful moments of his life were passed, frequently losing all note of time or place, so rapt became he in the entrancing study. As a result, the leading portions of the Bible became so a part of his mental being that seldom or never was he at a loss for a quotation, making it instantly, and without the necessity of turning to the passage, giving, not only verses but whole chapters, without the least apparent hesitancy. Often have I had occasion to note this facility, not only in the pulpit, but in discussions in his library, when, on any Bible thought or passage coming up, he could immediately give chapter and verse and context. This facility had, doubtless, somewhat waned in his later years.

In addition to this direct Bible study he used all the side light attainable for its elucidation. He prosecuted the study of Greek sufficiently to read the New Testament in the original. He gathered about him all the best commentaries, works on theology, and, so far as his means would allow, all the leading books and publications of the day likely in any way to help him in his work. He unremittingly strove to keep pace with the age, well abreast of the thoughts and investigations that were shaping human progress, and to this end sought every book that would help on. His library is rich in works of this kind, being one of the best libraries for a minister we know. He did not, however, confine himself to books in seeking aids in his work. He mingled with men with this object in view. In his earlier years he was wont to visit courts of justice to study human nature as related to crime and justice, and especially to witness the effect of argument and appeal of lawyers upon juries.

On assuming the pastorate of this church his labors became manifold and arduous. In addition to the care of this large church, spread over a wide region, he soon established outlying preaching stations in various directions. This practice he has kept up through most of these years. For many years he was the regular and favorite preacher to the students. From the first he took great interest in them, and they in him. One of the severest taxes upon his time and strength was the number and range of the funeral services he was called upon to perform. Being a favorite preacher of such sermons throughout a wide region, he was sometimes called upon to preach three such sermons in a day, frequently two, often having to travel far in this mission. The bright side to this picture was that he was called equally wide and far to officiate at the marriage altar.

Coming here without any children of his own, he at once took to his

heart all the children of his flock, adopting them as his own. Being the very embodiment of Christian courtesy and sympathy to all, his tenderness and love of children was very touching. Like a true and loving shepherd, he carried these lambs of his flock very close to his great and loving heart. He watched over and prayed for them with unremitting solicitude, rejoiced in their welldoing, followed them, and wept over them in their waywardness, often more anxiously than their own parents. Many a sleepless and tearful night has he thus spent. Thus has grown up a generation that had learned to love him as a father. The active members of the church when he became its pastor he has mostly buried. He has baptized most of the present active membership.

As a reformer, his labors were likewise manifold. In the early days of temperance and antislavery—those days that tried men—he was an acknowledged leader, and frequent were the calls upon him for lecturing and other labors in these fields. His eloquent and stirring appeals in behalf of temperance and liberty had much to do in shaping public sentiment and moving to action.

He has been identified with all of the denominational enterprises—the missionary, the tract, the publishing, the educational—from their earliest inception to the present. Holding in them official positions almost continuously, they have received his earnest support, anxious solicitude, giving freely of time, labor, and means for the advancement of their interests.

As editor of the *Sabbath Recorder* for the last nine years, both his labors and the circle of his influence have been greatly augmented. His pen has been a constant and effective defender and promulgator of the denominational faith and practice. The Sabbath, in special, has received his untiring attention. His discussions connected therewith have been marked by great candor, great courtesy, and great ability. His gracious words of counsel, of admonition, and of comfort, on various points of experimental religion, have touched responsive chords in many a soul.

The text reads, "And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." This was the great object for which Paul had made his good fight. It was not simply or chiefly for his own personal salvation and crown of righteousness, but for that of others, he had sacrificially lived and fought. Such also was the good fight made by our pastor. His warfare was a sacrificial one. His life was a libation, poured freely, even joyfully for others. That others may be crowned with the crown of righteousness was the one great end of all his labors. As a good under shepherd, his life was motived and inspired by the Great Shepherd, ready to lay down his life for the good of the sheep.

"I have kept the faith." This was the great motive power. Knowledge is power, but faith is a greater power. It lifts above all earthly influences and forces, above all fitful gust or sweeping storm, to the calm regions where sweep with an even, perpetual flow the balmy breezes of God. His was a living faith in Christ as his personal Saviour, and in God as his reconciled Father. This living faith was the motive, the power, not of the earth, earthy, but of heaven, and supernatural—a living, divine energy, a vital force shaping his daily life as well as his public ministrations. The word of God was the wellspring of life, whence he drank perpetual drafts. It gave rule and guidance to his faith. He loved with an undivided heart its teachings, its commands, its doctrines. Whatever his infirmities, none saw them more clearly, lamented them more sincerely, or prayed over them more earnestly, than himself. And he "grew in grace and the further knowledge of the truth" to the very end. His life grew more winning, beneficent, and tender in its personal expression, more rich, instructive, and gracious in its public ministrations, to the end. The halo of a serene and benignant old age crowned him. He had become, indeed, a father in Israel, whose words, by voice and pen, were reverently waited for.

Yes, he has fought a *good* fight—good because fought, not for self-seeking or worldly, but for unselfish and divine, ends; good because fought, not with carnal, but with spiritual weapons; good because fought, not for earthly, but for heavenly, righteous crowns. But this good fight, thus bravely, unselfishly, righteously fought, is all at an end now, and the good soldier, "ready to be offered," has been called up higher, to an exceeding great reward. The long pastorate has been closed, not by action of pastor or people, but by the Great Shepherd, who has bidden his faithful under shepherd to higher and diviner fields of usefulness and blessedness.

In passing he has let fall his armor of God, his spiritual weapons,—the mantle of charity, the helmet of salvation, the red cross shield, the breastplate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, the sword of the Spirit, the sandals of the gospel of peace. Gather ye up these, reverently, lovingly, one by one, and panoply therewith him whom you may choose as his successor, praying that a double portion of his spirit may be both upon him and upon us all. And now may the benedictions of the All-compassionate Father descend and rest evermore upon the widowed one, upon all stricken relatives, upon this church and people, and upon all whom this bereavement shall reach. Amen.

PRESIDENT JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

[A sermon delivered at the church, before the citizens and students of Alfred, Monday, September 26, 1881, in accordance with the proclamations of the President and of the Governor.]

Text.—"It is expedient for us, that one should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." John 11:50.

When called upon some sixteen years and five months ago to give a like sermon to the memory of the martyr President Lincoln, I could find no text so fitting as this text, and now, after beating about among all the Bible boughs for fruitage suitable for this occasion, none falls to my hand so fit as this same text, and I am therefore constrained to use it for our second martyr President. It seems, indeed, most appropriate that our two Presidents, united in their lives by a common service of country, struck down by not unlike bad forces, undivided in their deaths, a two-fold offering for the nation's salvation, should be commemorated with unison of service. Lincoln poured his blood, a libation to human liberty, an atonement for human slavery; Garfield poured his blood, a libation to political purity, an atonement for political corruption. . . .

No salvation can come without suffering, no atonement without blood. This law is universal and unalterable. Humanity could have no spiritual redemption save as the Divine became flesh, taking all the limitations, liabilities, temptations, and sufferings of the human, and ultimately death. Only thus could the human be lifted out of sin, regenerated, and be made to live again. Jesus could be Saviour only by his blood-shedding. All love in its beneficence must be a sacrifice. All salvation, whether spiritual, national, social, or physical, is effected through suffering and dying. Jesus becomes thus in his life of love and sacrificial death the type and ensample of all lives of love, labors of good will, and sacrificial service for human weal. All benefactors, all leaders, all elevators of humanity must pattern themselves after their divine prototype. Humanity has never taken a step forward and upward without that step dripping with blood. Every truth coming from God to man has been received with mocks and scoffs, and its evangels baptized in blood. The divinest lives have ever been crowned with thorns, their brows ever damp and dripping with blood. Jesus and the cross, Socrates and the poisoned cup, Stephen and stones, Paul and bonds and imprisonment, James and the block, Savonarola and the scaffold, Galileo and the dungeon, Joan of Arc and the fagot, Puritans and persecution, Lincoln and Garfield and the bullet, are all types of the devotements of religion, the consecrations of philan-

thropy, the offerings of patriotism, the fidelities to truth. The illustrious lives of witnesses, confessors, martyrs, have ever found Calvary their type. The world's worthies, of whom itself has ever been unworthy, have had for their lot, as Paul puts it, to be mocked, and scourged, and stoned, and sawn asunder, slain with the sword, to wander about clad in sheepskins and goatskins, in deserts and mountains, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Religious liberty, one of the most potent influences, the highest aspiration of the human soul, has been attained at the sacrifice, it is estimated, of three hundred million lives. Civil liberty, the child of religious liberty, has had, like its illustrious sire, a gory history. Like all other noble sentiments having for their end the uplifting of humanity, it has had to pass through a Red Sea of blood, and wander long in the desert, preparatory to its conquest of the promised land, and its possession of the thrones of the world. The cry of the people under oppression has come down through the ages as the perpetual wail of an east wind. Indeed, the world's sacrificial altar fires have ever been reeky with the blood and smoke of its multitudinous victims, darkening the heavens, and beating up before the mercy seat with perpetual gloom and sadness. And now this new offering, in the language of Garfield himself, respecting Lincoln, has for the moment withdrawn the thin veil which separates us from the eternities, and the whisperings of the ever compassionate Father to his children, comforting them in their sorrows, can be clearly heard.

These lives thus sacrificially offered have left the richest legacy humanity knows. Lives are the great helps to other lives. They awaken sentiment, affection, action. Great lives are the masterful forces in progress and civilization. Humanity cries out passionately for noble, inspirational lives, wherein all high and holy principles and forces are inwrought into character. It is famishing for lives clean, healthy, and wholesome. It needs the inspiration of lives that attract to nobleness, full of aspiration and high endeavor, supported by achievement. It calls for lives lived upon the clear heights of sincerity, open-eyed, calm-browed, awakening in others the impulse to seek a like nobleness, and inducing them to marshal all their powers in subduing all bad influences and converting all evil as well as all good into triumphs. The world needs lives illumined by truth, attuned to sweetest sympathy, full of spiritual vigor, rich in culture; lives that have faith in great principles, and live according to this faith. The legacy of just such lives the world has in this innumerable throng who have lived and died sacrificially. Incalculably great is their power for instructing, inspiring, guiding us, if we can but have our spiritual vision open and our spiritual hearing attuned to receive.

The life, achievement, and character of our martyr President is preëminently one of those specially fitted for just such service. His life, almost flawless, stands a model, great, noble, symmetrical, harmonious. What Apollo Belvidere is among Greek sculpture, he is among statesmen. His is a life all can study with profit, especially all youth who aspire to excellency in character or greatness in achievement.

Let us then note and ponder some of the more salient points of his life.

Notice the following rungs of the ladder by which he has climbed: Born in poverty and in the wilderness; left fatherless before two years of age; thence, till eighteen, living, growing, and working as poor boys must, turning his hand to whatever he could find to do on the little farm, and, in addition, wood chopper, carpentering, canal boat boy; awakened to an intellectual life at eighteen, he became an academic student, working his way by his trade and common-school teaching; born into the spiritual life at nineteen, he soon after resolved to obtain a collegiate education, becoming an assistant academic teacher and a preacher; twenty-three, a collegian, junior class; twenty-five, a college graduate and a professor of ancient languages and literature; twenty-six, married, and an academic principal, a teacher, lecturer, political speaker, law student, and preacher; twenty-nine, in addition to the above, State senator; thirty-one, entered the army as colonel, and, in consequence of heroic daring in his first battle, promoted by the War Department to the rank of brigadier general; thirty-two, for meritorious services in the second important battle in which he was engaged, promoted to the rank of major general; thirty-three to forty-eight, member of the lower House of Congress; forty-eight, elected a senator and President of the United States; forty-nine, March 4, became President, resigning his seat in both branches of Congress to clear the way; September 19, received a martyr's crown.

Let us note next some of the forces and conditions both within and around him that were operative in this wonderfully versatile, onward marching, and ever ascending career.

1. *The Mother.*—His first and best gift was his "little mother," as he was wont affectionately to call her. She was of the heroic order. Whatever noble and heroic appears in his struggles and triumphs, to me the same appears supremely more so in the mother. The mother was the root and nourisher of all that was bravest and best in the son. Yes, noble mothers are among the divinest gifts of God, and, young men and women, be devoutly thankful to him for such—you that have them. Gathering the robes of her widowhood and sorrow about her, and her children in

her arms, she said, "I will try to be brave for your sweet sakes"—a resolution she kept heroically through all the years wherein they required her aid. The last words of her husband had been: "I am going to leave you, Eliza. I have planted four saplings in the woods, and I must leave them to your care." Faithfully and well did she fulfill the trust. With a small, poor farm, incumbered with debt, in a dense forest only partially broken by clearings, she assumed her task. In addition to her household cares, she went to the fields with the boys, chopping, building fences, planting, hoeing, harvesting, leading in all the rugged work of the farm. As a necessary result, comparative prosperity followed. James became her special care and burden. Restless, desiring an adventurous life of sailor or soldier, caring comparatively little for books, she bent all her energies to curb and change these proclivities, and lead them up to religion and learning. "Remember your God, and study books," was the request, earnestly pressed upon him, the earnest prayer for him. To this end she sent him early to school, his elder sister carrying him back and forth on her back, through the mud and snow. At school he met with the fate common to poor, defenseless boys, owing to the universal depravity of boy nature. The stronger boys began at once to abuse and knock him about. His fiery soul flames at the insult, and, regardless of size, he thrashes everyone presuming to abuse him. He is soon recognized as the "fighting boy" that is well to let alone. When sufficiently grown, his restless spirit, in spite of his mother's entreaties, led him to the lake, to ship as a sailor, from which he was driven by abuse, then to the canal, where he was a good fighter as well as worker, from which he was driven home by the ague. As he approached the house, he saw through the open window his mother kneeling, with the open Bible before her, and heard her praying: "Oh, turn unto me, and have mercy upon me! Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the *son* of thy handmaid." He realized that his course was crushing her, and, with arm about her neck, he gave assurance of nobler aims, which, during the long ague sickness that followed, through the instrumentality of the mother, assisted by the teacher in the district, ripened into a genuine intellectual awakening. Henceforward all went well. No wonder, then, that the son should ever after manifest such filial devotion, and give such gentle and glad service to the "little mother."

2. *The Wife.*—Equally fortunate was he in his wife. A woman of perfect self-poise, unswerving rectitude, gentle, patient, unobtrusive, intellectual, keen, cultured, conscientiously devoted to everything good, she has ever moved on in the tranquil tenor of her unobtrusive way, in a life

of complete devotion to duty, never forgetting the demands of her position. He once said: "I have been wonderfully blessed in the discretion of my wife. She is one of the coolest and best-balanced women I ever saw. She is unstampedable." She was a woman eminently fitted to a man of Garfield's nature, and much of his success in life may well be attributed to his fortunate marriage. His wife has grown with his growth, and has been, during all these years, the appreciative and helpful companion in his studies, a strong support, wise counselor, and genuine aid, in all his purposes and efforts.

3. *Poverty.*—Garfield said: "Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself." "It is generally the poor and obscure little fellow, who has to scratch for every inch, that will run ahead and come to the front." These compulsions of poverty, stimulating his vigorous natural forces, gave that tact and pluck, that grip and push, which assured success in whatever he put hand to. While it compacted and toughened all forceful attributes, it, at the same time, broadened his sympathies, made gentler and tenderer and more beneficent all his relations and influences. It seems to ever be God's plan, when he desires to send a great benefactor or conspicuous example of manhood to the world, to pass by all who have been volatilized by the frippery of fashion, enervated by the luxury of riches, up to the poor, plain, common people, whose instincts and spontaneities are much nearer in harmony with the Divine, and the windows of whose souls open more directly heavenward. His especial evangels to humanity have been taken largely from the poor: Jesus from the manger and the stone mason's trade, Moses from the bullrushes, David from among the sheep, Elijah from among the cattle, Elisha from the plow, the apostles from their nets, Socrates from statuary cutting, Luther from among the ore diggers, Stephenson from the coal mines, Cary from the shoemaker's bench, Lincoln from the flatboat, Garfield from the towpath.

4. *Masterful Personal Powers.*—These exterior helps were responded to by masterful personal attributes. Standing six feet two, weight some two hundred and twenty, large-headed, broad-shouldered, full-chested, strongly knit, suggesting in his completeness a modern Samson, with an indomitable will, with intellect of broad sweep and grasp, nature set her impress upon him as a masterful and achieving one. From the very start in his upward career he verified his credentials. Beginning his second term of school with a sixpence in his pocket, he cast that into the first contribution box that was presented, and, by living on from thirty-one to

fifty cents worth of food a week, and by sawing, planing, driving nails, doing whatever turned up, he was enabled at the end of the term to return home with three dollars in his pocket. When he had fully determined to seek a college education, he excluded all extraneous matters, read nothing but what was helpful in his studies, and, by concentrating all his energies on the business in hand, he was enabled to complete in three years six of the eight years required for the preparatory and collegiate courses, and at the same time, by sweeping halls and rooms, building fires, ringing bells, teaching, and carpentering, was enabled not only to pay his way, but to start for college with three hundred dollars of his own earning in his pocket.

It is one of his sayings that "a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck." He finely illustrated it in his first campaign in the war. Before he had ever seen a gun fired in action, he was placed in command of a detachment of untried soldiers, and ordered to drive back a larger force of the enemy, under the command of one of the ablest officers of that region. This he successfully accomplished. A new danger then threatened his little force. The floods came down, making the river unnavigable, and starvation stared them in the face. In this emergency, after trying in vain to induce the captain of the quartermaster's steamer to ascend the river to the relief of his men, he ordered the captain and crew on board, and, stationing an army officer on deck to see that they did their duty, he took the wheel himself, and, struggling against the current some forty-eight hours, only eight of which he was absent from the wheel, he reached and relieved his men. A like exhibition of pluck occurred on his second nomination to Congress. He strongly sympathized with the radical movement under the lead of Wade against the President's policy respecting some of the seceding States. The nominating convention sympathized with the President, and the feeling against Garfield was very pronounced. When called upon by the convention to explain his course, he went upon the platform, everyone expecting something in the nature of an apology; but he boldly approved the radical manifesto of the radicals, defended his course, and said that he had nothing to retract, and could not change his honest convictions for the sake of a seat in Congress. He had great respect, he said, for the opinions of his constituents, but a greater regard for his own. If he could serve as an independent representative, acting on his own judgment and conscience, he would be glad to do so; but if not, he did not want their nomination. He would prefer to be an independent private citizen. Probably no man ever talked in such a style, before or since, to a body of men holding his political

fate in their hands. Leaving the platform, he strode away. Scarcely had he disappeared when one of the youngest delegates sprang to his feet, saying: "The man who has courage to face a convention like that deserves a nomination. I move that General Garfield be nominated by acclamation." The motion was carried with a shout.

He was born with a nature chivalric and daring. One of his first recorded requests is: "Mother, read to me about that great soldier. When I get to be a man, I am going to be a soldier, and whip people, as Napoleon did." This spirit gave him his longing to be a sailor, and command a ship. A little over a year ago he said: "At times this old feeling comes back to me. The sight of a ship fills me with a strong fascination." "I tell you," he exclaimed, with flashing eye, "I would rather now command a fleet in a great naval battle than do anything else on this earth." It was this spirit that pounded his little playfellows at school into good behavior, that conquered a peace on the towpath and canal boat; that thrashed a rebellious school into perfect submission; that made him, for the short time he served, one of the most daring and successful generals of the war. It was this chivalric spirit that gave him the finest, though bloodless, victory that came to him in the war. When on his way from the army to Congress, he attempted to go aboard a Kentucky steamer with his negro body servant, but was met by the sheriff with a strong force, who, armed with the authority of the State law, attempted to seize the negro as a slave. At this Garfield sprang between, and, shaking his fist in their faces, rushed them off the boat. The sheriff, from the shore, ordered the captain not to move the boat with negroes aboard. Garfield notified the captain that he would pilot the boat, and the soldiers run the engine, and relieve him of all responsibility.

He carried the same masterful power into Congress. Continuing the same untiring and thorough study manifested while a student and teacher, he mastered every subject which he was called upon to consider. He began, at once, a long and assiduous investigation of the leading subjects of legislation, ransacking the congressional library for works that threw light on the experience of other countries, or gave the ideas of the thinkers and statesmen of all nations on these subjects. For his hours of recreation, he would gather about him all the rare editions of some favorite author, classical or other, and leisurely examine their variations and critical points. This wide and thorough investigation gave his views great weight, and he soon rose to a commanding influence in Congress. . . .

5. *The Fruitage.*—The outcome and fruitage of such living and doing was a man of rare and versatile attainments and power. A commanding and handsome person, with winning ways, sympathetic impulses, and magnetic influence, unique in varied and brilliant qualities, he was a masterful man. Wherever he came he conquered. In many and varied departments of thought and action, his right royal gifts and culture became recognized and distinguished.

Next to John Quincy Adams, he was the most scholarly man that has come to the presidency. He excelled in the patient accumulation and striking generalization of facts. He roamed in every field of intellectual activity, delighted in poetry, enjoyed philosophic thought and investigation, felt a keen interest in scientific truth and research, gleaned eagerly through the fields of politics and history, and illumined them all by his glowing originality. The records of the congressional library show that, excepting Charles Sumner, he used more books than any other congressman. Indeed, it came to be understood, when a rare book was drawn from the library, if Sumner did not have it, Garfield did.

As a speaker, he had no peer in the present realm of statesmanship. Lofty ideas and vigorous logic permeated his matchless eloquence, whose chaste beauty and tender grace became the unstudied manner of his speech. Whether in the pulpit, on the stump, in the lecture room, or in the halls of Congress, his polished diction charmed, his lucid argument convinced, the pictorial splendors of his imagination entranced, and the fused thought and feeling of his eloquence captivated and carried his hearers wherever he willed to lead.

As a statesman, his aims were always noble and lofty, ever serving his country with conspicuous ability and with unselfish ends. He has striven to make the public service clean and honorable. He has sought to ennoble and dignify the republic, by making the government one of statesmen and patriots, not of demagogues and place-men. He never owned nor help run a political machine. His ability, knowledge, mastery of public questions, generosity of nature, honesty of purpose, devotion to the welfare of the republic, have done the work. He lived and spoke and wrought for freedom, and honor, and faith, and love.

Garfield as scholar, teacher, preacher, soldier, statesman, was unique in the combination of those qualities which go to make a career that appeals to all that is noblest and best in our manhood. To all who admire energy and pluck, who appreciate great abilities and respect distinguished services, his career is a joy and an inspiration. . . .

Both Lincoln and Garfield sprang from humble parentage. Lincoln's

had the hereditary unthrift and want of push characteristic of the Southern poor; Garfield's had the hereditary pluck and push characteristic of the New England Puritans. Lincoln was pressed more tightly by the iron grip of poverty, with fewer openings for escape, or the ingress of opportunity. To Lincoln the schools of Southern Illinois, few and poor, presented but scanty means for education, and six months of schooling in such was his all. To Garfield common schools and academies, planted thick by the New England element, over the Western Reserve of Ohio, presented ampler opportunities, wooing him with all their captivating enticements to the high privileges of learning. Lincoln had for his chiefest means of culture the Bible and Shakespeare—fortunately for him and for all, the two supreme books in all the world's literatures. For the rest, his great teachers were the silent forest, the prairie, the river, the sweet heavens, and calm stars. Garfield pressed all the gates of knowledge, "on golden hinges turning," wide open before him, with freest ranges and amplest privileges, in the world's manifold literatures. Religion shone with but a feeble and indifferent light along the pathway of Lincoln's childhood and youth. It beat with intense fervors around Garfield's cradle, home, and school life. Lincoln excelled in native greatness; Garfield, in acquired power. Genius, bending over their cradles, touched the lips of each with her sacred fire. Lincoln had a plain simple, roundabout common sense, and in the apprehension of a great principle and the clear, apt, forcible statement of the same in its completeness, so as to be at once apprehended and forever impressed on the common consciousness of the people, he had no peer; but, like Hamlet, his thought was served by a will tardy of action, never moving ahead of the common convictions of the people, often lagging behind their demands. Garfield fused thought, feeling, and action. His will waited promptly on his intellect. He believed action to be greater than thought, and lived out his convictions. Lincoln, though sparkling with wit, humor, and jest, like the sunlit waves of the sea, had, in the solemn depths below, the infinite sadness of the same sea, with the same break and undertow and moan on the gray, cold stones of the world. With the blood of the enthralled race coursing his veins, the pulsing of his soul beat rhythmic with the wail of their woes; and he walked the earth, going up to his high sacrificial altar for their redemption, in the gloom of its forecasting shadow. Garfield, jubilant as the leaping rills of the homes of his ancestors, walked the earth bravely, joyfully, in the vigor of a strong manhood; yet he, likewise, went up to the same sacrificial altar, with like foreshadowings.

"Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,
And mould the world unto the scheme of God,
Have a foreconsciousness of their high doom."

Thus, with a quickness of succession that would have startled into insecurity any throne of the world, this nation has been called to

"Mourn for the men of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are
In their simplicity sublime—
Such were they whom we deplore."

Gathered thus under the shadow of this second great national sacrifice and sorrow, while the sisterhood of States stands weeping, as he is being laid to his peaceful rest, and the civilized world waits with uncovered head, what is the lesson and the behest to us? He who so recently ascended to supreme power in the land, under apparently the most favoring conditions and the most brilliant auspices ever attending such accession, was no sooner seated in his place of power than the clouds of evil omen gather black, the mutterings of evil storm-spirits, full of all treasons, strategies, and spoil-lusts, grow thick, loud, and furious, and, hurling a bolt, smite the unsuspecting victim, lifting him from his seat of power to the cross of sacrificial suffering, and, for eighty days, hanging there, teaching the nation, yea, the world, lessons never so taught before. During these days the people have stood with uncovered head and unsandaled feet, in unavailing sorrow, or bowed reverently in suppliant agony. Political fever heats have been cooled, passions subdued, animosities forgotten, and, like the Hebrew people, we have dwelt fast by Horeb and Sinai, waiting, listening, for the will of God. Thus chastened and toned shall we now pass on and up to the promised land of political purity and freedom, up to the Mount of Beatitudes, where await blessings manifold for the politically regenerate? or must we wander forty years in the desert of incompetency and vacillation, till a generation of incompetents are dead, and a masterful one arises? or, still worse, shall we go immediately back and down to our former Egyptian bondage, for the sake of its political flesh pots and garlics? May God grant us the faith and courage to go forward and up, and graciously lead us by his pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

To this end our first and imperative duty is to devoutly pray that to our new leader there may come, if they have not already come, higher life and nobler purposes. A man full of native impulses, fine and noble,

yet who has, hitherto, been a most abject satrap to political despots; a most servile slave to machine taskmasters; a most nimble runner and most shameless dancer before the machine's triumphal marches; a most faithful devotee and most willing organ grinder at political wassail and orgy. He has already given happy omens of a better and nobler future. Heaven grant him grace and courage to continue and improve in welldoing.

Not to leaders alone is necessity for change of life and purpose. Political juggernautism is the great and crying evil in the politics of the day. The shadow of its overtowering machine darkens the land. It is crushing all political manhood out of its devotees, who blindly, frantically, throw themselves beneath its massive iron wheels. Their blood spurts over the land. We all see its bloody, ponderous wheels go round, the noisome wind from which blows in all our faces. It was in his attempt to stay its onward progress that our martyr President sacrificed his life. As Hamilcar, at the sacred altar, swore his son Hannibal to eternal enmity to Rome, so, young men, laying your hands upon your country's altar, thus dripping with this sacrificial blood, swear eternal enmity to this great enemy of our country's weal. And, having taken this oath, may you as faithfully fulfill its obligations as did Hannibal. The welfare and glory of your country is to soon come to your keeping. See that it suffer no harm but only good in this keeping. You will need all the strength and courage of a Hercules to clean its Augean stables of their political corruption.

"By this last act of madness they slew one of the noblest and gentlest. In taking that life they have left the iron hand of the people to fall upon them. Love is in front of the throne of God, but justice and judgment, with inexorable tread, follow behind, and when law is slighted and mercy despised, then comes justice with her hoodwinked eyes, and with the sword and scales. From every gaping wound of our dead chief let the voice go up to the people, to see to it that our house is swept and garnished." These words spoke Garfield on the death of Lincoln—words completely applicable to him. May the nation so heed his warning voice, so consecrate and use his life-sacrifice, that the on-coming ages may be enabled to say of both Lincoln and Garfield:—

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea
> With a glory in his boson that transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make men holy, so they died to make men free."

BETHEL THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

[Baccalaurate sermon, delivered June 11, 1882.]

"Bethel—house of God." Gen. 29:19.

Bethel—house of God—with angels ascending and descending, and God standing above, was found by Jacob, as he went out into the wide world, to begin life for himself. As, from his Southern home, he journeyed northward, up the steeps and along the heights of that splendid land of promise, its grandeurs gleamed with ennobling influences, awaking devout inspirations. Add to this the uncertainties, the apprehensions, the hopes, of the new life before him, and it is not surprising that when at eventide he rested his head upon the stone pillow, his soul was subdued to that receptive mood, fit for divine communings and revelations. . . .

Youth is preëminently the bethel season of life. The soul is then keenly alive and responsive to all ennobling and divine influences, ready to be motived and guided by them, to the extrusion of all that is ignoble and sordid. It is thus not only pertinent but important that every youth should interpret aright the dignity of his being, the divine significance of life and its environments. Indeed, the vital question at this period is, What do we find the universe and ourselves? The true worth of living and doing depends greatly upon the answer given to this question.

Humanity has given, in general terms, three answers:—

1. *Abethelistic.*—Atheism gives answer, No bethels in the wide universe, because no God in the wide universe. At the best, the universe is but the result of an unknown and unknowable power, working, as blind force, without purpose, to a resistless, unmeaning end. In such a universe there can be no divine personality to hold communion with man, and, by his presence, make sacred either persons, places, or seasons. Man is an orphan, without kith or kin in the wide, cold, barren voids. No spiritual relationships respond to his longings, and give sympathy and aid. Not a few there be who, practically, have faith in nothing higher than the smoke of one's chimney top, whose interests sweep no wider than the lines bounding one's real estate, whose chief pursuit is self-happiness.

2. *Semi-bethelistic.*—Bethels, occasional and special, are granted by this theory. God, as the infinite mechanician, constructed the universe in a little period of intense activity, and, setting it, machine-like, in motion, and retiring into the supreme heavens, left it to run its time, applying, now and then, just enough of occasional or special providence to keep it regulated and in order. In such a universe only those places are

bethels wherein some special providence or miraculous interposition has been manifested; and only such seasons as are specially set apart to commemorate these events, are bethel seasons. Practically, such a conception of the universe tends to produce in its recipients a like spiritual condition. The main sweep of life will be mechanical and dry and hard, with occasional seasons of uplifting, when all will seem swung just beneath the eternal throne, and to run in shining grooves.

3. *Bethelistic.*—The bethelistic doctrine apprehends the universe as the living temple of God—everywhere and perpetually filled, energized, and controlled by his presence and power. He is the arch-reality. All phenomena are the direct expression of this indwelling, living reality. All the ongoings in nature are divine operations. The laws of the universe are the uniform activities of the unchanging divine personal will, lighted by his perfect reason, guided by purpose. All natural agencies are thus modes of the divine activities. This avoids the paradox of an active universe and an inactive Deity, or of intense activity at one time and quiescence forever after. The life of the universe is a perpetual generation, life welling forth with perpetual efflux from the infinite source of all life. Matter is the objectized divine power, known as force, held in perpetual stableness by this ever-present and unvarying power. Instead of hard, dead matter and unyielding, insensate, mechanical forces and lifeless forms, choking up the infinite spaces, there is everywhere present the conscious spirit, and there flows the eternal stream of life, power, and deed, of the all-pervading Deity. The universe is, at all points and times, a bethel, glowing and glorified with divine splendors. Our mathematics, physics, zoölogies, psychologies, and theologies, are all efforts to interpret and explain the divine thoughts, plans, purposes, and activities. . .

4. *Bethelistic Providence.*—Divine providence is at once universal and particular, everywhere and always active, with the general uniformity of God's own unvariableness, and with the diversity and adaptability of personal will. All providence is thus special, yet grounded in universal laws. Gravitation, light, heat, electricity, are primal, natural modes of divine providence. Sunrise and sunset, winter and summer, spring and autumn, calm and storm, flood and drought, are all phases of the perpetual presence and activity of God. He is equally near and equally active in all places and in all seasons. Thus there is no blind fate, no remorseless necessity, but one all-pervasive, beneficent keeper and guardian of all, the shepherd of all beings. Instead of the insensate forces of an unconscious and unknown and unknowable power, the universe is transfigured by a living, conscious spirit, a personal God, a beneficent Father, mani-

festing himself in beginningless, endless efflux of life, as a beneficent forth-putting of power, ever working for the ends of perfection in all created being. When the spiritual eye-power becomes clear and strong, then, like the young man for whom Elisha prayed, we see all the mountains of life full of horses and chariots of fire, messengers of God to work his will, in all nature and history.

Man is no orphaned child in a dead, cold, barren universe, with no responsives to his great soul needs, but a child enfolded in the arms of all-compassionate fatherhood and motherhood, ready to assuage all sorrows, wipe away all tears, soothe all pains, and lift up and strengthen. Wherever we stay, he is our sun and our shade; his smile is in the morning's dawn and in the evening's glow. He leads the way wherever we roam by land or sea. For such, miracles are no exceptional occurrences, but everyday realities. All times and events are full of them. The divine power and guiding providence and self-verification are manifested in all. Such assurance lifts from the regions of spiritual night, with its clouds and shadows of doubt, from the gray dawn of philosophic truth, to the noontide splendors of living faith. All systems of belief, all forms and ceremonies are but the outward expression of the universal aspiration for this indwelling life. All progress, all Christian civilization draws its life from this divine fountain.

5. *Bethelistic Lives.*—If such be the universe, in its nature and relations, and in its providential ongoings, much more must it be with man, the child of God. Every soul was created expressly to be the "temple of the living God," as Paul teaches. As the offspring of God, man was created to consciously "live, move, and have his being" in God. Humanity is the highest earthly organ of the divine life and manifestation—created for a constant in-living and intercourse of the divine with the human. Human wisdom is the outshining of the divine wisdom. "The inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding." He is illumed, vivified, and empowered by divine wisdom and revelations. His love is the overflow of the divine love, shed abroad in his nature. His growth in grace is the unfolding of the supernatural life." . . .

When the illumined eye of the spirit is enabled to apprehend the universe as filled and lighted by the divine Presence, the whole takes on a new significancy and sacredness. Nothing is any longer common or unclean. All is sacred. One no longer has to pass beyond the veil into the holy of holies, in this tabernacle of God, to find him. He is without, in the court of the Gentiles, as well. He does not have to set apart special times and seasons that haply he may find him, for he finds

him in every day and in every place, by land and sea, in the dusty highways and in business marts of life, as well as in closet, or cloister, or church service. Every bush becomes aflame with divine glory, and the soul, Moses-like, stands with unsandaled feet listening for its divine mission. It will hear in all the voices, and in all the silences, a "sound of soft stillness," and, Elijah-like, stand with covered face, listening to the divine teachings. Such a soul will rise above all wild passion and narrow, noisy fanaticism, which, like the prophets of Baal, seek God with crying aloud, shouting, gesticulating, cutting, slashing, leaping upon the altars, and all that, as if God were talking, or journeying, or, perchance, sleeping. With reverent mien and hushed voice, in truthful assurance of the divine Presence and power to bless with all heavenly benedictions, it will seek and find.

As the spirit rises above the mist, and murk, and storm of the low, and narrow, and passionate, into the clear, serene presence of the Divine, it finds gentleness, peace, and sweet restfulness, unperturbed by worldly turmoil, unswayed by prejudice and passion; the frivolous, the vain, the unworthy, the fanatical, will beat and surge beneath unheeded. The deepest, highest, divinest experiences of such a one will be unutterable by the noise of speech, as were those of Paul on being caught up to the third heaven. Every divinely living person becomes voiceless in proportion to the sacredness of his experiences. Such cannot be talked. When Moses returned from that forty days' communion with God on the heights of Sinai, his face so radiant with the eternal glory that the people could not steadfastly behold him, he veiled it, and, though the outward law, amid lightning and thunder, was graven on tables of stone, no talk was ever made of this indwelling and outshining glory.

6. *Bethelistic Influence.*—It is by just this outshining glory that the divinest experiences of life are revealed. It will shine out from all true lives, through all the hindrances of ignorance, of uncongenial temperament, unfavorable circumstances, and reveal, by tone, and bearing, and word, and purpose, and action, its essential nature. Satan, so the legend runs, on a time besought God to give into his keeping Saint Benedict, "the learnedly ignorant and wisely unlearned," that he might test him after the manner of Job. The request was granted, and, taking him to his dominions, Satan thought to corrupt him to its ways; but the silent, unconscious influence of his saintly character was such that the fallen spirits were irresistibly drawn to him, and began to pattern after him. Satan, alarmed for the safety of his realm, besought his immediate removal, lest the influence of his gentleness and heavenly grace should depopulate hell.

This legend aptly illustrates the unconscious influence of a God-entempled character. . . .

This gracious power comes not to those who seek as observers, who seek something to tell, and to talk about, but rather to lowly, simple, pure, open-souled, sincere ones, who are content to "know and be unknown" in all divine knowledges and experiences. These are the "pure in heart," who see God, and God reveals himself to the world through them. In and through such we find higher and diviner degrees of greatness than worldly wisdom and culture and experience can give. This influence discards all worldly trappings and circumstance. This ineffable union of God with man by his indwelling Spirit, is that divine-human life which Christ came to reingenerate humanity with, and wherever found touches with new life and spiritual beauty, and gives infallible assurance that God walks the earth again in the person of his child. As Iole said she knew Hercules to be a god, because "he conquered, whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did," so these highest and divinest types conquer, not through much speaking in public gatherings and on the corners of the streets, or in the market place, but silently, yet speaking eloquently, irresistibly, whether standing, or sitting, or walking, in all commonest deeds. It is given only when we have entered the closet of our being, as Jesus tells us, and shut tight the door against all outside influences. Then does the hearing and answering God reward us openly by the outshining "in soft stillness" of his life in our lives. Whenever and to whomsoever the divine One is thus revealed, there appears the mount of transfiguration, with all celestial beings and influences bright and shining.

Such a one carries the fragrance and glories of heaven wherever he goes. Such lives unconsciously touch the springs of life in others, and are thus ever propagating themselves by the great and pervasive law of silent influence. Such influence comes like the dew of heaven, softly, imperceptibly, yet cooling the feverish, reviving the drooping. It carries healing on its wings. It is noiseless as gravity, and as ever active. Like light from a luminous center, it streams out upon all within its sweep. Its possessors are indeed "the light of the world." They are the lights set on a hill that cannot be hid. As in the material world, so in the spiritual, where the light is most radiant, the shadows fall the deepest, and those in the gloom of these shadows can best realize the blessings of the beneficent light, while the lights themselves may be all unconscious of this benignity.

7. *Bethelistic Workers.*—As in unconscious influence, so in voluntary

work, the highest and divinest is the most quiet, without any loud report of itself. As we rise in the scale of activities through all realms, the working powers ever decrease in noise and tumult as they increase in energy and efficiency. The serene activities are those which tell for the higher good. God works in infinite quietness, yet in infinite power, save when his power is disturbed or opposed by the imperfect or the wicked. The noisy and the turbulent are the baneful. Truth, right, beauty, goodness, in their essential normal activites, are peaceful and beneficent. Thus it is with human activity. The gentle, serene activities are those which ever make for good. The bustling, the noisy, money-getting, war, politics, spring from the lower and coarser wants and propensities, while culture, refinement, religion, come, as do light and life, in still streams, and like them tell for all that is cleanest, fairest, and best. These are embosomed in undying beauties. These grow as the trees grow. . . .

8. *Bethelistic Peace.*—Lives ensphered, motived, and missioned of God become partakers of his own peace. "Peace, be still," comes as a command to all the lower, tumultuous passions, comes as a benediction to the spirits lighted by the Sun of Righteousness, as they fulfill their appointed mission. As a bell ringing out clear and distinct, through fog and mist, is the voice of such to the cloud-enveloped world. Such lives are no longer nettled and stung, rasped and bittered. Without this inliving and ensphering peace of God, even our reforms, our benevolences, our religious enterprises are liable to degenerate into anxieties, rivalries, and worries, full of ponderous machinery, whose thud and clatter drown all of the sweeter, gentler, diviner influences. . . . We need to learn that to plant, and nurture, and grow truth is the surest way to root out error. This is the divine method. Plant, water, and hoe, and God will supply the sun, and dew, and rain, and give the increase. If you wish your fire to burn brightly, be not continually poking and punching it. Learn to "labor and to wait." Rise above the damps and fogs, out of the clays and clogs of earth, into the dry, clear air, pure light, and calm breezes, that reign in the spiritual realm, where all is "eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime."

9. *Bethelistic Joy.*—To this peace there is added the positive, the higher element, divine joy. When the soul is entirely entempled of God, and working on the plane of his purpose, and with the inspirations of his Spirit, divine ardors then fill all its sails, imparting joy, which the world can neither give nor take, transcending all worldly happiness as the spiritual transcends the animal. A spirit thus attuned becomes an instrument through which all heavenly harmonies play. . . . This is the

peace, joy, which Christ bequeathed to his followers, and which the Divine Comforter when it comes shall make complete. It was for this joy that he "endured the cross, despising the shame." It was this same joy that lifted the apostles above burdens, toils, persecutions, all manner of temptations. It has enabled all like minded, motived, and empowered, to work their work with a steady, strong hand and joyous heart. However care-encumbered and work-weary, however heavily life's burdens may press, this joy perpetually refreshes and invigorates. Though called to walk the world's hot lava beds, walk with blistering feet, or to struggle on benumbed by the world's fogs and damps, yet this divine joy will triumph over all. It lifts above all despondencies, glooms, disappointments, sicknesses, forsakings, losses, lifts into the sweet peace of the divine airs and the joyous radiance of the divine light. It enables the willing and the receptive spirit to mount as on eagle wing, to run without fainting, to work without wearying.

Young friends, as you are soon to pass from these halls of learning, you find yourselves just entering the vestibule of your life-work. The realization of your hopes, the fulfillment of your mission is yet seen only dimly in the distance. The first pages only of your life's history have as yet been written. Your heavenly Father made your lives to be sublime, even divine. They are full of opportunites, splendid possibilities, which once let slip can never be recalled. The undaunting assurance of something better than anything yet attained is a great and determining force in all effort. Add to this the experimental assurance that you are agencies of a living, present, guiding divinity, and you become empowered from on high to work your work. Let your lives be filled and motived of God, and they will move on unfalteringly, trustfully, bravely. As no soul is utterly desolate as long as there is one being in whom it can trust, so no soul whose trust is in God can be without consolation, yea, peace, joy, ever filled with the divine ardors. Talent, wit, learning, genius, sentiment, sympathy, love, will all be ennobled, glorified.

In after years as you recall your school friends, you will find some passing their lives in affluence and ease, some struggling and harried with penury and sickness, some whose morning sun promised a resplendent noon, hidden by the clouds of inglorious inactivity, some given to clean-handed honor and self-forgetting heroisms, while a few, standing on the high places of the earth, on the headlands of progress, are beckoning their fellows to follow. . . .

Remember that the richest and worthiest legacy you can bequeath to the world is a noble character. No character is great save as it embodies

and realizes great principles. These principles must, however, be energized by the Divine Presence and power in order to give them vitality, growth, and fruitage. One thus endued has something better and greater than talents, wealth, learning, or position, something that enables him to walk the world open-eyed, calm-browed, serene-souled, and departing to leave a legacy more enduring than silver or gold, marble or granite, something that shall grow in evergreen beauty, and bear fruit for the healing of humanity.

As my last word to you, permit me to give expression to the prayer and the hope that, as you go forth into the wide world, you may find it everywhere and at all times a bethel, with angels ascending and descending all along life's pathway. May you ever be entempled of God, and your lives, your influence be continuous manifestations of his living presence—full of infinite peace and joy—joy that shall be a constant foretaste of that awaiting you when you shall be gathered home to heaven, where the river of life runs clear and perpetual, where the tree of life is ever in bloom and in fruit, where there is no night, nor need of lamp or sun, for the Lord God shall give you light, and you shall reign forever and ever. Amen.

THE SHEKINAH.

[Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Alfred University, July 1, 1883.]

The Shekinah was the appellation given in the Targum and by the later Hebrews and the early Christians to the Divine Presence, revealed in visible glory, majesty, and power, inclusive, in its larger sense, of those manifold manifestations expressed in symbols of light, fire, flame, and cloud, oftentimes with attendant evangels of God, bearing messages, commissions, protection, and guidance to men. The term originated as a periphrasis for God, considered as dwelling with his people, to avoid ascribing to him corporeity.

The Shekinah, in this inclusive sense, becomes symbol of divine and angelic agencies, which have been ever with and about man, coming and dwelling and going on these spiritual messages. Its cherubim, with flaming sword, have guarded the Edens of innocence, its voice of gentle stillness imparted inspirations, its burning bush given commission, its pillar of cloud and of fire guarded and guided, its cloud of glory enfolded the Sinais of law and the mounts of transfiguration, filled tabernacles and temples and overshadowed the mercy seats, its fires lighted altars of sac-

rifice and devotion, its chariots and horses appeared on the heights, casting the sheen of their glory over the vales of life, its evangels proclaimed peace and glad tidings, its cloven tongues of flame preached in manifold tongues, its heavenly splendors made glorious the mounts of ascension.

The bale-fires of evil, on the other hand, have gleamed lurid from all the fen-lands of error, from off all the passion-driven seas of wrong. The mission of their devotees is negative and destructive. Without supplying their places with better principles or nobler institutions for the resting of faith or clustering of sympathy, they deny or doubt all the innate and firmest beliefs in God and great principles, demolish sacred and cherished institutions. Carpings, threatenings, rash innovations, noisy fanaticisms, wild ultraisms characterize their pseudo-systems. Scylla and Charybdis threaten their course, with no safe seas beyond. The sirocco's deadly breath sweeps before them. Smouldering ruins, blackened and charred by the fires of strife and war, mark their track.

Man, left to himself, wanders amid doubt, temptation and darkness. He feels the latent energies of his being awakening and becoming restless and active. The world, with the wand of its enchantment, touches all his senses. Vague yearnings and aimless seeking control him. Wild dreams beget fitful activities. He attains and is unsatisfied, enjoys and is ungratified. His wayward impulses lead to multitudinous schemes. Land and sea are traversed in search of something to meet the cravings of the spirit; yet, when the utmost that the world can give, is obtained, all turns to bitterness—to apples of Sodom. He is left still poor and craving, while the waves of time, with their ceaseless ebb and flow, wash the sands of life from under his feet. The soul, tempest-tossed, like a ship in a night of storm, with its compass unboxed, its rudder gone, its lights extinguished, drifting, amid shriek of wind and howl of waves, hard upon destruction, must have help to reach a haven of safety.

Merely human aid is not sufficient. Man soon outgrows his self-constructed systems of help. He needs and seeks something which, rising above simply the pleasure of fancy, the gratification of the taste for beauty, or enlightenment to the reason, shall lead the spirit up in perpetual aspiration and endeavor. Scientific, literary, æsthetic, and philosophic culture have sought in vain to meet this high and imperative need of man. In addition have come the ethenic religions of the world. These, while possessing many ennobling elements, have been lacking in those living energies that give perpetual progress; hence, when peoples, like those grand old nations—Chaldea, Egypt, India, Persia—came up to

the limit of the progressive forces of theirs, thenceforward immobility and decay set in. Such is the result in all systems and religions not of God, and guarded and guided by his Shekinah.

The Shekinah comes to man's needs, with its protection and help; to his faculty for spiritual commerce and supernatural beholding, with its illuminations and revelations; to his aspirations, with its inspirations; to his endeavors, with its guidance. To each one, not hiding himself away, as God walks in the garden of the soul, but yielding reverent trust and glad obedience, it becomes a pillar of cloud and of fire, giving assurance that, whatever befalls, it will be his front and rear guard, and that its angels shall uphold and strengthen. With the Psalmist he can say: "The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer," "my buckler," and "my high tower." "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

The Shekinah, in the night watches of adversity, becomes a pillar of fire, lighting up the gloom and blackness, wherein we should otherwise grope and fall. It stands a wall of darkness before all foes. Its light discloses heights and depths of the divine compassion, unseen in the daylight of prosperity. As the night, with its stars, reveals an infinitude of worlds, undreamed of by day, so the Shekinah that lights the night encampments of adversity and suffering, reveals infinitudes of divine mercy, unperceived in the sunshine of prosperity. When the world forsakes, foes press, friends prove false, slander and falsehood pursue, poverty and want annoy, sickness lays low, pain tortures, death removes the light of life, and the eyes become dim with weeping, and the voice full of tears, then the Shekinah light of divine love and mercy shines down upon the soul, with its before unmanifested healing and peace-giving consolations. In all life's fiery furnace the form of the Fourth is ever walking with the trustful to deliver. The confidence of the Psalmist becomes his, and he can sing: "Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The Shekinah is not simply a guarding but likewise a guiding providence. Its guide of the Hebrew people is typical of the divine dealings with all peoples and all individuals. Following its command to go forward, they were led from servitude up to Sinai and the law, up to nationality and freedom, up to the gospel dispensation, opening the way to modern Christian civilization. All human history, under the guidance of the Shekinah, is ever working out the divine purpose. Paul, in his declaration that nations were created and located to the end of seeking God, teaches this doctrine.

Thus, Shekinah led, humanity has ever been multiplying, replenishing, conquering. Its progress, Hebrew like, has not been one uninterrupted progress. Its victories have not been without their defeats. Its battles have often wavered and failed, but to be renewed till victory be won. It oftentimes has returned upon its track. Oftentimes, with parched lips, footsore steps, fevered brow, and fainting heart, it has trailed its weary way across the arid wastes of far-reaching deserts, and up Sinaitic heights, through hot and pestilential climes, through frigid zones, with their night and cold. Humanity, though wandering, wavering, halting, fainting, has made progress. Centuries may have rolled away while taking this forward step, while gaining a new height, yet the step has been taken, the height gained. In its progress it has lifted its hand in labor, and islands and continents have been peopled; cities, nations, empires have arisen. It has given its brain to thought, and new truths, sciences, arts, and industries have appeared. The resultant is civilization. In this previsional planning and providential care and guidance of God, peoples, nations, families, with all their achievements in civilization, are agencies with which he is working for the highest good of the individual,—personal perfection. . . .

The Shekinah, to a spirit waiting, longing, Elijah-like, in a voice of soft stillness speaks with a divine behest, calling to life's mission. On the Horebs of life, in the higher moods of the spirit, when it stands with uncovered head and unsandaled feet, the Shekinah call is heard from every flaming bush of opportunity. It is befitting that, not in the fire and whirlwind and storm of appetite, ambition, and passion, but in such calm and receptive moments, the high commission should come. This call and commission come not alone to the great world leaders, teachers, legislators, prophets, apostles, reformers, but as well to the humblest livers and doers, in all conditions and pursuits in life.

Each individual has a personal call and commission, and, in order to make it the most effective possible, this call is to a definite life-work. This is a divine archetypal biography, which, if lived out, will lead nearer and more near to the divinely perfect forevermore. Here lies the line of march toward this land of promise. The special polarities of each individual are attracted, as the needle to the loadstone, to this line, awakening aspirations, enkindling longings, determining endeavors. These become so many censers upon which the divine fire is to be lighted. Strong, many-handed workers in the versatile utilities and multitudinous enterprise; sincere truth and law seekers and doers of right and justice; steady-eyed, clear-visioned, cool-headed, sure-footed leaders and guides;

lives delicate, fragrant, melodious, harmonious; joyous lives, which are a ceaseless benediction, full of all gentle amenities; gracious lives, rich in long-suffering, compassion, and charity; lives of faith, trustful, serene, who dwell in a perpetual Sabbath of the soul—to all these the Shekinah gives commission to help human endeavor; to lift ignorance and wrong, as day lifts the veil of night; to lead through swamp, over desert, up mountain, in human progress; to teach beauty, as do the delicacy of the violet, the fragrance of the rose, the melody of the æolian harp, the grandeur of the cedars of Lebanon, or the oaks of Bashan; to reconcile discords, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, carry healing and health to the wounded in spirit, administering oil and balm; to give the rest and peace and joy of religious trust.

The Shekinah, in calling to and preparing for these respective missions, meets man with all his varying degrees of capacity, and at all points of progress, walks carefully with the feeble in mental grasp or low in culture, thence through all ranges of capacity and stages of culture and progress, satisfies all spiritual needs, leads up to higher planes, and opens wider, ever ascending, and diviner prospects. It touches every field of learning, and invigorates every noble enterprise. It innovates, not by simply tearing down, but lays deeper and broader foundations, and uprears nobler structures, not by destroying or petrifying, but rather it gives life, growth, progress. Its reformatory processes are, indeed, sometimes very fiery furnaces, but thereby smelting the pure ore from the dross. Its light, pure, bright, penetrating, wards off mildew and rust, and awakens earnest seeking, before which parties, sects, and creeds, with their lob-sided, partial, and stereotyped opinions, forms, and formulas, must give way. . . .

The Shekinah, in doing this, leads from the animal to the spiritual, from the human to the divine. As the progress of humanity is from savagism up through barbarism to the highest forms of civilization, so is the progress of each individual ever from the lower to the higher. As Israel went from bondage up through the dispensation of legality to usher in the dispensation of grace, so each soul is led from the bondage of sin up past Sinai, with its thunders of "thou shalt and thou shalt not;" up to the Mount of Beatitudes, with its blessings of mercy; up to the mount of transfiguration, with its divine illuminations and heavenly visions; finally up the mount of ascension to heaven and God and Christ and the spirits of just men made perfect. Thitherward it is the end and aim of life to climb. Though the acclivities are steep and rugged; though, on either hand, the declivities are threatening; though appetite and ease

and emolument and ambition tempt to halt or turn; though garments be worn and ragged, feet and hands bleeding, tongue parched and swollen, forehead dripping with sweat, eyes wet with tears, yet the Shekinah is ever visible on the serene heights, and help and consolation shall come. Hunger shall be satisfied with divine manna, thirst slaked with waters from the smitten rock, feet shod with sandals that wax not old, bodies clad with vestures that fade nor fail not. As the devotees at Rome climbed on their knees and in prayer the stairs up which Jesus went to his trial before Pilate and adown which he returned the Great Condemned, for the world's acquittal, so each Shekinah-led soul must climb the stairs of life, prayerfully, tearfully, yet which, like Jacob's ladder, lead heavenward, with angels ascending and descending, and God standing above to approve and bless.

The Shekinah, in leading the Hebrews, led them in the line of the divine movements, and thereby they became the forerunners of the highest forms of human progress, gave law and religion to the world, and as the outcome, modern civilization, with all its splendid achievements. Blot out the Hebrews from the world and the highest results of civilization will be blotted out. So each nation and individual who follow the lead of the Shekinah have the full assurance that they are marching the same way that God is marching, and that they will be colaborers with him in the furtherance of his ends. All toil, all sacrifice, all minutest forms of work, on this line, will not be in vain. Each laborer, however humble his lot, has the assurance that he is working with and for God. All law, all providence are his aids and abettors, and God himself will see that the results are not lost, but work together for good. Such assurance gives confidence and courage amid trial and difficulty, hope amid darkness and disappointment. The light of the divine approval shines through all, and makes all luminous and joyous.

The Shekinah-ensphered and guided worker receives a present and glorious reward in his subjective culture and growth. Its indwelling light and life are not merely a reforming, but an informing, transforming power, configuring more and more into the divine image, as the years go by, shining in the countenance, irradiating the eye, modulating the voice, and ennobling the whole bearing and deportment. It removes all staleness and barrenness from life, making it fresh, filling and flooding the soul with divine rest, perpetual joy, and unwearying vigor. . . .

The Shekinah-enfolding, interpenetrating, and transforming life, and all of its relations and activities, will enable one to convert its longings into a divine offering, holy and acceptable. As the Shekinah fires

descended upon the sacrificial altar of Elijah at Carmel, and converted altar, water, dust, into pure sacrificial fire and flame, so too in this state of attainment, all life, with its activities and conditions, will be converted into pure spiritual flame, smokeless and drossless.

These Shekinah-endued spirits became pillars of cloud and of fire to the world. We walk among men with uncovered head, recognizing in each the divine image, though in ruins, yet grander in its ruins than Persepolis, Karnak, or Parthenon. When the divine image has been restored and made glorious by the indwelling Shekinah, then this sad respect is changed to glad reverence. In ancient and medieval times the halo seen, as a natural phenomenon, encircling the human shadow upon the dewy grass, was supposed to betoken saintliness. Hence, the old painters were wont to surround Christ, the apostles, and eminent saints with a like aureola, as emblem of the divine glory. Such a halo is, by the eyes of the Spirit, seen encircling every saintly soul as it radiates the divine glory in all its living and doing. . . . Life may be a failure, as the world counts failure and success, yet it may be blessed with all the beatitudes which Christ pronounced upon the citizens of his kingdom. As the dove descended upon Jesus at his baptism, so the Shekinah descends upon the regenerate, dwelling and outshining from life and deed. The divine glory manifested at the transfiguration of Jesus was a type of which all saintly lives become a faint expression. To each beholder such lives become transcendently more beautiful and glorious than the beauty and glory of landscape, or of the morning and evening and the changing seasons, or the beauty of the artistic devices of human skill. They outrival the grandeur and sublimity of cataract or mountain—all material things.

Young friends, you who now, having completed the prescribed course of college study, stand on the threshold, ready to go out to life's work, in your respective missions, have higher privileges, more varied and rich opportunities, a more advanced position, than any who have gone before. The long and weary way already trodden, the rugged heights already gained, the achievements already won, are all in your favor. . . .

The great work of evangelizing, enlightening, and civilizing the world is yet in its youth. Humanity is just awakening from its slumbers. The world's work is in its early hours. The mists of ignorance are beginning to leave the morning sky. The song birds of promise are chanting their matin hymns. In this morning light the fields of labor stretch wide and inviting. The workers will find vast and fertile fields still untouched by the plowshare of culture, still unreclaimed from barbarism. There are

greater conquests yet to be made in the domain of thought than ever was made by a Cæsar or an Alexander in the domain of empire. The achievements in these manifold fields will be greatly more abundant in times future than they have been in times past. Coming laborers will work from higher vantage ground than past laborers. Education will have more efficient agents, more ample means for diffusing its blessings—better schools, larger funds, abler instructors, increased number of youth—than hitherto. Science and art and invention and discovery are to make surpassingly greater conquests. The treasures and forces of nature are to become more and more the servants of man. Reforms will battle more effectually the massive and adamantine strongholds of error and wrong. Philanthropy will relieve more completely human want and woe. Religion will fill the earth with its evangels of peace and good will, bearing glad tidings.

Go you then forth into these glorious fields of labor and of promise, with an utter surrender of your personal aims of life and its ongoings to the good guidance of the Shekinah of God. The perfection of your life-work will not consist in simple execution, not in sharpness of eye, dexterity of hand, but in exaltation of aim and fervor of spirit, born of the indwelling Shekinah, whereby the dray carts of unfaith become changed into the chariots of fire of a living faith, and all your life and life's work transfigured. May the Shekinah guard and guide you up the Horeb of life's divine call and commission; up the Sinai of life's divine behest and obligation; up the mount of life's divine beatitudes of mercy and forgiving grace; up the Hermon of life's divine transfiguration; and, finally, when life's marches and battles are ended and its conquests won, up the Olivet of life's divine ascension to thrones of power and glory, eternal in the heavens. Amen.

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY.

[Baccalaureate sermon, preached before the graduating class of Alfred University, June 22, 1884.]

Ps. 90:17: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

The Hebrew seer and Psalmist, while comparatively unmindful of the beauty of the material world, beheld wondrous beauty and glory in the Lord, in his goodness, holiness, majesty, and power, in Zion, the "perfection of beauty," in the services of the sanctuary, in the feet upon the mountains that bring good tidings of peace, in the meek, beautified with salvation—in all modes and manifestations of spiritual beauty.

What, Then, Is Beauty?—In the efforts that have been made, through the ages, to find its nature, principles, and laws, manifold are the questions that have arisen, puzzled, and divided philosophers. Is it, as held by Plato, the first to attempt its solution, a species of the good, and a branch of ethics? Is it grounded in unity and variety? Is its origin to be found in order and regularity, symmetry and proportion? Is it in the sentiment springing from association? Is it in truth and genuineness? Is it in fitness and functional use? Is it in the manifestation of the spiritual through the physical? Is it the revelation of ideal perfections in and through the finite? These are some of the questions that have graveled and divided the students of beauty.

Beauty, as we conceive it, is an expression of the perfect. This manifestation, when apprehended by man, awakens æsthetic sentiments. God is perfect. His ideals, laws, activities are all perfect. The manifestations of these perfections, through finite symbols, constitute beauty. These perpetually pervade the universe. Their grace configures all forms. Their glory is the sheen of all light and color. Their harmony is the music trembling round the world. The train of their holiness sweeps through the temple of the universe.

All beauty has a divine and a human side. This, again, is both subjective and objective—ideal and real. Ideal beauty can find expression only in and through realities. Real beauty is thus the manifestation of embodied ideal beauty. The divine ideals partake of the divine perfections; human ideals partake of human imperfections. Realities, whether the product of divine or human power, partake of the imperfect; the former, from the finite limitations imposed upon creation, as well as from the intractableness of the materials and opposing influences; the latter, from the superadded imperfections both of man's ideals and of his activities. Hence, all realities are of imperfect beauty. Ideal beauty is, not

what is expressed in the real, but what would be, if the ideal could be perfectly embodied. Thus beauty has a threefold manifestation—the divine ideals, the perfect, human ideals, the imperfect, and the real, in which these are imperfectly embodied. This embodied, imperfect beauty has, however, always and everywhere, the splendor of the perfect illumining it. Perfect beauty is the unobtained, lying beyond the attained, which the seeker is ever approaching, but never attaining. . . .

No scene in nature, no work of art, no music, oratory, or poetry, no deed, life, or character, is so perfect but the imagination, touched and kindled by the actual, sees the still more perfect. Thus nothing is truly beautiful that does not kindle the imagination, awakening the ideal, in which shines the light of the perfect. All nature has this trend towards the higher and perfect. In this upward tendency the more complex, differentiated, and individualized each object becomes, the more spiritual is the expression. From atom, fluid, crystal, vegetal, animal, to spirit, there is an upward gradiant and a higher type of beauty. The highest earthly type is in man, because in him is expressed the most life, personality, spirituality. The same holds in all activities and arts. They increase in beauty as they increase in the capacity of expressing high spiritual sentiments, and those are the highest which reveal most spirit. This is eminently true in respect to that highest of all life-work, that art of arts, character making. Of all beautiful products, that of a beautiful character stands preëminent. As all lower forms of physical beauty center and culminate in man physical, so do all spiritual truths, laws, and influences, and activities culminate and crown in character.

Again, in this ascending scale, beauty is in proportion to the expression, not in individual peculiarities, but of the characteristics of the species or type. In proportion as an individual embodies and expresses in himself the archetypal plan of the species, does he rise in the scale of beauty. Beauty and science thus have a common root. When the ideal type is complete in the individual, perfect beauty is attained. Thus was Shakespeare one of the most intellectually æsthetic of men, expressing, as he did, in his many-powered intellect not simply the mental forces of an individual, or age, or race, but of all men in all ages and races. Thus was Pericles the most gracefully beautiful of men. He represented not merely Grecian grace, but human grace at its best. Jesus, the most beautiful character of time, embodied in himself not simply the moral beauty of the Hebrew character, but the typical, spiritual beauty of humanity in all races and times Hence it is that, both in art and in life, the completest beauty is attained not by being simply servile pre-

Raphaelistic copyists of an individual scene, or person, or character, but by selecting and combining the perfections of many, rejecting the imperfections.

The outcome of these principles, laws, and tendencies, is an ascent from the particular, accidental, and individual, to the generic, typical, and universal; from the lower to the higher; from the indefinite to the definite; from the physical to the spiritual; from the real to the ideal; from the imperfect to the perfect. In this realm is attained the "beauty of holiness," the "perfection of beauty." Here beauty, holiness, perfection, are, at root, synonymous terms. They are simply different ways of looking at, and different modes of explaining, the same essential spiritual excellency. As the rainbow unravels the three primary colors, with their secondary modifications, of a beam of pure white light, so these three give the essential elements, with their modifications, of complete spiritual worthiness. The perfect is the complete; the holy is the whole; the healthy, free of all impurities. The beautiful is both completeness of being, and its healthy, symmetrical, and harmonius activity. It has been a mooted question which is the ultimate end of all spiritul seeking and endeavor, the ultimate good of existence—the beautiful, the holy, or perfect. That is to say, should spiritual perfection be sought to the end of getting the "beauty of holiness," or holiness be sought to the end of getting the "perfection of beauty," or should beauty be sought to the end of getting the holiness of perfection? The importance of this query fades away when we come to apprehend them as but different manifestations of the same essential attribute. Then trinity becomes unity; when life is guided by the behests of law, then holiness gives light to the vision. When viewed in its ideal unity, proportion, symmetry, and harmony, then beauty fills the sight; when the ultimate attainment is considered, then perfection becomes the "light of life." In short, no character can be ideally beautiful without the holiness of perfection, nor holy without the "perfection of beauty," nor perfect without the "beauty of holiness."

Be Ye, Therefore, Perfect in the Beauty of Holiness.—This is the high behest resting upon all spirits. This behest is heard in the calm, high court of conscience, in many voiced nature, in all noble lives, in all the divine perfections.

To aid in the attainment of this perfection, all things are to the intent of ministries, workers together for good, to man. Utilities, truths, laws, joys, sorrows, beauty, religion, throng about him, standing as ministering agencies, appointed to his service. In this ministry the lower is the servant of the higher. Even the earth-bounded and life-limited utilities,

food and drink, clothing and shelter, toil and rest, gain and loss, health and sickness, want and wealth, when rightly accepted, appropriated, and used, yield experience, insight, patience, wisdom, ampler power, higher character—thus spiritual beauty. Above these utilities there ever spans the ideal life, to which all things light and lead the way. Fortunate the one who, awakening to life's realities, stands revealed to himself, overspanned and encircled by the ideal life of home, amid gentle domesticities and amenities, surrounded by purity, peace, industry, honesty, intelligence, and religion, wherein are harmoniously grouped and blended innocent infancy, ardent and aspiring youth, earnest manhood, silvery and patient age—all lighted and led by high ideals, responsive to the awakening spirit, tremulous with joy, singing as the birds sing, blooming in beauty as do the flowers. The best and the highest culture does not come from books and schools. The amount of soulhood is not determined by abstract knowledge, but is received and imparted as the flowers impart odor, the sun light, all nature beauty,—unconsciously.

Seekest thou the highest and the best? The sky and flowers and trees and birds can teach thee. Ah! many a man can better be spared from the earth than such teachers; when the former die, a great burden is lifted from the shoulders of the world; but when a noble tree is slain or a flower bed robbed, mourners may well walk the streets, for great though silent teachers have fallen.

In this ministry each form and mood is severally adapted to the varying ages, moods, and stages of culture of the recipient of the service. In the earlier years of life, before introspection begins, or the higher teachings of the spiritual world are comprehended, the soul is open-eyed, receptive, and responsive to all that is beautiful in nature. This is one of the noblest and highest impulses of early life, and one that all nature tends to foster and nurture. Then every tree and flower, every sweep of meadow and woodland, every stretch of river and plain, every tuneful brook and waterfall, every expanse of ocean and sky, every day and night of glory or of gloom and storm, every glad morning and quiet evening, throughout the varying seasons—all give culture and beauty to the receptive spirit. . . .

As years increase and life becomes care-encumbered, the outward world is apt to appear barren of all but the utilities; but a soul true to itself and the divinity within, rises into the higher plane of these ministries.

The lower types of beauty are preparatory and prophetic of the higher, and they become helpful insomuch as they suggest and lead up

to the higher. The artist catches these suggestions and seeks to retain, embody, and express the higher beauty in painting, by color; in plastics, by form; in music, by sound; in poetry, by word; in life, by character; while the divine artist uses all these, and more, for the embodiment and expression of his perfections. All nature is formful, voiceful, and lifeful, with the teachings of the divine Artist, omnipresent, as he is omnipresent, revealing to man lessons of highest moment. They are all apostles, speaking to man in diverse tongues of the divine glories. Their speech is caught up and repeated by the artist. It flames out in the soul of man. All forms of physical beauty find their prototype in the soul of man. He is so constituted as to spontaneously love and appropriate beauty in whatever form manifested. This love is not only a fine but a sacred principle of human nature. It comes as a divine ministry to this characteristic of man. Its service is to the end of perfecting character. Its living presence, surpassing the most ideal forms ever composed by man from earth's materials, waits upon our steps, a vision to his "faculty divine." Its "eternal chimes"

> "Hush in still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> The whole mind a thanksgiving,"

wherein low thoughts, low desires, have no place, for the minutest things are lighted with the light of infinite perfections.

> "The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
> The charities that soothe and heal and bless
> Are scattered at the feet of such like flowers."

Above these, new truths, great arts, sublime living, religious verities, touch the spirit, as live coals from off the divine altar. When the divine beatitudes kindle and shine in the higher life, then "be ye perfect" becomes both a behest and an inspiration. All realities then become ladders by which to climb to the perfect. In this climbing the lower forces die out, and the higher become more and more established.

"Persons," says Hawthorne, "who can only be ornamental, who can give the world nothing but flowers, should die young." Not a few sons and daughters of the land, though they toil not, neither do they spin, yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these, for their fathers and mothers care for them—they, too, should die young. All ornamenters, merely for ornament's sake, are deformities, and should die young.

On the other hand, all who, as they grow old in years, and objects lose their freshness, and they their delicacy of perception, take on the

higher and more spiritual beauty, by learning, as Thoreau says, to "fish in the skies, whose bottom is pebbly with stars,"—such can never grow old, but, freighted with the divinest treasures, they break the sea of life into fadeless beauty as they sail, thrilling, enthralling, and inspiring all beholders.

Reverent and unfaltering faith, and the truthful and calm assurance springing therefrom, is the first essential element in such living. The calm vigor of a high purpose, the restful quietude of duty fulfilled and victory won, amid toil and tempest, are full of divinest beauty. A great and beautiful soul is he who, in calm, serene self-poise, can keep, amid the noise and bustle of the world, the clear insight of solitude, following the straight and high way, in humble resignation and patience, that leads the trustful soul to the presence of the living God. . . .

Such faith leads to the unselfish living born of love and devotement. Many there be who consider themselves umpires of taste, who prate of elegant art and æsthetic tastes, yet, instead of beautiful souls and lives with deeds like fair pictures, are selfish and low, and blur everything lovely and noble with which they come in contact. Many, like the poplars of Lombardy, selfishly hug all their boughs about themselves, fit only as a background to all fair scenery, or, like those of Normandy, trimmed by the hand of utility of all beauty for firewood, only a top tuft of deformity left. Life, like art, to be beautiful must needs, while standing centered and poised in the strength of the noble reverence of faith, have the moral energy of unselfish purposes, and the divine glory of sacrificial living.

A beautiful soul has beautiful affinities. While the ugly assimilate what is ugly and evil from all conditions of life, the beautiful, from the same, get beautiful results, the fragrance and sweetness of celestial flowers.

As graciousness and tender forgiveness is the crowning beauty of the Lord, the crowning glory of his perfections, so are they of the human. When Jesus said, "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," it was to be perfect in the perfection of his unconditioned graciousness and love, that made the sun to rise on the evil as well as on the good, and sent rain on the just and unjust alike—a perfection that would lead to the love of enemies, the blessing of them that curse, the doing of good to them that hate, and praying for them that despitefully persecute. This is the crowning beauty of perfection and the crowning perfection of beauty. When this is attained, it vitalizes the whole being, becoming formative of life, architectonic of character, moulding circumstances, shaping actions after the divine type. True, such

may not partake of the so-called "high art," which, appealing chiefly to the pure intellect, is often cold, snowy, glittering, doubtless classical and critical, perchance fastidious, maybe supercilious, despising the common as unclean, but they partake of that simple and gentle grace which attracts the great tidal waves, springing spontaneously from the common joys, sorrows, and aspirations of humanity, and which light up the heavens with the glow of a spiritual morning.

"Home, Sweet Home," not by its "high art," but by the tender pathos of its sweet domesticity, led the world to stand, sympathetically, reverently, with uncovered head, while the ashes of the author are lifted from their African resting place and borne across the ocean to their American home, prepared by the hand of friendship.

John Brown, stooping on his way to the gallows to kiss the negro child, made the kinship of all men to shine with new tenderness and grace.

That Roman wife who, resolving to share the fate of her husband, condemned to die by his own hand, and, seeing him falter at the fatal moment, took the dagger from his trembling hand, and, thrusting it into her own heart, returned it, dripping with her life blood, saying, "It does not hurt," made the world both lovelier and grander with the heroism of womanly devotion.

The widow's mite, by its feeble clink against the heavy coins in the treasury, started a melody which, trembling down the ages, has swelled into a magnificent anthem of thank offerings.

Mary, breaking the alabaster box, and anointing the body of Jesus to the burying, spoiled, in the eyes of utility, the box and wasted the ointment, costly and precious, but she filled not only the room, but the world, with the sacred perfume of love.

Jesus, saying to the woman, "Neither do I condemn thee," gave highest proof of his divinity, and touched the unforgivingness of human nature with the tenderness and compassion of the all-merciful Father; and when, on the cross, he prayed, "Father, forgive them," he set streaming from that cross the glory of the all-forgiving Father, to light the darkness of the world forevermore.

Sprinkled over the earth are a multitude of spirits whom the beauty of the Lord perpetually overshadows, making radiant their being, and whose lives make the world purer, sweeter, more wholesome, and giving to other lives a higher, more beautiful, and diviner significance. They may not be cedars of Lebanon or oaks of Bashan, crowning the heights of humanity, only simple violets or clover blossoms, making sweet and

beautiful the highways and byways and lanes of life. It may not be given them to poise or sail on steady wing, like condor or albatross, in the high serene heavens, or soar sunward as the eagle, or sing skyward as the lark, but they may be song sparrows or robins, furnishing music and joy in multitudes of homes. If, as Keats sings

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

much more is a soul of beauty, however humble, both a joy and an inspiration forever.

The favorites of heaven are seldom the favorites of fortune. The costly monuments of our cemeteries are not so much reminders of noble lives as of money. Those of the most beautiful lives may be laid away in the potter's field, devoted to the stranger and the poor, with stoneless, nameless graves, or graves whose inscription is

"Written with little skill of song craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the here and the hereafter."

Many a life is spent like the low-lying stratus clouds, in the dull everyday utilities, perhaps even full of fog and mist and sad Ossianic poetry, but gradually rise and sit, in the evening of life, in cloud-enthroned grandeur, patriarchs of the heavenly horizon, crowned with divine glories of the "afterglow," as the fever heats of life flash, and the darkening folds of the coming night of death gather about them.

All that is fair and beautiful, all that is fine and gracious, in our civilization, in which we rejoice; all that is chivalric, courteous, unselfish, refined, and gentle; all the sweet and graceful amenities, elevated and noble sentiments; all the religious aspirations, benevolent and sacrificial doing, have sprung from and are the flowers and fruits of sublime faiths, patient and lowly labors, heroic sacrifices, and the blood and ashes of those who, amid the shock and strife, amid the toil and sweat of everyday life, have wrought for us, and whose fallen mantles of beauty and of glory are to be gathered up and worn by the toilers for the future.

Young friends, you who during these years, in these secluded, quiet, and beautiful retreats, consecrated to culture, have been gathering strength of intellect, beauty of life, grace of character, are soon to go forth to the more active participation in this civilization. Gather up these fallen mantles, and wear them worthily. Be true to your youthful ideals. Youth, and especially student youth, has an ideal tendency. Heed it. Cultivate it. Be true to it. Some poet has said:—

"I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine."

This high ideal tendency and aspiration is the crown of glory to youth. Plato, I think it was, wished he were the heavens, that he might look down upon his youthful students with a thousand admiring and approving eyes. Every true teacher has, I apprehend, a similar feeling.

As the artist seeks ideal beauty in the realm of material things, seek ye it in the realm of the spiritual, and express it in your lives and characters. This is the more transcendent, as spirit is more transcendent than matter. While all purposeless, inactive lives are inherently ugly, all girded loins, burning lamps, and earnest endeavor, however humble, are beautiful. When the clouds of life gather, as they will, "hang them," as one has finely said, "about you with their silver linings outward, that the world may see the true beauty that even sorrow can work out."

I have attempted to show that the highest quality of perfection, either divine or human, is love, beneficence, self-forgetting ministry. All perfection in quality ever aspires to perfection in quantity. As the young pine, though perfect in kind, climbs skyward, till it attains the full measure of grace and majesty of the mature tree, so let your spirits grow towards absolute perfection, or the "beauty of holiness," which, though never reaching you, will be ever approaching. All the realities of life and of eternity will furnish the ladder wherewith to climb. And as the "River of Time" bears you onward—

"And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where you float,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul as it floats on its breast
As the pale waste widens around,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea,"

may the "beauty of the Lord our God" be upon you, and lighten this infinite sea with "the glory of God, which doth lighten" the eternal and beautiful city, the New Jerusalem. Amen.

THE MINISTRY OF JOY AND SORROW.

[Baccalaureate sermon, delivered before the graduating class of Alfred University, June 21, 1885.]

"Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." Heb. 12:2.

"God covers himself with light, as with a garment," says the Psalmist, and it has been taught that this light is but "luminous shadows" to the ineffable glory of the Godhead, becoming less luminous and more shadowy as it streams outward and downward into the lower and grosser forms of the universe. The supernal joys that thrill beatified spirits are but the luminous shadows of the perfection of holiness, shadowing down through all the lower ranges of happiness and of sadness, till they are lost in the darkness and gloom of sorrow. Wherever are the perfections of holiness, there attend, as ministries, the luminous shadows of joy; wherever are imperfections and sin, there attend the darkening shadows of sorrow. The music of these joys is ever beating out from the divine perfections and flooding the universe; the moan of these sorrows is ever ascending from the realms of imperfection and sin, and beating in sad waves around the throne of compassion and love.

Joy and sorrow spring from the sensibility, or the emotional and affectional capacity of spiritual natures. If spirits were pure intelligences, then a perpetual calm would reign in them. They would reflect the light of truth, unruffled by emotion, unstormed by passion. The sensibilities give capacity for pleasure and pain, hope and fear, love and hate, joy and sorrow. These are the correlate lights and shades of life. The pleasures of appetite, the happiness from favoring fortunes, the delights of society, the felicity of virtuous living, the blessedness of benevolence, the joy of religion, the bliss of heaven,—all have their counterparts in pain, misery, grief, sorrow, and woe. They reciprocally give significancy each to the other. No picture can have body and character without shades as well as lights. It takes not only the sunlight, but the rain also, and the blackness of the storm-cloud, to give the beauty and the glory of the rainbow. So, by the reciprocal action of these correlates upon the soul, is it ennobled and charactered.

Pleasure, innate and pervasive, pertains to the very sense of being. All normal activities are a delight. In the perfection of being and action, every faculty sings in health, strength, and the freedom of spontaneous activity, yet through all life there trembles a minor strain of sadness, or a lower one of sorrow. Each flower, with its cup of odorous incense, as

it glows and burns its heart away, is charactered with sadness as well as gladness. Sad images have pitched their tents, black as those of Kedar, over all the plains of night, beneath the sad-eyed stars and the pallor of the moon, crowding out into the dun of evening and the gray of morning. The seasons, even in their most leafy and flowery and brightest hours, have the tinge and tone of sadness. To the many-voiced winds and waters, man has given melancholy epithets, indicative of the responsive sadness which these voices awaken in his soul. The great poets rise in grandeur as they seek to interpret and express this sadness which they hear voicing itself in the universe.

Personal life begins and ends in tears. When the soul, beating out from oblivion into self-consciousness, all jubilant with young life, lighted and lifted with hope, meets the stern realities,—disappointment, suffering, and death,—prostrating itself in the agony of despair, it cries out, "Why have I learned this? Nevermore can I be happy." And on, through long years, with the growing consciousness of these dread realities, the soul beats about in its cage of mortality, like some bird newly caught from the joyful fields of air, striving to find some door ajar, some window lifted, through which it may glide stealthily away. It is sad to see a young spirit slip the leash of infancy, and spring up into childhood and youth, and witness its consternation in the presence of death's unerring archers, stalking everywhere, and shooting their thick-flying arrows, from which there is no escape. To not a few life shuts down upon them with a cold, dark, suffocating pressure, full of despair, from which there is no release save in the great and final consummation. To others days come and go, years slip by, youth, with its wistful longings, romantic dreams, and magnificent outlooks, hardens into the juiceless utilities of mature years, and in the twilight of age the murmurs of the infinite and eternal sea awaken

> "A feeling of sadness and longing,
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain."

In the regions of the soul there bloom flowers more lovely than those of any springtime; there well waters more sparkling than those from any earthly fountain. There are, likewise, climes more frigid than Labrador, deserts more arid than Sahara, ruins grander than the Parthenon. Human history is lighted with joy. It is, also, full of wail, beating, like soughing winds, up to the mercy seat. The voice of man is full of tears, even while his face is lighted with smiles. Every chalice is mixed with both wine and gall. The heats of hell flame from the same

forces in the human heart that light into the glory of heaven. Brighter the day of joy, darker will be the night of sorrow, when the sad moon and the sadder stars die out, and groping darkness shuts down. The deepest pathos of life is not in its strife and battle, not in its fiery furnaces, not in storm, when great waves dash and sweep, but when it sobs itself to rest, and the waves of trouble sigh along the shore. Nothing short of the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of life. Only the divine compassion and love can bestow the heavenly beatitudes upon all that are poor in spirit, all that mourn, all the meek, all that hunger and thirst after righteousness, and cause all the reviled and persecuted to rejoice and be exceeding glad. It is this compassion that commissions the twin angels of joy and sorrow to walk the earth, hand in hand, and, smiling through their tears, to mix the cup of life with honey and with wormwood, sober the overjoyous, console and gladden the bowed down and broken-hearted.

Joy and sorrow, in their true nature, are spiritual affections, subjective rather than objective, springing, not from outward conditions and happenings, but, rather, from an internal set and disposition of the spirit. Joy, in this higher sense, is the fruit of the Spirit, the fire of faith, the light of love, the music of high spiritual activities. Wherever there is truth, and beauty, and love, and reverence, and renunciation, and sacrifice, there is joy. Where there is a want of these, there is sorrow.

A feeble painter deals daintily with the lights and shades of his picture, but a master puts them in with strong, bold touches, especially when he wishes to portray great scenes or masterful characters. Thus, likewise, when God desires to give the world a great life and character, he deals the lights and shades of joy and sorrow with a free hand. Every great soul has its Gethsemanes and its Calvaries, as well as its mounts of beatitudes and transfiguration. The common life is pale and bloodless; but joy and sorrow give fuller and deeper experiences and a more sacred meaning to life. The soul upon which the barrenness of life has wrought its influence is apt to become irritable and peevish, losing all composure and dignity of spirit; but he who suffers patiently and calmly, smiling through his tears, touches the tenderest and most responsive chords of human sympathy. When the garden of life becomes a desert, with no blossoms of hope, no song birds of requited love and sacrifice, even then the soul that silently, patiently, bears its unvoiced sorrows unto the end, when life has only woes, shall God's comfort know. This humble gentleness is divine greatness, therefore let patience have her perfect work. Then will the soul which before had no hope, no aspiration, no endeavor,

be lifted by the divine Comforter into a realm of joyful living and doing. . . . Power is measured, not alone by what we bravely do, but, very especially, by what we patiently endure. To be cool and quiet when provocation comes, and the natural impulses burn with a fierce heat, to be serene amid trouble and disappointment,—these are the tests of true greatness and spiritual power. The disciplines of poverty, losses, dangers, sickness, trials, temptations, bereavements, treacheries, desertions, ridicules, persecutions, when rightly received, appropriated, and used, are all purifying, refining agencies. The sweetest joys are drawn from the bitterness of life, from suffering and sorrow overcome. We most prize those spirits who can bear misfortune with an equable mind, whose fortitude shines through and disperses the clouds of sorrow. . . .

In order that joy and sorrow may perform their true offices as ministries to spiritual perfection, there must be some end to be sought worthy to engage, control, and guide all the activities of life. Otherwise, man is like a becalmed ship, with useless rudder, and compass, and sail, drifting at the mercy of wave and tide; but with right aim and sufficient motive he becomes self-propelled and self-guided.

What can be such an aim, giving such a motive? Is it seeking to make prevail civil rights and political sovereignty; the will and law of God which makes for righteousness; the universal truth, fitness, and beauty of things; the highest universal happiness either here or hereafter, or both here and hereafter; the right reciprocal sympathy of all beings; or obeying the sense of oughtness, awakened by the intuitive apprehension of right and wrong? Are any or all of these and kindred theories of philosophers and theologians the true and ultimate end?

Is not the ultimate and supreme end rather that which is inclusive of all these as means and ministries? Can the end of human endeavor be other than that which God and all divine agencies are seeking? God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its redemption from sin and restoration to holiness. This was the joy set before Christ in his mission, and this joy was so great as to enable him to endure the cross, despising the shame. Christ's mission, therefore, was not primarily to make men happy, now or hereafter, but to make them holy, of which joy is the "luminous shadow." To this same end all divine agencies and ministries are working. The apostle further on tells us that all chastening is to this same end,—of making the Christed ones partakers of the divine holiness.

Can the ultimate aim of man be other than this? Anything different or lower is insufficient to meet all the conditions for making both joy

and sorrow perpetual ministries for good. All lower aims, late or soon, pall upon the unsatisfied spirit, leaving it aching and restless. When, however, one has set for himself as the highest and all-comprehending purpose of life to make the beauty of holiness prevail more and more, both in himself and in all others, to make the beauty of perfection prevail more and more in all the works of God, then he becomes a colaborer with God and all divine agencies. He then has an aim sufficiently exalted, pervasive, and enduringly motived to awaken the loftiest aspirations, enkindle the noblest enthusiasms, quicken and sustain the most sacrificial endeavors. It will enable him to use all talent, all opportunity, all pains and pleasures, endure all crosses, despising the shames—make everything, in short, work together as ministries for good.

Thus living and acting in unison with God, and for the same end as that for which all of his ministers and ministries of grace are working, will give deific living. Such spirits walk the loftiest planes of life, solitary and alone it may be, compassed about and pressed with clouds that flash and pour, yet through the joy that is set before them in this divine aim they become in all life's conflicts more than conquerors.

Where the supreme aim is, there also will be the supreme love, faith, and hope, carrying in their train supreme joys and sorrows. If making holiness prevail be this aim, then will this supreme love go out consecratedly, sacrificially, joyfully to the same end. The forgiving and waiting God, waiting and seeking to be gracious, sent his Son to manifest this gracious love by a self-abnegating, sacrificial life and death. This is the greatest power in heaven and on earth—the most fruitful of blessings and blessedness. The sublimest joy known springs from such love suffering unselfishly for another, from that love which does not feel or act for self, but takes to itself gladly another's sorrow, suffers in another's stead, that not simply gives love for love, but gives love for indifference, hate. Sacrificial living and dying are the ultimate test of the genuineness of love. Great sorrow springs from the same source.

The Man of Sorrows, despised and rejected of men, bore our griefs, carried our sorrows, was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, afflicted, oppressed, chastised for our healing and peace, pouring out his soul unto death, in bearing our sins. He was made perfect through obedience and suffering, becoming the Author of eternal salvation unto all who obey him, and shall bring many sons unto glory. This is his joy as, seated at the right hand of God, and bending down and overleaning the drooping spirit in each saddest, keenest lesson of life, he lifts up and consoles. His throne is a throne of patience and all-suffering love. . . .

When one, partaking of the spirit of the Man of Sorrows, has pressed with pain of heart and weary toil of bruised feet through the long, dark way of grief upward to the light, and has prevailed; when he has been subdued and softened in the silences and mysterious shadows of great sorrows, and made full of deep and broad sympathies; when he has been chastened and refined into deep tenderness, and solemn consecrations, and all-embracing compassions—then is he prepared to touch the barrenness of common lives with accordant sympathies and impulses, that shall lead to glad service, by patiently standing and waiting, or by going to all beneficent and sacrificial work.

Sympathy is love responsive to another's condition, joying with the rejoicing, sorrowing with the sorrowing. Whatever joy or sorrow throbs in another's heart throbs in its own. Blessed, indeed, is the sympathizing friend who inspires, but more blessed is the friend who consoles. In order to become the consoling friend, one must needs to have been himself consoled, and thus be enabled to give tender and responsive sympathies. Whoever has passed through the fiery furnace of affliction and persecution, guided and consoled by the presence of the Fourth, is thus prepared to counsel and console others as they pass. As the darkness of night reveals astronomic grandness and starry glories, undreamed of in the light of day, so he who has had his spiritual vision rendered clairvoyant in nights of doubt and trial, is thereby enabled to make known to others the glories revealed by faith and hope, undreamed of in the light of common things and common experiences.

In the beautiful vernacular dialect in which Christ and his disciples and the common people spoke, Saviour meant the life giver, the healer, giving both physical and spiritual life and health. So, likewise, all who have been made partakers of this saving life and health, and have been purified and strengthened thereby, become co-healers and helpers with Christ. The High Priest of humanity, touched with feeling for its infirmities, comes to the humble and contrite, and dwells in the broken in spirit, bringing strength to weaknesses and wants, consolations to all frets and troubles of life. This infinite goodness springs from infinite love. This is the healing and helpful power of goodness—remedial to all afflictions of the spirit. The power and might of God trod the earth in the person of his Son; so did the gentleness of God. Son of God and Son of man, he was at once the mightiest, most heroic, and the gentlest, glorified by all heavenly power, yet touched by all human infirmities. Gentleness is power moved by love, toned by tenderness. The great and most heroic—most empowered with manly vigor—when touched and

toned by sympathy, are ever the gentlest amid suffering and sorrow. Such administer oil and balm with the most deftly gentle hand. Thus do all Christed souls, empowered with his power, and coming up from the baptism of Christly sorrow, thereby made gentle with his gentleness, sympathetic with his sympathy, go forth spontaneously as healers and helpers. The helpful, healing power of love, sympathy, and gentleness, though very quiet, is yet a very effective power in the world. All great forces are silent in their operations. No one hears the tramp of gravitation, or the dews fall, or the grass and the trees grow. The silent currents of electricity that ceaselessly flow through and around the world are infinitely more potent than its flash in the lightning or crash in the thunderbolt. So the silent, unconscious, yet healing and helping influences that perpetually stream out from lives charactered in goodness, are transcendentally more potent than all forceful efforts put forth to the same end. . . .

The legitimate though supplemental outflow of these silent agencies is a set and voluntary effort, both individual and associated, for the good of others; hence the various agencies of benevolence as aids to the bettering of man's condition both here and hereafter. The best evangels, teachers, preachers, pastors, missionaries, organizers, and conductors in these voluntary efforts are they who are deeply experienced and richly charactered in these passive and submissive virtues and in the spiritual graces springing from them. In the future high reaches of religious culture and Christian civilization, when the gentleness of God and the patience of Jesus come more and more to prevail among men, then will these higher Christian graces have greater significance and wider sway.

Woman, being more richly endowed and more especially given to the culture of these graces than man, will then come to her full inheritance, dominion, and influence. Man, being of a coarser and more rugged spiritual fiber, can never lead up the heights of these finer and diviner graces. Where man falters and fails, woman must take up and lead on to regions where reign the saintly graces of love, sympathy, gentleness, tenderness, and all-consoling and all-healing helpfulness.

Young friends, you are soon to go forth into the world, with its mingled faiths and doubts, hopes and fears, loves and hates, joys and sorrows. Some of you have consecrated your lives to the sacred work of proclaiming glad tidings of peace and good will to men—one being of the sisterhood of those who were last at the cross and first at the sepulcher, and first to publish the joyful tidings of a risen Saviour. It becomes her with especial appropriateness, what becomes you all, to inaugurate your

respective life missions with blessings. Go not as negative, misanthropic, destructive forces, but as positive, philanthropic, up-building forces. Go consoling, healing, strengthening, persuading, organizing, establishing. Be helpers in making prevail whatever is true, and beautiful, and good. Seek to awaken high aims, and to inspire to noble living. Let generous, forgiving, life-giving sentiments and sympathies beat out into all interests affecting the well-being of man, sweetening all the fountains of life. Let your lives be examples of self-forgetting, sacrificial living, and, if need be, of sacrificial dying. . . .

As life advances and age comes on, and the heat, and drive, and strife, with their sharp pangs of griefs and noisy exultations of life, are over, its pathway, if it has been beautifully lived, becomes fringed with the ripest fruits of peace and resignation. Life's unfathomed ocean of mystery, sadness, and unrest, with its days of gray fog and dull, heavy clouds, shrouding all its headlands, and shutting out all broad and elevated views, are transformed and glorified by clearer lights and softer airs. Life's sun has no longer a scorching fierceness, but its days, mild and calm, glide gently by. The bright clouds of life's morning enfold the brow with their thin, silvery mists. Memories, floating lightly as thistledown through the mental atmosphere, strained of all harsh and discordant notes, pulse in subdued minor strains upon the soul, and all things conspire, through their message of tenderness and love, to ripen the fairer and diviner graces of the spirit. The feet that have climbed toilsomely towards eternity find stones in their pathway transformed to shining stairs, and the entangling weeds bloom in celestial beauty and fragrance. Bitter fountains are rendered sweet, and the crumbs of common fare are changed to heavenly manna. Earthly affinities are reduced to gossamer threads, holding lightly to earth, and the low desire of living for living's sake dies out, and the love of life and the fear of death become transformed with hope of life eternal. The New Jerusalem is no longer a far-away and strange city, with no acquaintance there, but its foundations rest on all the hills of life, and its walls blend with the spiritual horizon. The murmur of the river of living waters fills the ear, while foretastes of the tree of life refresh the spirit, and foregleams of heavenly glories light the tired traveler heavenward, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor pain, for the former things have passed away, and all become new. . . .

THE IDEAL COLLEGE—A LIGHT.

[Baccalaureate sermon, June 27, 1886.]

"Let there be light." Gen. 1 : 3.

Within this quiet valley, shut in by these circling hills, seated on their rocky thrones, as perpetual guards against the noise and strife of the driving world, we gather to inaugurate the golden anniversary of our Alma Mater, who has cherished us, in successive generations, as for the last fifty years we have gathered around her hearthstone. Her good genius presides over the occasion, and, by the aid of memory and association, lifts the trivial and the common into dignity and importance, casting over all a glory otherwise unseen, thus awakening teeming emotions and stirring inspirations. It is an epoch at which we instinctively pause, and reverently brush away the gathering dust and growing moss from the fast-fading records of other days, that we may read and interpret their teachings. . . .

Year by year for the last fifty years we have gone from here, gone in youth, filled with the romantic thoughts of the untried future opening before us. Time has passed. Many and stirring events have transpired. The leaves and blossoms of youth have given place to the fruits of mature and active life, and we are reaping the harvests of seed sown here. Some of us return, sobered by age, ripened by experience, saddened and subdued by trial and sorrow. Our ranks are thinning, the members falling, one by one, like the leaves of the forest, each to his resting place, while our Alma Mater stands like the trees of this forest, renewing and enlarging her life year by year, with ever-increasing growth, strength, and beauty. *All to what end?*

"*Let there be light*" was deemed the most suitable legend for the official seal of this University, as expressive of its aim and high mission. The increase of light, the especial mission of the ideal college, seems a most fitting theme for inaugurating these jubilee exercises.

Deity, in speaking light into existence, created the fittest emblem of himself, who is light, and dwelling in light unapproachable. As Deity fills all space and permeates all matter with this light ether, and transmutes it into heat, light, electricity, and gravitation, by it scatters darkness, and gathers and globes atoms into worlds, refreshes the barren earth with showers, covers it with beauty, and peoples it with life, thus transforming chaos into cosmos, so does the light of divine wisdom permeate and fill all, scatter mental darkness, build truth into systems of order, harmony, and beauty. . . .

As the eye is the organ for gathering in physical light, for bodily uses, so the reason is the organ for gathering in the light of truth, for mental uses. The spirit's need of light is far higher and more imperative than the body's need. The soul sits, Memnon-like, with silent, eastward gaze, waiting for the dawn of truth to awaken its dormant melodies into songs of joyous activity. The mind, in such need, on receiving the intuitive truths flashing upon it with the self-attesting powers of sunlight, perceives the divine plan running through and shaping all into organic unity, and philosophy is born. . . .

The college is one of the highest of the institutional inventions, from which have descended all lower educational institutions. As the sun gathers and intensifies light, for lighting its dependent, planetary worlds, so the special function of the college is to ingather and intensify the light of truth, for lighting all other institutions and enterprises. Truth, like the world of life, is one organic, symmetrical whole, connecting back to a common source, Deity; so a college should be a center, representing truth in its organic unity and completeness, and thus sending it out in ever-widening circles of light and influences.

To this end the college must ever stand high above all those influences of the world that militate against the truth; above the sway of great names around which lesser lights revolve, not always from the attractions of pure truth, but because of size and brilliancy, or, like the lamplight, dazzling the mental miller out of the darkness, to flutter and singe and die in its blaze; stand above the fogs and mists of narrow partisanships and passions of popular prejudice, that lead the unthinking multitude blindly to approve, or as blindly to condemn. . . .

The ideal college produces growth. As the sunlight is, by the subtile alchemy of life, converted into growth, in the vegetable kingdom, every plant after its species, and this life growth is transformed, in the animal kingdom, into higher modes and kinds, so the college is to furnish the light of truth, to the end of being converted into mind growth. Each individual being a receptive and transmuting agency of this light, a college becomes a center for gathering it for the benefit of many. This concentration and increase, together with the reciprocally stimulating and invigorating influence of mind upon mind, and its pervading spirit, greatly enhances the power of a college. This power operates in youth, the period, if ever, of high ideals. . . . The college, therefore, should not foster the absorptive capacities of the mind, by cramming it with piles of "learned lumber," nor spiritless, mechanical, perfunctory routine, nor muscle at the expense of brain, nor hypercritical refinements at the

expense of manhood, but foster, rather, spontaneity, freshness, freedom, originality, and independent thought and investigation, comprehensive views, a respect for ideas, a scholarly enthusiasm, responsive to the teachings of the most gifted minds in all ages, an ethical worthiness and spiritual dignity, and a reverent theistic temper, based on a culture that organizes and develops all into character. As the single airs in music are woven by the skilled musician into strains that touch the deepest chords of the heart, so should the college weave the simple elements of knowledge into systems of culture that shall touch all the springs of action, awaken all the powers of the mind, and thus become a source of ever fresh, free, and invigorating thought and inspiration, begetting higher aspirations, leading to better purposes, nobler endeavors, and greater achievements. If these manifold good influences have their legitimate effect, all the latent energies of the higher nature will be vitalized, new powers unfolded, clearer insight, finer tastes, deeper and wider sympathies cultured, and a growth secured, beautiful and strong.

Again, a college should seek, as its highest end, to give a culture whose growth is Godward. As to all others, so to the student and the college the most important subject is religion. What the eye is to the body, religion is to learning. As the body is ennobled by the spirit, so is learning by religion. To carefully train the lower faculties, while the higher lie neglected and dormant, to give intellectual strength without, at the same time, securing spirit-life and spirit-growth, is to fail in the highest and best culture, making life ignoble and learning a blind Samson, grinding at the mills of the Philistines. Mental activities grow normally upward into moral atmospheres and spiritual lights. . . .

The college student is, consciously or unconsciously, passing a most critical as well as a most important period of his life. He is surrounded by pervading influences so subtile yet so potent that the most silent and secret may start forces as unending as the spirit itself. He is both receiving and exerting these influences, greater and more lasting than in any after years or in any other spheres. He is also deciding questions that can never be redecided, determining courses of action that can never be redetermined. The college youth is presumed, from his very pursuits, to have become awakened to a consciousness of his powers, possibilities, and responsibilities, and to aspirations and purposes that lift above the plane of appetite and animal living, into the realm of spiritual worth and manly endeavor. The measure of this consciousness is the measure of his conscious manhood. . . .

Again, an ideal college should be a source of progress and civiliza-

tion. As cephalization, or head dominion, determines the grade of species, in the ascending scale of the animal kingdom, so the college, representing the highest mental life, determines the head dominion of a people. As fast as man becomes disenthralled, and begins to think, believe, and act, individual life begins to aggregate, combine into public life, and thought organize into institutional thought. In the college this is segregated, combined, intensified, and perpetuated. The college thus becomes a brain center, whence ramify the mental nerves, diffusing thought through the social, public, and institutional life. It attracts, as a general rule, the best minds from all classes, those who are to fill places of trust, influence, and power, and it should send them forth bearing the light of highest progress and most advanced civilization. . . .

Without the desire for the acquisition and use of truth, both old and new, no progress can be made, but immobility or decay sets in. Parties and sects, with their platforms and creeds, have accepted and appropriated certain truths, or half-truths, mingled, it may be, more or less, with error, with which they are satisfied, hence they become stereotyped, fossilized. Seldom are individuals, parties, or sects, progressive beyond their youthful days; seldom are they good for more than one leading truth. When they have blossomed and fruited once, and years increase, their seeking and their progress cease, and fossilization or a vegetative decay sets in, thus becoming fine scientific illustrations of arrested development. "Let the dead bury their dead." The world has no farther use for them. Cumberers of the highway of progress are they.

The ideal college must be so constituted and conducted as to admit new truths and their utilization, or, however perfect at first, it too will in time become incrusted with routine, followed by petrifaction or decay. If it shall say, "The old is good enough; let us not seek for a better, lest a worse befall," the spirit of progress will ever reply, "The old may have been good once, but it is no longer entirely good—a better has come."

As the earth has been built up layer upon layer, the older serving as foundations for the newer and higher, so the college should rest upon old truths as permanent substrata for the new. It should be the embodiment of all truth, both old and new, and of the achievements of all progress, and send these forth to be wrought into still better methods, systems, and institutions. If Pythagoras, the heathen, on the discovery of a new theorem in geometry, offered a hundred oxen as a thank offering to the gods for granting him so great a favor, should not a Christian college offer equal thanks for new truths?

God has led humanity up the steeps of progress to lofty heights and

wide outlooks, and when the foot has become firm, the head steady, and the eye accustomed to the new and strong light, he has led them up to diviner prospects. Ages may have passed, generations perished, before the new height was gained. In this climbing God has commissioned great spirits as light bearers to lead the way for groping, stumbling humanity. He has also appointed colleges to stand upon the heights to light the ascent. He has sent them as forerunners of reform, leaders of progress, harbingers of advancing civilization.

The discovery, introduction, and establishment of a great truth as a living, governing principle in the world, requires time, toil, and sacrifice. The old error is frequently inwrought into systems and institutions which have received the sanction of generations and are upheld by popular prejudice, supported by wealth and power, and guarded by custom. Truth comes unheralded by pomp, unwelcomed by worldly greatness. It is far oftener cradled in a manger and heralded by only the lowly. Broad has ever been the way needed to accommodate the followers of error, while narrow has been the way required by the sincere followers of truth. The old and the new, conservatism and progress, have ever been at war. The fires of their strife have glowed adown the ages. Truth, through these conflicts, as great smelting furnaces, has been slowly refined from the dross of error, and inwrought into the systems and institutions of humanity. Everything great and valuable, in modern civilization, bears the impress of toil, sacrifice, and suffering.

The college should be a great smelting furnace for the refinement of truth from error, for the world's uses. More than this, it should be first in discovering the truths and laws that give progress. As the pines on the hilltops stand crowned with the glory of the early morning, while the valleys still sit in the shadows, so the ideal college should stand on the heights of progress, on the world's spiritual pinnacles, where the mist and murk of ignorance never rise, where the storms of passion never sweep, circled with the halo and illumined with the glory of dawning truth, ere it has lifted the shadows from the valley lands of everyday life and common thought. . . .

Blessed is the college that both knows and does the truth. A heathen has said, "Do right though the heavens fall." Do right, and the heavens will not fall, for they are underpropped and upheld by truth and righteousness. Therefore, the college should ever be a leader in accepting and following the behests of truth and right, in whatever form they may come, at whatever cost of popularity, in the full assurance that to stand alone with God, to follow in his footsteps and work in the line

he is working, is to be with the majority and ultimately to prevail, though all the world at present oppose. . . .

All the business pursuits and activities whereby men and women win bread, will, through the light of culture, take on nobler and more ideal aims, so that, amid the toil and care and friction of life, the fog of indecision, the drizzle of worry, tending to blunt the finer sensibilities, cool enthusiasm, clip the wings of aspiration, and dim the light of life, the worker shall be able to possess such masterful moods as to fling off these bad influences and work in the light of these ideal aims.

The college sends, also, its students out into all the professions and positions of authority, commanding sway and grave responsibility, where both the light of culture and of character is of imperative importance. They go as physicians, teachers, preachers, makers and executors of law, ministers of justice, light bearers to peoples sitting in darkness. Through these agencies the world should become healthier, stronger, better, more radiant, allegiant to the eternal principles of right and justice, imbued more and more with peace, good will, and reverent worship.

The nation needs to be pervaded by higher and more ideal principles. If ideas are the ultimate sovereigns of the world, their sovereignty should especially hold sway in a republic, where convictions and laws spring from the people. Guided and controlled by violent partisans, reckless leaders, devoid of discipline, culture, ideas, or principle, this republic must, late or soon, be wrecked, as other nations have been. Here elevation must begin at the sources of power, the people. The stream can rise no higher than these fountains. The highest fountains are the youth. To the end, therefore, that they may be prepared for the responsibilities of citizenship, and become promoters of the public weal, and conservators of the republic, through enlightened and commanding statesmanship, the college should send them forth imbued with principles that shall purify and elevate politics, enthrone conscience, making its behests higher and more authoritative than the mandates of leaders, the whips of party, or the scourges of machine persecution, making inviolable personal worthiness and spiritual independence the sources of all dignity of manhood and of civil liberty.

Again, the church depends upon the college as an ally to aid her in becoming more and more a positive and constructive power among the negative and destructive powers of the world. . . .

The ideal college stands the center and summit of the highest and best in human thought and achievement, a testimony to the worth and dignity of man, and the importance of culture for the sake of manhood,

irrespective of outward conditions, a teacher of the broader and finer humanities, with their ideal and elevating influences in the home, society, State, and church. Amid the grind of toil, the whir and rush of business, and all the petty strifes and ambitions of the world, the college bell calls the youth up to the serene heights, where the possibilities of ideal living and doing loom distinct along the horizon, and all things conspire to give motive and inspiration to the thoughtful and the earnest, in preparing for the coming work of life. . . .

This Institution, growing, during a half hundred years, from a private school, through the academic period, up to its present stature, has ever sought to be both a receiver and a dispenser of light; sought to be a leader in the great reforms of the age, to be in the van of human progress; sought to make, not simply scholars, but scholars charactered in Christian manhood and womanhood, prepared for brave living and good work in the world. Though often, with flickering light, groping, slipping, in the rough, obscure, and untried paths, though often falling short, in many ways, of the high ideal we have sketched, yet she is prepared for a healthier, stronger growth, better work, with happier results, in the fifty years to come, so that those who shall gather to celebrate her centennial birthday will have more abundant reasons for rejoicing than we.

Young friends, you who are about to bear out into the world whatever of light you may have here received, will need to go with minds ready to receive ever-broadening ranges of thought, clearer visions of truth. Gather to yourselves all light possible from the culture and civilization of the past. Let it inspire you to the seeking of new truths that shall unfold into multitudinous forms of progress. As is the quality of individual culture, so will be the character of the resulting civilization. Culture not for the sake of doing, but simply for the sake of being, is refined selfishness. When, forgetting self, it goes out, starting influences that shall affect for good all streams of thought and action, then it is noblest and best. Get to yourselves a spirit of reverence, gentleness, and sacrificial doing, a courage of your convictions, which, above the cowardice of wrongdoing, cannot be swayed from right doing. Be not content to simply glide on the current of public opinion, but, regardless of popular favor, defend and promote truth and right, fearless of consequences. . . . Truth seeks for its disciples those who, leaving behind the idols of the multitude, and regardless of pleasure or profit, follow, in glad obedience, her lead. An utterly honest seeker and fearless doer of truth is the noblest work of God. When such an one puts in an appearance, it is the duty of all to make way and room, and with uncovered

head and unsandaled feet receive reverently his teachings. His advent is to be reckoned an epoch in human history, a new starting-point in human progress. The world is in perishing need of such as receive the behests of truth as higher than happiness, more sacred than life, and, though held and treated as fanatics, innovators, heretics, by their own age, future ages will rise up as one man to do them honor.

Go forth, then, and, guided by lofty aims, ever labor to uphold, strengthen, and advance all noble interests. Cultivate a love of manly excellence and moral greatness. When to these are added influences and motives springing from divine sources, the highest powers of the mind will be awakened, its chords vibrate in unison with all spiritual laws, and a steady purpose will be given to life, controlling and guiding amid all activities. . . . Through long and dark and bloody ages, when might and wrong have occupied the thrones of the world, the light of truth has been gaining sway. God, through august tragedies, has been leading humanity ever onward and upward. Go as colaborers with him, in enlightening, educating, and evangelizing the world.

THE PEOPLE'S DEBT TO COLLEGES.

[An address delivered before the New England Association of Alfred Students, August 24, 1886.]

Ladies and gentlemen, members of the New England Association of Alfred Students, in the address of one year ago, which I did *not* deliver, the theme was "Alfred's Debt to New England." The converse of this might be "New England's Debt to Alfred," if it were not too small a fulcrum for good leverage, and, furthermore, Alfred can never repay her great debt to New England.

Let us, therefore, consider the broader and more comprehensive theme, "The People's Debt to Colleges." In this consideration I shall use the term college in its most generic sense, based upon both its etymological signification and its historic use, as inclusive of all higher institutions of learning or collective bodies incorporated for the purposes of study and instruction.

Education is a great, overshadowing, and imperative need of man. Coming into the world with fewer instincts and powers for self-preservation, and with capacities more nearly a blank, than any other member of the animal kingdom, without education, man is the most helpless of all animals. It is only as his faculties are slowly, carefully, laboriously

unfolded, under the tutelage of parents and all the educative influences and forces which spring from civilized society, crowned, systematized, utilized, by educational institutions specially devoted to this object, does man come to his rightful sovereignty in the world. Colleges have thus sprung from the highest needs of man, as an intellectual, social, moral, and religious being.

Among the chiefest originators of these institutional agencies for the education of man up to this sovereignty, have been the great discoverers, inventors, organizers, founders of systems of religion and philosophy. These, appearing from time to time, have been the great world teachers, whose teachings have awakened and enlightened the human mind, shaped individual, social, and national destinies, determined and advanced civilizations.

All future ages, becoming their willing pupils, have organized the light, influences, forces, and instrumentalities generated by them into schools for perpetuating and spreading these blessings, through all time, to all men.

Moses, with the great Sinaitic wilderness for a schoolroom, had the children of Israel forty years under his tutelage. The homes, and the schools of the law and the prophets, continuing what was thus begun, made the Hebrew nation one of the best educated people, as a whole, the world has known. At the destruction of Jerusalem their learning was sown broadcast, furnishing physicians, philosophers, and educators to many peoples. This learned preëminence has, in a good degree, continued to the present.

The schools of Chaldea, Egypt, Persia, especially the latter, determined their civilization. Zoroaster, with the Zend Avesta and the Magian system of education founded thereon, gave to the Persian nation leadership in ancient civilization, and the Parsee of the present stands foremost in Hindu culture.

The teacher Kon, or Confucius, inaugurated a system that led to a State education and a government resting on intellect and organized culture, intellectual merit, determined by competitive examinations, being the only passport to office, which has become the ideal aspiration of all civil-service reformers, and the dismay of all machine politicians, and the goal sought by all civilized nations. It has given the Chinese a government and a civilization that have remained in stable equilibrium, without progress or retrogression, for more than two thousand years, over one-third of the human race. In it may be seen the prototype of what other nations will be when old, if the routines, examinations, markings, and

placings, which they are so toilsomely, so patiently, so blindly, and with such a steady, dull grind, patterning after her, shall bear their legitimate fruits.

The Vedic system of the Hindus, and its antagonist, Buddhism, with their numerous schools of philosophy, their immense literatures, full of degenerate puerilities, are the outcome of great teachers, who, at the time, taught the best they knew.

The great schoolmasters of Greece and Rome, Thales, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Quintilian, and many another, confronting and grappling with the problems that confront philosophers of to-day, gathered about them circles of disciples—incipient universities—eager to listen to their solutions of the deep and solemn mysteries of the universe, and whose teachings have profoundly influenced the subsequent ages.

Alexander the Great did a greater and nobler deed than conquering the world when he gave Aristotle a million of dollars and the service of a thousand or more men, to enable him to prosecute his studies. This started forces that led to the founding of the Museum at Alexandria—type of all modern universities—with its four faculties, of literature, mathematics, astronomy, and medicine; with its library of 700,000 volumes, its botanical gardens, its zoölogical collections; with its learned teachers, gathered from many nations, and its dozen thousand or more students. It thus became a focus of intense intellectual activity. Here gathered the Septuagint translators of the Hebrew Scriptures, and the first professors of Christian theology. From it radiated the highest learning the world then knew, the influences of which are still felt.

The Atheneum, founded by Hadrian, on the Capitoline Hill in Rome, became the university of the Latin race and the mother of all imperial schools throughout the Roman Empire.

The Mohammedans overran and subjugated the world no more rapidly or completely by the sword than they did by learning. Availing themselves of Jews and Nestorians for teachers and counselors, they became distinguished as the patrons of learning and the founders of schools, holding that Paradise is as much for him who rightly uses the pen as for him who falls in battle, and that the ink from the pen of the teacher is of equal value with the blood of the martyr. Schools arose in the track of their armies, until nearly the whole Mediterranean region, as well as the more Eastern regions, was luminous with their light. Great grammarians, philosophers, physicians, mathematicians, and astronomers arose. In their schools was first instituted the system of academic honors or

titles signifying that the possessor was competent to teach, which has continued down to the present. While the rest of the world was fast sinking into the night of the Dark Ages, Moslem learning cast a radiance over the gloom.

But the Rabbi of rabbis, the great Teacher of the great world-teachers, was Jesus of Nazareth. Recognized as a rabbi, though discarding, on the one hand, the traditions that made void the higher law through reverence for the letter regardless of the spirit, which gave rise to the Talmud and the Pharisee, discarding, on the other hand, the esoteric interpretation of the law, which culminated in the Kabala and the Mystic, he differed widely in his teachings from all other rabbis. He taught face to face with nature, man, and God. He gave object lessons from the lily, the mustard seed, the fig tree, the sparrow, the foxes, the leaven of bread, the sower and his seed, and the golden grain of the harvest, the coin of the realm, and from all common human avocations, finding in all deepest spiritual meanings. His teachings reached both head and heart, and bore fruit abundantly. He not only brought a new life into humanity, but intellect was likewise awakened wherever this life came.

This awakening influence upon mind led early to the establishment of schools for the instruction of youth and proselytes in the duties of religion and Christian manners, also other schools for giving religious teachers a systematic knowledge of Christian doctrines. To these schools flocked learned pagans, as well as young men desirous of being instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, to the end of becoming teachers in the church. Thus, for three or four hundred years, these schools were the centers of learning and the nurseries of piety. Indeed, many churches were virtually schools, in which the bishops trained with special care, as if they were their own children, those who, in turn, were to become spiritual guides and religious teachers. In every diocese there was at least one cathedral school, designed to instruct, not only catechumens, but to carry forward the education of those who aspired to the sacred office. Thus did the early Christians, inspired by the vitalizing, invigorating, and liberalizing power of the gospel, prepare their children, amid poverty and persecution, to become worthy and efficient Christian men.

The Dark Ages gradually drew on. Decay and death seized upon the pagan institutions, though under the patronage of kings and emperors, with ample endowments, costly libraries, and all the educational facilities of the times. Though rare privileges and advantages were conferred upon their teachers, the teaching gradually degenerated into a tame, lifeless system of effeminate forms, fancies, and dull routines.

Pagan civilization, unfit to be engrafted with the Christian civilization, went down amid the overwhelming incursions of the Northern barbarians. Pagan schools perished in the general shipwreck. Not so with the Christian; but, as if rising from a baptism of fire and blood, they struggled to overcome disadvantages and adversaries. In them was still much life, thought, and activity. Christian literature abounded more and more in the production of great statesmen, philosophers, and divines. The cathedral schools were gradually formed into organizations, as monasteries, with a school attached for the instruction of youth. These became the germs from which sprang the modern college. In them religion found a covert from the storms of the times, and the learned and the pious a safe retreat for study, meditation, prayer, discussion, and teaching. These institutions rapidly increased, till they spread like a network over all Europe. But at the nadir of the Dark Ages sacred learning disappeared even from them, giving place to legends, puerile sermonizing, and scholastic teachings.

At length the light began to dawn, the scene to brighten, and an upward movement commenced. The dawn of this light was earlier in the British Isles than on the Continent. Schools and learning prospered better, especially in Ireland, and were transplanted thence to the island of Iona, whence they spread, through the labors of Columbia and his disciples, wide and far. Bede caught up the light and bore it on. Alcuin, educated in the institutions thus lighted, became the great leader and champion of learning of his times. Charlemagne, unable to write, being compelled to sign with the hilt of his sword those treaties which he enforced with its point, invited Alcuin to France, made him his confidant, counselor, and teacher, and established a school in his own palace, becoming a most enthusiastic student, and though, like most great men, making but an indifferent penman, he became able to speak Latin and Greek. Thus were laid the foundations of the university of Paris, leading to the establishment of the Germanic universities, and to the intellectual supremacy of the Northern nations of Europe over the Southern. Alfred the Great, amid the multitudinous cares of his kingdom, labored assiduously to advance the cause of education among his people, organizing forces that led to the upbuilding of the great English universities, and perpetuated learning and religion down to Wickliffe, "the bright morning star" of the Reformation. The German and other universities followed and nurtured the Reformation. Erfurt and Wittenburg gave the world a Luther, Heidelberg, and Tubingen, a Melanchthon, Berne and Basel, a Zwingli. The college founded at Oxford, to counteract the influence of

Wickliffe, nurtured the Wesleys and Methodism. Sir Walter Mildmay, after founding Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1585, coming up to the court of Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." He replied, "I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." Emanual College proved to be the nursery of Puritanism, and the source from which emanated much of the learning, intellectual vigor, and religious power of the early New England colonies, the stream of whose influence has been manifested in the Christian enlightenment and progress which has characterized the entire history of New England, and has given origin, not only to her own colleges, but also to most of those of the other Northern States.

From this same influence sprang a still greater boon, if possible, to the world,—the common, or public free school. The college did not spring from the common school but it sprang from the college. It never rains up, but always down. So education has rained down from the great world teachers, through the medium of the college, spreading out in these modern times into the common school. First the college, then the private school or academy to fit boys for college, then schools and seminaries to fit girls, not for college, but to be helpmeets for collegians, and, lastly, the school common to all. To New England belongs the immortal honor of inaugurating these schools, both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, within a decade after the founding of Harvard.

Emanuel College, thus planted as an acorn, has been the type of most colleges founded on a religious basis, for the end of advancing both learning and religion. Almost uniformly these have sprung from acorns planted in faith and hope, not simply for the present, but for future generations. Oxford began in the teachings of a few poor monks; Cambridge took its start in a barn; Harvard commenced with three students, when Boston, as yet, was only a straggling village of a score or so of small houses; Yale, in the gift of a few books from the libraries of neighboring clergymen; Princeton, in a log house, known as "Log College;" Brown, with one student; Dartmouth, from an Indian mission school; Oberlin, in the primeval forest; Wabash, in a prayer meeting on the snow in the forest; Milton, in a little gravel building, erected through the enterprise and public spirit of a single individual; Alfred, in a small upper room. Most of these had for long years a slow and struggling growth. "A hundred years old, and no taller," said the fabled gourd to the venerable palm, to whose top it had climbed in a single summer. "Every summer of my life," replied the palm, "a gourd has climbed up

around me, as proud as thou art, and as short lived as thou wilt be." Thus with colleges; they grow as trees grow, as nations, as languages grow, from small beginnings and simple forms, gathering slowly, through the centuries, strength, beauty, complexness of means and instrumentalities, and the power of diffusing the light of learning and all those forces that give progress and civilization. Even those institutions that, in modern times, have been manufactured by the power of great wealth, with large physical proportions at the start, require, nevertheless, time to get the atmosphere, tone, spirit, and character given by culture.

Thus we have passed in review before you some of the great torch bearers of truth, their lights obscured, in varying degrees, by the smoke of error, up to the clear light of the great Light-bearer and World-teacher, Jesus, the Christ, who have led humanity in its slow and toilsome progress from the darkness and bondage of savagism towards the promised land of the light and liberty of civilization. Humanity, organizing the results of their teachings into schools, has been helped on more and more, as the ages have gone by. Modern universities and colleges, some half a thousand or more, have thus arisen, one by one, on the mental night of the world, changing it by slow degrees into the dawning and early light of a continually brightening day. Every State, every great city, in Europe, is enriched and ennobled by them. They are scattered broadcast throughout the American republic. They have gone wherever civilization has gone. Popes, kings, princes, States, denominations, individuals, have founded them or contributed to their support.

Colleges are thus the topmost blossoms and fruitage of civilization. As is civilization so are colleges; conversely, as are colleges, so is civilization. They interpenetrate and interplay upon each other. They are coördinates. All great and permanent advancement in modern civilization has been dependent upon great teachers and seats of learning, and such conditions will obtain more and more. It was the saying of the Chinese teacher, Mencius, that "a sage instructs a hundred generations." Colleges gather the wisdom of the sages of all ages for the enlarged instruction of all men. Thus, notwithstanding their imperfections in manifold directions, they enable us to enter into the labors, become the inheritors, of all the achievements of the human mind, live in the glory of the world's accumulated knowledge and experience. They crown and bind and give unity, strength, character, and efficiency to all other institutions and instrumentalities for the education of man and the progress of civilization. They bring to their aid all historic memorials,—implements, coins, tombs, temples, statues, inscriptions, parchments, traditions;

all superstitions, religions, customs; all evil and good, individual, social, political, religious; all language, literature, art, science, libraries, museums. They, likewise, become intellectual observatories, for discovering the lights of new truths, as they rise upon the mental firmament, laboratories for observation and experiment upon all the phenomena, forces, and laws of the universe. They perpetuate the highest standards of excellence of all the past, enabling us to share the best and noblest the race has produced on all matters of greatest import, enlarge the domain of knowledge, multiply the instrumentalities for its acquisition, organize and diffuse these, through the agencies of trained intellect, for the benefit of every man.

In doing this the colleges have ready at hand, in addition to living instructors, manifold other aids. As the editor, when his brain becomes like a squeezed lemon, with all the juice of thought pressed out by the exactions of his avocation, calls to his aid his skilled scissors, which, like a wizard's wand, cause his paper to gleam with the best and brightest thoughts of a hundred brains, to the delight and instruction of thousands of readers, so a college, however spongy, vacuous, and vapid the brains of its teachers from long over-squeezing and over-pumping, can summon to its assistance all the great spirits of both the past and present, with their productions, to help in teaching and inspiring.

The ancient languages, among the highest achievements of human intelligence, were perfected and freighted with the richest literatures and sent down through twenty to thirty centuries, and, although unchanged themselves, they have created or transformed, enriched and ennobled, all modern languages and literatures, and have been the great teachers of the humanities to man. The master-minds among the ancients,—their great poets, orators, statesmen, historians,—who used these languages as a medium for communicating and preserving their thoughts, have occupied honored chairs in all seats of learning adown the ages, awakening, invigorating, and refining intellectual life and activity.

Mathematics, a science dealing with abstract numbers and forms of pure reason, would seem, at first blush, to have little relation to the material and industrial ongoings of the world; yet mathematics has a vital play in all the arts and sciences—every human industry feeling and acknowledging its sway. Euclid, the father and professor of mathematics in that famous school at Alexandria, taught a science as perfect in kind, and as direct, unerring, stimulating, and strengthening to the student twenty-two hundred years ago as now. He has continued to occupy the chair of mathematics, in the persons of its teachers, to the

present, sharpening, invigorating the minds of all through this rich possession and wonderful educator.

Ptolemy, professor of geography and astronomy in the same great school, who held almost supreme sway in these sciences for over a thousand years, has lived in the lives of all geographers and astronomers, as well as the teachers and students of these sciences, since, enlarging the knowledge of the earth and heavens, and helping on navigation, commerce, and all dependent pursuits. Though a little antiquated in his mappings of the earth and in his astronomical theories, he is still young in spirit and enthusiastic as ever in his helpfulness. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, who has been, in the persons of his successors, ministering to sickness and suffering for twenty-two centuries, and teaching in all schools of medicine, is still an aid to all that teach, or learn, or practice the beneficent art of healing. Aristotle not only taught in his day, but has since been teaching, and is still ready to aid wherever natural science, logic, or philosophy is taught, or wherever scientific investigators are laboring.

Philosophy, the highest fruitage of the human reason, the product of the loftiest minds that have appeared in the annals of time, has, from the dawn of the four great inquiries, Whence? How? Why? Whereto? been, next to religion, the great educator of man. Its great exponents, Socrates, Plato, and their coadjutors, are still living in spirit and teaching in the realm of philosophy, guiding and inspiring in the realm of morals.

Science, the youngest in this gifted and beneficent train of educators of the race, is but just advancing to her seat of authority, to her throne of power; but she comes with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, bearing in her hand the scepter of man's sovereignty over nature, attended by a splendid retinue of observers, experimenters, investigators, truth-seekers, in all the realms of nature. Their teachings are full of life, stir, impulse, giving a many-eyed insight into nature, a many-handed grip upon her utilities.

Religion, the supremest gift and blessing to man, not only gave being to colleges, but has ever been their greatest light and highest inspiration. Moses and the prophets, Christ and the apostles, have occupied honored chairs in all seats of learning, born of the spirit of their teachings, and exerted supreme influence in the education, guidance, and control of all that have gathered about these seats, till these latter days, wherein some State schools, and others, have shut the schoolhouse door in their faces, with notification that all are welcome there except the best, and that all things are taught there except religion, the most important.

All these great themes are continuously present as aids and forces in colleges. All the great of the earth are perpetually present in spirit, as presiding and controlling powers, to teach, to inspire, to guide, full of helpfulness to both teacher and student, and whose influences beat out thence in ever-widening circles upon the world.

Thus from colleges have flowed constantly enlarging streams of knowledge, culture, progress, and civilization. Their influences have been for ages, and are still, silently yet effectively, exerted in homes, churches, market-places, legislative halls, seats of justice—in all human interests and enterprises. College-trained men have been running to and fro in the earth that knowledge may be increased. By these trained men the gospel has been carried to all peoples in their native tongues, the Bible translated into most of the languages of the earth, the best thoughts preserved in the writings of man in all ages and languages, transferred into all modern languages. Homer, Socrates, Plato, Herodotus, Thucidides, Euripides, Eschylus, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Virgil, Cicero—all the great historians, philosophers, poets, orators—teach and speak and sing again to man, each one hearing them in the tongue in which he was born. Moses and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel, and evangelists and apostles, and even Jesus, cross the thresholds of all homes, sit by the hearthstone, and talk with every home circle in its own home language.

Again, colleges keep the common intelligence of civilized communities up to the discovering, inventing and organizing pitch; industries put and keep the body in trim as a working machine, with hands pliable and dexterous, fingers nimble and deft, for applying these discoveries and inventions in the multitudinous utilities of modern enterprise. The advent of these great improvements that are revolutionizing the world had to wait till colleges had prepared the way, by the gradual and silent diffusion of the light of knowledge, making it sufficiently light to see to work. Man cannot work to any better purpose in mental than in physical darkness.

Man made no progress in his rapidity of land travel from the time he tamed the first camel and horse on the plains of Central Asia till steam came, at the bidding of science, as a willing servant, to his aid. Man made no advance in the rapidity of recording his thought and multiplying this record from the time of the first invention of the pen till trained intellect brough the printing press to his aid. He did not get beyond sending his thoughts faster than he could go himself till the lightnings, listening to the call of intellect and science, came as his willing and

nimble mail-carrier. Alchemy improved but little, and contributed less to human weal, through long ages, but when the universities of Europe, with their trained observers and experimenters, with their coöperative systems of labor and mutual helpfulness, entered the field, then the science of chemistry grew with rapidity. Half a century ago Liebig set up, at the little University of Giessen, the first educational laboratory, with experimental instruction in chemistry, that became the prototype after which the laboratories now found in all higher institutions of learning have been constructed and conducted. Thus chemistry has become a great educational force, and, entering into manifold productive industries, has brought incalculable blessings to man.

All these advances have come through the discovering and utilizing, by scientific processes, the hidden laws and forces of nature. She yields her secrets only to an intelligent questioning, becoming more and more an open secret as man climbs the scale of intelligence. The more knowledge he carries in his brain and skill in his hand, the more he employs scientific insight and methods, the more readily does she respond and willingly become his ally and servant. The higher education of modern times gathers, with continually increasing interest and success, light from the great zodiac of sciences that begirts human progress, and uses it for the advancement of the productive industries, thus making every material thing conduce to both educational and industrial ends. Every language, literature, science, or philosophy learned by man, adds a new eye to his seeing power, a new hand to his working power.

It is not necessary to stand within the direct rays of the sun to get the benefits of the day. Its diffused light lights where the sun is not seen. So the diffused light of college culture lights all. Every investigator, discoverer, inventor, organizer, writer, whose achievements are helping on human progress, whether college-bred or not, is surrounded by an invisible companionship of scholars, who touch mental elbows with him. He labors in an intellectual atmosphere, surcharged with culture. As the keeper of the station on the top of Mt. Washington once said to us that, sitting in his stone hut during the thunderstorms which frequently envelop the mountain, he could, by simply reaching out his hands, grasp them full of thunderbolts, hurtling thick about him, so these men are so thickly surrounded by ideas, flying in the atmosphere of culture, that they have only to reach out to grasp their hands full of ideas. Their achievements were impossible without the ideas perpetually beating out from college classrooms, lecture halls, libraries, and museums.

Many discoveries and inventions, it is true, seem to come by accident, but such accidents never happen except in lands lighted by colleges. As well a Shakespeare, a Burns, a Bunyan, a Watt, a Stevenson, a Faraday, a Franklin, a Rumford, a Spencer, an Edison, as a Chaucer, a De Cartes, a Bacon, a Newton, a Milton, a Leibnitz, a Liebig, a Hugo, a Tennyson, a Browning, a Lowell, a Longfellow—all alike have been dependent upon the college as the ultimate source of light. Let there be the discovery of a great principle in mathematics, literature, science, art, law, morality, theology—immediately does it spread to all seats of learning, and is by them used to the end of enlightenment, growth, culture of mind, and thence distributed broadcast, not an ephemeral news, but as leaven, to leaven gradually but surely the whole body of mind. Thus they become a constant incentive to the seeking of new truth, and, as the region of the unknown is infinitely greater than the known, as but a few pebbles have been gathered along the shores of its untraversed and mysterious ocean, ample is the opportunity for future navigators and explorers.

Again, where colleges are best and most abundant, there culture and civilization are best; wherever they have longest existed and been most effective, other things being equal, there man's external conditions have become most ameliorated, enlarged, improved; his intellect has been most distinguished by energy, brilliancy, and power; his spiritual nature most quickened, refined, and elevated; domestic virtue, business honor, obedience to law, enlarged benevolence, missionary enterprise, and practical religion have most abounded.

These ends they secure by cultivating, in the first instance, the virtues that lead up to them in the student; and, in the second, by fostering, through these, the same in the community at large. Every man of culture, in proportion as he is trained in mental activities, ready in varied knowledge, with powers under control, strong, alert, many ways accomplished, does he become a delight, an inspiration, and an influence to all. Though we not infrequently smile aloud at the pedantic claims and supercilious airs of some college fledgling, more noted, perhaps, for his ingenuity in avoiding both work and restraint, and in devising ways and means for spending money he never earned, than in getting culture, yet we all feel the subtile influence of a person of true culture. Such an one in a community infects all with the contagion of culture. Two churches located in juxtaposition, with a ministry, one pious, earnest, learned, refined, the other pious, earnest, but unlearned, unrefined, this continuing for a few generations, and they will become as unlike as their pastors. Two towns, one settled by educated, the other by uneducated pioneers,

and they will have impressed upon them like characteristics, that will remain for centuries, almost as definitely defined as the town lines. Our country, especially the older portions, abounds in illustrative examples. Heredity is a law of the mental and the social, as of the physical world. We get culture by heredity, by absorption, by assimilation. Society is a coöperative school, where all are both teachers and pupils. But, without the ever-present light from the altar fires of colleges, where the sacred flames of culture are perpetually guarded that they die not, this busy, care-encumbered world would soon lose sight of the ideal excellence of learning, amid the darkness that would gather soon, fast and faster. These altar fires warm and enthuse all coming within their influence.

One's mental life and health depend largely upon the degree to which the intellectual atmosphere surrounding him is oxygenated with culture. The college has for its object the ozonizing of this atmosphere with learning to the best condition possible. Without the ever-present influence of high culture, the harmonious development of the whole being is prone, in the hot pursuits and collisions of life, to become a secondary consideration. Each one's calling, absorbing all the energies, is constantly drawing all his powers into specialties; but, like a rubber string, the more it is thus drawn out, the weaker it becomes. When a person gets to thinking and talking only oyster, or clam, or dog, or horse, or store, or mill, or machinery, or cheese, or newspaper, or school, or politics, he is fast degenerating into a machine or hack politician, printing press, mill, dog, oyster, and at last, as the fabled oysters created for a thousand years by Saturn, into sea foam.

College culture is a means for removing lobsidedness, incompleteness, clannishness, provincialism, low impulses, though it often sadly fails in doing so. It tends to vitalize and bring into organic union all specialties, steady and shape all abnormal tendencies, and give symmetrical growth to all faculties.

Plato said, "A boy in his natural state is the most vicious of all wild beasts." Another affirms, "A boy is better unborn than untaught." Still another, "A boy is something that we cannot live with or without." This last aphorism applies to girls as well. It is a very slow, difficult, and expensive process to convert the average natural boy into a complete man—a man

> "Whose tongue is framed to music,
> Whose hand is armed with skill,
> Whose face is the mould of beauty,
> And his heart the throne of will."

"He must be musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to the gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the Spirit's touch;
But to his native center fast,
Shall into future fuse the past,
And the world's flowing fates
In his own mould recast."

"Can rules or tutors educate
This demigod whom we await?"

Hardly; but how to work the average boy and girl, not up to, but towards, this high ideal, this is the question, this the problem that all teachers in all ages have been striving to solve. Not by leaving them, like unpruned trees, to grow up according to their own sweet wills, not by leaving them to sports and plays, and the innumerable contrivances which such are up to, for spending both time and money, regardless of consequences, can this great end be attained. Nor does the public school give a good finish. It dismisses them in just that inchoate condition, that incipient stage in the development of mind, tastes, habits, and character, in which, if they are left for their future education simply to skim the cream from the pans set forth by the periodicals of the day, or to browse about in a haphazard way among the literatures and sciences, they may turn out a sermon, or they may turn out a song, or they may turn out neither the one nor the other, as to all genuine culture. To approach anywhere near the desired end, other long years of very steady, serious work are needed.

President Kenyon used to say that, if he should be remembered, he desired the remembrance to be simply of his being good at drill, and in securing mental concentration. Yes, it is drill and mental concentration, self-imposed, even a dead grind, with as much of motive and inspiration as you please thrown in, that is needed. Right and good culture is attained only by the hardest work,—by work incessant and long continued, even unto monotony and weariness, and by curbing, with strong, steady hand, all shiftless, wayward impulses and undesirable propensities, and by spurring up, often and hard, all irresolute and lagging proclivities.

Colleges have for their aim to aid in this high enterprise, aiding students, first of all, to make men and women of themselves, being assured that, if they fail in this, they will fail in everything else. To this end they should be a genuine republic of letters, wherein all seekers of culture are eligible to citizenship, irrespective of sex, race, class, or any other

external condition or consideration, but where high aims, earnestness, industry, enterprise, and moral worth receive their true guerdon.

Colleges in securing these, in order to produce the happiest results, need, like churches, to be sown broadcast among the people, and sustained by their sympathies and by their liberalities, thereby cultivating the spirit of benevolence, enterprise, and progress, and lifting the whole community into a higher plane of thinking, planning, and doing. Every college bell is a genuine missionary, awakening all within its sound to new intellectual life and activity. They foster other than material aims, and light up all the region with a "light not seen on sea or land" by the natural eye, and do a good inestimable, beyond what would accrue if only some of the well-to-do and the rich went to some distant great school. This is especially important in a republic, where the degree and quality of its liberty and progress depend upon the degree and quality of the common intelligence. This diffusion of colleges among the people necessitates many that are comparatively poor and rural. It is true that at the metropolitan gatherings of the alumni of the great schools, in their after-supper speeches, made amid a superabundance of wines and cigars, we hear much belauding of the great schools, and, not infrequently, much belittling of "fresh water," "one-horse" colleges, as they are termed. While the importance and even necessity of great institutions, with immense resources and manifold appliances, is freely, gladly granted, yet the highest type of schools does not necessarily depend upon such costly equipments. The best culture comes from the unconscious tuition given by the tone and spirit permeating the school, productive not simply of scholarly adepts, but productive of a purposeful training that leads each to make the best possible of himself in all respects, thereby getting the best possible preparation to meet the struggles for existence and to win success.

Professor Huxley well says: "Our great schools are fast becoming schools of manners for the rich, of sports for the athletic, hotbeds of hypercritical refinement, most destructive to originality, whose students do a little learning and much boating. Not a few of our most expensively educated youth regard athletic sports as the one conceivable mode of enjoying, of spending, leisure." A mother of a recent graduate from one of our leading ball and boating universities, said to me that her son was so zealously engaged in developing muscle while in college that he forgot to study, but since graduation he was seriously contemplating taking up that long-neglected occupation, and, in fact, had made some little headway already in the matter. A father recently said of his son,

now in a similar institution, he knew not whether he should receive back a man, or a golden calf, as he was spending money enough on him to make a good-sized animal of that kind, and he heard from his son no talk about his studies, but all about his games.

Saying nothing of the drunkenness and the rowdyism, if the money that changes hands in these games, by the various processes best known to sporting men, having added thereto the money worse than squandered in promoting good fellowship and good cheer in the secret fraternities, with their frivolous secrets, puerile rites, and clannish proclivities, which infest as a dry rot some of these institutions, could be distributed among the poorer institutions for the benefit of needy students, it would light up the intellectual skies with a new glory. It would come to a class the great body of whom are students indeed, who do not make of college life simply a "right jolly good time," but a time for earnest, careful preparation for future usefulness, and to whom study is a sacramental act, seeking therein both ennoblement and equipment for leadership in the world's work. The grandest thing in student life, as everywhere else, is right manly living and doing, seeking to carve out for themselves noble destinies, thereby awakening in their associates all that is worthiest. With such no time or power is suffered to run to waste. All low and frivolous impulses are subjected to the behests of high aims.

College authorities, as a whole, disapprove of much of these bad elements, seeking, rather, to promote "plain living and high thinking;" but they find themselves largely powerless to check these growing evils. Every institution, great or small, can, however, furnish abundant examples of failure. There are sent to these college mills all sorts of grain, good, shriveled, sprouted, musty, decaying, cockle, chess, darnel; and woe to these mills if they do not return to their patrons at least triple X roller-process flour for the same.

The smaller colleges are, nevertheless, fortunate in having a less ratio of this kind of grists sent to them than the larger. While the law of selection for the latter is largely money, for the former the great struggle for existence and survival of the fittest comes in, resulting in making the ratio of such students as rely on their own energies to win their way much greater in the small rural colleges, and giving to them a higher tone and atmosphere of purposeful living and studying. The Faculties of some of the larger schools are glad to get a good sprinkling of such as make up the great body in the rural schools, as leaven for their large unmotived masses, as salt to season and savor the play elements.

As a natural, logical consequence, the same principles and laws obtain

in life's work and fierce conflicts, as in the preparation. As the majority of the preachers of the gospel come, not from the large and wealthy churches, but from the smaller and poor, so likewise the ratio of ministers, missionaries, heralds of reform, is much greater from the graduates of the smaller than from the large and wealthy colleges. The same holds true in all the rugged, self-forgetting, self-sacrificing pursuits of life. The great majority of the graduates from these rural colleges go forth with all their equipments gathered in hand for achievement. Thus definitely purposed, they carry a wonderful earnestness and vigor into life. They forge ahead wherever brawn, and nerve, and self-reliance, and energy, and sacrifice are required. . . .

A leading lawyer of New York City recently informed me that among the numerous students, from time to time, in the office of his firm, those from the smaller rural colleges set about their law studies as if they meant business. They stuck to the law, and the law stuck to them, while those from the big schools didn't stick to the law, nor did the law stick to them. . . . Those of you who were at the recent alumni dinner at Alfred, doubtless recollect the post-prandial speech of one of your number, who has risen to distinguished eminence in his profession in the city of New York, in which he stated that, when he first went to the city, he regretted that he was not a graduate of some noted, popular college; but after years of observation and of association with graduates from most colleges of this and other countries, and finding that the ratio of Alfred students coming to the front in the various callings and pursuits was greater than from any other college, he had long since not only ceased to regret, but had come to be proud and to rejoice that he was an Alfred graduate. To the same effect was the remark of another, on a different occasion, that, on seeing how those who left Alfred for other schools got on in the world, in comparison with those who remained, he had nothing to regret that he remained.

Newly sheep-skinned collegians are not infrequently afflicted with the weakness of being vain of the fineness of the wool of these skins, or of the distinguished names appended thereto; but they soon learn to their dismay that the world cares not a whistle for these things; nor, as to that matter, about the fineness of their own wool; nor whether the bluest of blue blood courses their veins or not; nor about the distinguished names that may or may not be found in their ancestral line; nor about the aristocratic airs assumed by sappy young brains of both genders, sometimes even by older brains, begotten of codfish, petroleum, shoddy, stocks, or what not; but that it sets great store by one who, fighting,

unaided, his way up through all his preparation for life, has learned to stand squarely on his feet, strike straight from the shoulder; or, being down, is on his feet again before the world or himself knows of his fall; and, instead of cowardly conservatism, or hesitantly waiting for something to turn up, or for fair weather and smooth seas to come, has acquired that unyielding, all-enduring fortitude in adversity, that dauntless, all-daring, heroic spirit so essential for leadership, or the accomplishment of any great work.

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging seas outweighs."

We heard a prisoner in the late war say to his fellow-prisoners that the next time he went to war, he was going in a buggy. It would enable him to keep at a safe distance from bullets and chances of capture, and secure nice attentions as he drove up to hotels o' nights. It is too much the aspiration of students to so prepare themselves as to be enabled to go forth in buggies, with gloved and caned hands, to the battles of life, at safe distances from ball and saber strokes. The character of the preparatory training determines largely the efficiency and success with which the duties of after life will be performed. Right and effective culture secures power as well as finish, leads to aspiration, consecration, and earnest, purposeful work.

In these recent times, to meet the wants of such as do not have, or do not desire, the benefits of ordinary college culture, universities, so called, have been placed on wheels, and, with their Lilliputian distributing carts, peddle from door to door, like the milkman, knowledge by the quart or pint, to suit customers; or, if preferred, they furnish it in wholesale quantities at wholesale prices in quick time, amid great throngs, at pleasant summer resorts.

This is all good in its way, meets needs that could not otherwise be so well met, awakens appetite, cultivates a taste for something more and better, and redeems much time that would otherwise run to waste, or worse. But this is not culture in the highest and best sense. To get this one must needs be withdrawn from the noise and cares of the world into mental atmospheres, with steady, long-continued drill, amid the inspirations of other minds engaged in the same pursuits. In order to furnish these conditions the college is essential.

The motive inspiring and guiding in the founding, supporting, and conducting these sources of human enlightenment and progress, has never been the acquisition of wealth or power or personal fame, but a sincere desire to better the world's condition. They have had and still have many a hero, prophet, and martyr, in the pursuit and the defense of truth,

whose pen or voice has moved his age, whose lead has guided the people to higher planes, whose influence has shaped the ages, widening and ennobling human destiny. These men have been undeviated by love of ease, dread of labor, desire of wealth, greatness of difficulties, fear of consequences, but have responded to the voice of conscience, the claims of duty, the responsibilities of station, with an unselfish devotion. They have been animated by the conviction that the discovery or dissemination of truth, the advancement of knowledge in any direction, or the enlightenment of mind, contributes to the advancement and welfare of all; that a consecrated life is the first and highest duty; that self-devotion outranks mere scholarship; that faith lighted by knowledge, good will, bearing fruit in good deeds, is the aim and end of college culture.

Such being the manifold indebtedness of the world to teachers and institutions of learning, it follows not only as a legitimate but necessary corollary that, in proportion as the world recognizes this indebtedness and responds to its claims by aiding these institutions, will it aid and benefit itself. Money given in this aid is best saved, treasured, and multiplied, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred-fold. Wealth confided to such public trusts is safe as far as anything human can be safe. Here neither private extravagance can squander, nor personal necessity exhaust it, nor will it perish with the life that gathered it. Here, unconsumed itself, it will perpetually feed, not the material nature of man, that so soon passes away, but the hunger of the unperishing mind, continuing thus to do good for untold years after the donor himself has passed on. The names of such benefactors have ever been held in special honor, their memories cherished with special affection and gratitude.

John Harvard, an alumnus of that "acorn," Emanuel College, dying young and comparatively unknown, bequeathed one-half of his property, some $4,000, and his library, to the founding of a college, that was in gratitude named after him. Who knows or cares what became of the other half? But this half started streams of influences which have permeated the land, kindled a light which has shone over the continent, and after nearly two and a half centuries there is no name which that institution cherishes with more gratitude, or is seeking to honor more highly, than the name of John Harvard.

The true glory of man is not the glory that blazes about him as he lives, but that glory which, enduring after he has himself passed out of sight, is seen and acknowledged by benefited and grateful after generations. Such is the glory of those of whom in those long after ages—when, perhaps, it cannot be said with certainty that their blood flows in

the veins of any living person—it can be said that their bounty helps with undiminished supply innumerable multitudes. Such is specially and emphatically true of all who aid in building and supporting colleges.

Alfred has just celebrated its first semicentennial. When it gathers in the prime of maturing strength to celebrate its thousandth anniversary, what names think you will be called up with the most grateful remembrance? The starred names of its catalogues will then doubtless represent many whose standing in the community, when and where they lived, whose fortunes and public services placed them, in the estimation of their day, high in rank and influence; but the tenderest and most grateful memories will gather about those who, in far-off past years, gave of their lives and their fortunes to its founding and support, starting thus a perennial stream, which, watering all its roots and fructifying and fruiting through all those years, will then be just as nourishing and fruit-producing as at the beginning. It is to the merit of those who lead in such enterprises that they lay foundations on which others of kindred temper coming after may build, and awaken a spirit which may lead to services more important even than their own.

Alfred, starting as a little taper set in an upper window, becoming soon a candle, lighting in its small way the path of many an earnest pilgrim to its shrine of knowledge, thence developed gradually into a candelabrum, many lighted. As it has been the solicitude and care-encumbered effort of its founders and supporters, so let it continue to be ours to keep these lights trimmed and supplied with oil and brightly burning, as untiringly and as religiously as were those sacred lamps in the golden candlestick of the temple at Jerusalem. We need have no fear that the time will come when our Alma Mater, whose memory and interests we have this evening gathered to cherish, will be less an object of affection and care to our children's children to her thousandth birthday and onward, than she is this evening to us. Let us therefore continue to multiply and brighten her lights, in the full assurance that, when we have done what we can, coming generations will take up and augment the good work. As none of us will pass this way again, after once having taken our departure from the earth, it behooves us one and all to make the best and most enduring use of life, for blessing, not only our own age, but likewise all future ages.

PERSONALITY.

[Baccalaureate sermon, delivered June 26, 1887, before the graduating class of Alfred University.]

"I Am." Ex. 3:14.

Jehovah, in announcing himself to Moses, from out the burning bush, used, as the source of his name, the highest language symbol possible to be formulated, expressive of personality. "I Am," incapable of being defined by any higher or simpler term, is the ultimate affirmation of being as person. Jehovah, therefore, in announcing that he was the I Am, declared the essential characteristic of his being to be personality.

1. *The Essential Nature and Manifestations of Personality.*—Life is the essence of spirit. Livingness, energy, or essential activity, is its manifestation. Self-consciousness is the primary attribute of personality. When a finite being stands revealed to himself in the clear, self-seeing, and spontaneous assurance, "I am I," he has his conscious birth into the kingdom of personalities. As, by sense-consciousness, man is connected with the world physical, so, by self-consciousness, he is connected with the world spiritual. He is thereby not only separated from the world and its forces, but he likewise emerges from animal or brute consciousness, wherein "I," or personality, has no place. Thus he is raised out of the material world, lifted above his animal nature, and his manhood as person inaugurated.

This self-seeing spirit life manifests itself as reason, sensibility, and will. This self-conscious life, as reason, apprehends realities, truth, beauty, goodness, illuminates with ideas, transfigures with ideals, beholds the supersensible, the unchangeable, the absolute. As sensibility, it is the fountain of the spiritual sentiments, love, sympathy, compassion, pity, admiration, reverence, adoration. As will, it is power of self-originant, self-determined activity.

Personality, therefore, as self-conscious knowing, is the source of wisdom; as self-conscious feeling, is the source of ethical and theistic sentiments; as self-conscious willing, is self-originant cause. In the light of reason, under the spring of motive, born of the sensibility, with freedom of will in the choice of ends, it starts new streams of activity.

Deity is perfect person, unconditioned and absolute power, self-originant, self-directive, and infinite cause. Man, in these, is relative, finite, conditioned, dependent, and imperfect; yet in his conscious selfhood he has assurance of personal identity with its unity and continuity

of activity, amid all changes of physical forces and phenomena, and assurance of the accountability and immortality of this personality. These are all essential attributes of personality. Subtract either one, and the residuum is something less than person.

2. *Absolute Personality as Creator.*—Deity, in his transcendent personality, is absolved from all relations and conditions save as self-imposed in a finite creation. He originates in his reason all truths and ideals. These truths become laws for directing his will, whereby these ideals are embodied and filled out in the objective realities, by his all-pervading energy. His indwelling presence and power are thus omnipresent, omnipotent, persistent, and unchangeable, amid all the manifoldness of its manifestations. It gives order, uniformity, diversity, and beauty to universal nature. This divine efficiency, as force, planted out in space, becomes substance, held in stable equilibrium, whereby all points in this substance are balanced by action and reaction; it becomes matter, with its manifoldness of phenomena, holding its attributes in a firm impenetrability against all other like matter, yet permeable by higher forces. The divine life-efficiency, in the ascending scale of creation, using each lower form as a matrix for a higher, lends out and individualizes innumerable centers of delegated life, which, in the ascent, becomes more and more individualized, with the self-centering unity of organic impulse and inherence, impenetrable by other like life unities, and capable of utilizing the lower forces. These grow more and more complex, specialized, pliable, full of office and function, through vegetal and animal, till, at the highest extreme, they emerge in the human, of which they are the prophecy and the endeavor. The human is lifted infinitely higher, by being imbued with spirit or personality, separate from the divine personality, but not from the divine imminence. All nature is the direct outcome and expression of divine wisdom and power, in a perpetual generation of energy, welling up in a ceaseless stream of force and life and act, continuously unfolding into realities, its laws being but the uniform activities of the divine will, lighted by ideas, guided by purpose. The universe is an organism, used as a pliable instrumentality by the ever-present and ever-working God, conscious where it is unconscious, seeing where it is blind, imparting life in universal being, begetting it, in the everlivingness of his own Spirit, in all finite spirits. Subtract any of the essentials of personality from Deity, and the residuum gives a soulless universe as the "residuary legatee," and Deity becomes the semi-vital demiurge of the ancients, or the unconscious somewhat, as the unknown and unknowable power of the moderns, whose laws bind him down like chains of adamant,

a formless impersonation of physical force, that lies imprisoned and crushed under the universe.

3. *Whence Has Man His Personality?*—The personality of God, the Father, gives personality to man, his child. The Fatherhood of God and the childship of man constitute the very essence of human existence, determining the nature of this existence, the character of its ongoing in the individual and in the race, and the plan and character of human redemption through Christ. Whatever is the nature of God, such must be that of the human spirit, being after his nature and in his likeness. As the likeness of the earthly parent is reproduced in the child, not so much in form and feature as in the inner and more essential nature, of which the outward is but a manifestation, so the likeness of God in man is in his spiritual essence and its attributes, in his personality. It is this oneness of nature that gives ability for inter-communication and communion, whereby God is able to reveal himself to man, and man is able to apprehend and love God. Man, thus, instead of "son of matter," is "son of God," with

> "This main miracle, that thou art thou,
> With power on thine own act, and on the world."

4. *The Human Soul.*—Man, however, is not pure spirit, but ensouled, incarnated spirit. Soul is the vital, organic connection between spirit and body in this embodiment. It is the organ for the spirit, as the body is the organ for it. Justin Martyr well calls the body the house of the soul, and the soul the house of the spirit. Paul represents the quick and powerful word of God as piercing and dividing between soul and body, as a living organism is divided. Spirit is born of spirit, flesh of flesh. Soul is the union of the two in a neutral third. Spirit is the inbreathing of the divine into this soulish or animal nature. Spirit is personal, soul impersonal. Mind is the manifestation of ensouled thence of embodied spirit. Without the indwelling spirit, soul would not be human, but brute.

On his spiritual side man is partaker of the divine nature; on his soulish side he is, as Wickliffe puts it, "beastlie." Developing inward and upward, man is spiritual; developing downward and outward, through the bodily organism, he is animal. Man is thus made a little lower than the angels, clothed upon and underpropped by a nature little above the brute. Man, in common with the vegetable, possesses somatic or bodily life; in common with the animal, he possesses soulish or animal life, forming a matrix for implanting the life of the spirit. God is the father of spirits, not of souls or bodies. These are but the organs or living

instrumentalities for the spirit's worldward activities. This lifts the soulish bodily organism from the plane of simple animal up into an organism for the embodiment of spirit, even a temple for the divine Spirit. "What? know ye not," inquires Paul, "that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have from God?" This temple thus transcends all temples made by man, however costly in material, magnificently planned, or skillfully constructed,—a temple with its holy of holies for the indwelling of the divine.

5. *The Human Organ for the Divine.*—Humanity, thus, through its divine kinship, is the organ for divine indwelling, and for revelations to illume the spirit, inspirations to enkindle and empower, imperatives imposing oughtness, and motives for accomplishing the highest end of being. Conscience, "the associate-knowing-with-God" faculty, is capacity for receiving assurance that God is, and through which the human gives response to the divine, being thus the medium of a living intercourse between God and man. Conscience thus acting is faith-faculty or God-consciousness. As, through the sense-consciousness, man sees the world and himself in it, so through conscience there comes to the spiritual minded the assurance that the supreme power to which the human spirit is correlated and dependent, is God, the living Father. This faith assurance becomes a constantly renewed spiritual experience, the source of all spiritual light, knowledge, power, and deed.

While faith gives assurance that God is, the reason apprehends what he is. It sees him as absolute in his self-existence, infinite in his nature, perfect in the attributes of personality, standing out from nothingness by his own inherent energy, spontaneous, free, the source of all, supreme over all. This intuitive apprehension of God, who, though incomprehensible in the fullness of his infinitudes, becomes thereby the most positive and consistent apprehension of which the human mind is capable, lying clear and distinct in the consciousness, satisfying at once the demands of faith, of reason, and of the religious sentiments. Faith, reason, and religious experience blend in the assurance that God not only is, but that he is also a living, condescending, forgiving, consoling, and helping Father.

Conscience has a twofold function. It gives not only faith assurance, but likewise announces imperatives, enforcing the behests of law, and awakening the consciousness of obligation. In its Godward affinities it is receptivity of divine life and light, or faith proper; in its responsiveness to imperatives, enforcing law, it is conscience proper. As such, it is the voice of God in the spirit, announcing and enforcing the imperatives

of universal and absolute law, whose harmonies as they sweep and swell through the universe become mandates which all lower nature must obey, and which all personalities ought to obey.

6. *The Ultimate End of Human Action.*—Personality has, in addition to the attributes already enumerated, power of self-directive activity, capability of choosing an end under an imperative and imposing law for controlling this activity in securing this end. Man thus becomes, in this free disposing, self-regnant over his activities, subject only to this imperative. The most important question in ethics is, "What is the ultimate end in view of which this imperative imposes obligation?" There may be intermediate ends, but there must also be an ultimate one, to which these are means. This must be the same for all men, with a like imperative, obligation, and umpire for all, giving, thereby, unity in the ethical nature of humanity, the same universal law of duty, and a uniform standard of character. From this unity spring the convictions of mutual duty and accountability of each to all, and of all to each, and all to God, the Father of all.

7. *The Supreme Good.*—An end involves some kind of good to be attained, and the ultimate end involves the supreme good. A good may be to the end of gratifying some instinct, appetite, or propensity; hence there may be as many objective goods as there are desires to gratify. But these goods may be so correlated to conscious personality as to conduce to subjective good, and thus be means to this good.

The Hedonistic theory makes the greatest happiness of being the supreme good, and thus develops right from happiness, thereby making right simply a thing of expediency, of trade and barter in utilities to gratify a craving of the sentient nature. That end is most worthy which will give the greatest happiness, either in quantity, quality, intensity, or durability, that the highest rule of right which guides to this, and that the best motive which furnishes the strongest spring to action, leading to it. Ignoring the imperative to do right regardless of the consequent happiness or misery, it makes right the expedient, and the useful becomes the guide; and, the motive being selfish, the action fails to give happiness, because it fails in virtue. The rectitude theory either confounds laws and ends, or else ignores ends, saying, "Do right because it is right, and that is the end of it."

The theory of perfection of personality holds that the highest imperative demands, the highest motive prompts, and the highest reason sees the perfection of all personalities to be the essential and supreme good. God is the absolutely perfect personality, and the universe was created

for the express purpose of imaging his infinite perfections in finite personalities, who, with their limitations and imperfections, are to the end of perpetually growing more and more into these divine perfections. Among the excellencies which this theory possesses above the others, is that of having the purpose, the tendency of the act, the ideal end, and the resulting good, all coincide and realized. This is the supreme good, which creation and its ongoing, which all lower forms of good, all influences and instrumentalities, were expressly designed to aid. All working for this good is in harmony with the plans and purposes of God, and is, therefore, right working. Happiness, though not in itself an entity, will follow as a result, will accompany as a shadow, its substance; and, as God is blessed in his perfections, so man's blessedness will increase as he advances in perfectness.

8. *Why Is Perfection the Supreme Good?*—Personality, embodying all there is of intrinsic worth, essential excellency, and transcendent dignity, is eminently worthy of this supreme good. God, as perfect personality, has infinite worth, absolute excellency, and supreme dignity. Finite spirits, as partakers of his nature, have like, though relative, limited, and imperfect qualities. These are the seal of man's divine sonship and the crowning glory of his being, with nothing finite beyond or above, all else being lower and of less worth. Personality, possessing thus the worth of all worths, the dignity of all dignities, seeking holiness or spiritual perfection, thereby making the excellency of the divine character to prevail more and more in his children, is the work of supreme worthiness.

9. *The Supreme Imperative.*—"Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—this is the supreme imperative. Be a complete person, in godlikeness, and seek a like completeness for all, because of the infinite worthiness of the worth and dignity of this heavenly Father, and of men, his children. This Shekinah of worthiness, shining in the holy of holies of each personality, imposes this supreme imperative of holiness or spiritual perfectness on all, as the supreme good. This imperative is subjective, simple, immutable, universal, legislating for, obliging, judging, rewarding alike, all personalities. It is grounded in, and springs from, the consciousness of worth, giving worthiness above all pleasure or pain; worthiness, not of use as means to something else, but for which all things else become means. This imperative is ultimate law to conscience; the authoritative determiner of how activity in freedom should be, from whose approval or disapproval there is no appeal. It likewise awakens motive for resisting and overcoming all opposing and baffling influences, and making all wants, utilities, and lower good amen-

able to its behests. Obedience to its mandates exalts the spirit more and more into the divine perfections, thereby securing spiritual complacency or blessedness, and the divine approval, with that of all like motived spirits. The imperative to act worthy of the spirit's worth is law to all, and holds all responsible to likewise act worthy of the worthiness of all, to the end of the holiness and consequent blessedness of all. This gives an ethical system, every way complete and inclusive of all duties under its universal and reciprocal law; do that and that only which is due to self and all other personalities, without infringement upon the freedom of others in their compliance with the same law. By obedience to this law each sustains his own and contributes to universal personal worthiness. All things else were created with the design of working together for the good of spirit, and to be in perpetual allegiance to its sovereignty, and controlled and guided by and for it.

The conscious assurance of this supreme worth of spirit not only imposes imperative, but also awakens love of this excellency, thereby furnishing a spring, not simply to mutual obligation, but also to mutual good will. This universal benevolence inspires each to seek, not merely the happiness of each and all, but the completeness, wholeness, holiness of each and all. All the good approve and love all the good for their worthiness' sake. This reciprocal approval and good will are the source of all spiritual fellowship, and spring to mutual helpfulness in uplifting, enlightening, strengthening, leading, upbuilding each and all.

Responsive to this imperative and to this good will, there is a divinely implanted aspiration in every normally conditioned individual, for perfecting his being, to become a complete person, and to aid others to become the same. The imagination, awakened by this aspiration, forms ideals of what personality generically should be when perfected, and from this generic ideal shapes specific ideals for individual personalities. This gives motives for earnest endeavor to attain for himself, and aid others in attaining, this ideal good, by the highest activity of all powers in their right and harmonious relations according to the highest laws and end of being. This will give singleness of purpose, decision, vigor, steadfastness in self-control, self-denial, self-direction, self-culture, in the upbuilding of a complete character, proportional, symmetrical, harmonious. To this end each will take to himself as helps, making them a part of his being, truth, law, beauty, the spiritual content and formative influences of nature. As God is the perfect embodiment of all which is man's highest good, these ideal purposes and efforts gather and blend in an upward aspiration, and endeavor to progressively approach these divine perfections,—

in an upward flame of devotion and worship. The entire being is consecrated in free and glad surrender to the joyous doing of his will, thereby putting himself in harmony with the purposes of divine love.

10. *Religion, or the Christ-life in Humanity.*—Humanity is the special organ of the divine life. Christ, in his incarnation, re-ingenerated this humanity, lost through sin, with this life. He came as the Life Giver, the Healer. He becomes thus the new life of humanity generically, to become specifically the new life to each one accepting him. "I in them; they in me," and thus "he that hath the Son hath life"—the eternal or divine life, in contradistinction to the perishable world-life. This divine human life becomes the life of every regenerate or twice-born person—born of God through Christ, by the Spirit, and through the inspiration of the Spirit, this life is ever growing, ever fructifying. It quickens the conscience, illumines the reason, empowers the will, sweetens the affections, purifies the sentiments, subdues the passions, and ennobles the body. It thus attunes all the powers harmoniously and symmetrically. It is the source of all spiritual graces, the inspiration to all labor. It lifts above temptation. Instead of the outward restraints of mere legality, wherein all virtue is mechanical and punctilious, resulting, at best, in self-poised tranquillity, it produces a life where all selfism disappears, and the checks of law are no more felt, being superseded by the higher and more positive power of love, wherein all is devoted, sacrificial, inspirational. This inspirational life has a twofold manifestation—in the graces of character—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, modified by varying individualites, and in the development of powers, giving diversities of gifts—to one wisdom, to others knowledge, healing, prophesying, discerning of spirits, or gift of tongues—all by the same spirit. Thus inspired, enlightened, motived, beautified, perfected, made holy, life becomes full of the efficiency of faith working by love, noble, sublime.

11. *The Respect and Reverence Due to Personality.*—The name Jehovah, representing Deity as the I Am, was considered by the Hebrews too sacred to be spoken or heard, save as the speaker and the hearer had been purified by divine wisdom. It was pronounced by the high priest but once a year, on the day of atonement, when he entered the holy of holies. What was its true pronunciation is a matter of conjecture. This sacredness of the divine name is a symbol of the ineffable sacredness of the divine personality, before whom all finite personalities bow in silent adoration. So, likewise, there is in every child of God a personality too sacred to be approached, save as Moses approached the burning

bush, with unsandaled feet, bowed head, and reverent attitude. Personality is a holy of holies, to be entered only by the divine Spirit. It is said that the Moslem picks up every bit of paper blown in his way by the wind, to see if the name of Allah be written thereon, lest he should unwittingly trample on the sacred name. The name and image of God are impressed on every spirit, though it be deformed and in ruins, and it behooves us to walk carefully and reverently in the presence of such. Spirit spontaneously respects spirit, admires manifestations that awaken approbation, venerates wisdom and virtue, reverences noble and exalted character, which dispose to the devotement of spirit to spirit in goodly offices of mutual service. The dignity and majesty of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, induce to devotion, consecration, in the unreserved surrender of will and life in filial love, becoming thus true piety.

Not only in human nature but in all nature do we see "a presence divine," that touches the spirit with reverent admiration. Linnæus, it is said, knelt before a bank of golden gorse and thanked God for revealing, through these flowers, so much of his own beauty to him. Wherever beauty shines, there is seen the sheen of the divine perfections; wherever truth lights, there is seen the light of the divine wisdom; wherever law marshals order out of chaos, there is seen the glory of the divine will; wherever providence comes as a benediction, there is seen the divine goodness, and call for reverent thanksgiving.

But all material beauties, grandeurs, sublimities, all the glories of human art, sink into insignificance before the majesty of spirit, in the presence of the worthiness of its worth, in the claims of its excellency, in the behests of its dignity. Rising into the presence of the absolute and perfect personality, these become so transcendent and ineffable that all finite personalities must ever adoringly cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

Young friends, to you who are about to go forth to the work of life,

> "The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
> While seen from far;
> The mist of light, from which they take their grace,
> Hides what they are.
>
> "The dark and weary path those cliffs between
> Thou canst not know,
> And how it leads to regions never green,
> Dead fields of snow."

Yet in all this climbing,

> "Around the man who seeks a noble end,
> Both angels and Divinity attend."

Your daily spiritual life will depend upon the daily spiritual food, the daily spiritual atmosphere, and the daily spiritual light shining round about you. The more healthy, invigorating, luminous these are, if properly appropriated and used, the more perfect will be your life and growth. From the realm of truth, get wisdom; from the realm of beauty, get ideal grace of spirit; from the realm of religion, through Christ, get holiness. Remember that all getting and doing are but means for growth in perfectness. In proportion to the steadfastness of purpose with which you hold to this, and bear up against all inducement and danger, beat down all opposing and hindering obstacles and influences, subjecting all to this one end, using all temptations, trials, evils, as disciplines, all opportunity, advantage, privilege, as helps, in this proportion will living and doing become noble and worthy. In proportion as your lives become earnest without excitement, zealous without passion, calm even to the sadness, ever characterizing great missioned spirits, in the light of a high purpose, will they bear the impress of dignity and sublimity. In proportion as your activities go out in self-abnegating devotion and helpfulness to others, touching their lives with upward impulses, liberating, sweetening, upbuilding, will your lives be beneficent and a blessing. In proportion, as in all these, your characters are patterned after the great Exemplar of the divine character, Christ Jesus, will they take on the "beauty of holiness."

CHRISTOLOGY.

A correct Christology demands that the person of Christ shall embody:—

1. True and essential deity.
2. True and essential humanity.
3. These two natures united in one person.

The earlier orthodoxy also demanded that there should be no mixture of these natures. The Council of Chalcedon, in its endeavor to reconcile the opposed schools of Alexandria and Antioch, regarded the divine and the human as two incommensurable and mutually exclusive entities. Regarding them as different in kind, it held that there could be no unity or union save in juxtaposition.

Accepting, however, the doctrine that God is a spirit and man his child, of the same nature, thus akin to Deity, related in essence, God's own ideal image of himself, the archetype after which the human was created, was actualized in the divine-human, the God-man, and the poten-

tial ideal became real in the person of Christ. He was the human transubstantiation of the divine, as the human spirit is consubstantial with God, the Father of spirits. Luke (3 : 38), in tracing the genealogy of Christ, makes him not only the Son of God, through the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, but through Adam also, who was himself the "son of God;" so that Christ in his twofold nature was God begotten. Humanity, in its original and pure nature, is the embodiment of the divine nature, as Peter declares, "partakers of the divine nature." The *Logos*, the Word, was the type of humanity, the spiritual Adam, the heavenly prototype. Christ is the archetype of man, the divine ideal of humanity becoming historic. The incarnation was, thus, the completion of humanity.

"Jesus was all God and all man"—the type of all true and perfect manhood. He was not *a* man, but *the* man—humanity. Christ was not united to a man, but became man, since the union of the divine and human is but the union of a homogeneous essence—one and the same spiritual essence, which is both divine and human. Christ is the God-man, not by the union of two beings, or personalities, in the same person, but the one being or person is both divine or human, Son of God and Son of man. He is not two natures united, yet retaining their separate identity and functions; nor yet is he a fusion of two diverse natures, an intermediate or compound nature. The divine and human natures being homogeneous become identical in a person who is both divine and human in all his attributes. He became human without losing the divine. He did not possess a divine spirit and a human spirit respectively distinct in consciousness, thought, sentiment, and volition, but rather two natures in one person, not by union, conjunction, or commingling, but by a unity in identity, for wherever there is personality there is identity. God and man are one in Christ, because Christ is the common image and essence of the divine and human. As Luther says: "God not merely has flesh or humanity, but becomes and is man. With a mutual yearning, each becomes the other, that is, Christ appears to humanity, divine, and to Deity, human, but nothing else but the God—manhood." Irenæus says, "Christ became what we are that we might become what he is."

Incarnation without a Fall.—Christ being the type of humanity and the source of its spiritual life and holiness, is it an incredible or an unscriptural doctrine that humanity was created for the indwelling of the divine, even an incarnation without the fall of man? The universal spontaneity of humanity ever reaches after an incarnation, as the necessary

complement and consummation of itself. Its ideal could be realized in no other way. The human was doubtless to be filled, completed by an incarnation, the archetype thus passing from the ideal to the real, irrespective of the fall. Christ might none the less have manifested himself as the head of humanity. The incarnation was not merely an arbitrary historical event dependent upon sin, but rather an ideal one, independent of sin. His humanity was not a robe to be put on, on account of sin, in which to suffer for humanity, and then to be put aside in the glorified state, but rather a human nature assumed forever, and glorified as an attribute of his own nature, springing from the prearranged process for the outgoing of the divine—not as a result, a compensatory development from the counterchecks of sin. Was it the incarnation that was ushered in by sin? Was it not rather the suffering, the sacrifice which was occasioned by sin? If incarnation was by occasion of sin, can we not sing, in the language of the old Latin hymn, "O happy crime, the merit is to thee of giving us the redemption"?

The human race, in its sinless, normal condition, demanded a headship. The incarnation, the summit point of connection between the divine and the human, gave this headship, and thereby raised the race from natural development to spiritual freedom and perfection. The highest ideal of humanity is that of the divine-human, which could be realized only in God's counterpart, the archetypal being Christ. The divine and the human are forever blended in the *Logos*, revealed and realized in the incarnation. Thus the gulf which separates the Infinite and the finite is bridged—a necessary condition for the indwelling of the Spirit.

Humanity is not a simple granulated mass, like a heap of sand, but an organism, the members of which supplemented each other in a living head—the eternal *Logos*. It is admitted generally that this *Logos* is the spiritual headship of the race. If so was it not necessary that this spiritual headship should become manifested in time, become historic, thereby giving a bodily unity to this headship, through the incarnation whereby Christ became Immanuel?

GOD, THE SUPREME FATHER—MAN, HIS CHILD.

All sciences, all philosophies, lead up to theology. As is one's philosophy, so will be his theology. This is abundantly verified in the two great opposing theories respecting the knowledge of God, which we have followed down the ages.

The Aristotelian, sensational, experimental school, has generally either denied to the mind a separate faculty of reason, or failed to clearly recognize its functions, deriving all knowledge through sense-perceptions; hence the mind is unable to transcend the notional, under the limitations of the relative. In this philosophy, ideas of the absolute, the infinite, and perfect, have no place.

The Platonic, intuitional, idealistic school recognize in the mind a separate faculty, the reason giving cognizance of the absolute, infinite, and perfect, and all necessary universal principles and truths. Starting with the doctrine that the personality of man is grounded in and originates from the personality of God, this personality, manifesting itself as reason, is precedent for all postulates of God as absolute, infinite, and perfect.

This doctrine that the reason is the organ for knowing the absolute is grounded in the more fundamental doctrine that man, as to his spiritual nature, is the offspring of God. By the divine Fatherhood is meant that he is the originator of man from his own nature and in his own likeness —in Bible language, in his image and after his likeness, and the continual living in and by his life.

The Fatherhood of God and the childship of man is a doctrine lying at the core of human existence, as revealed both in the Bible and in human consciousness, determining the nature of that existence, and its ongoing in the individual, in the race, and in redemption.

The likeness of man to God springs from this kinship. As the likeness of the earthly parent is reproduced in his child, not so much in form and features as in the inner and more essential essence and nature, of which the outward is but a faint expression, so the nature and image of God in man is not in physical conformation, but in essence, and the attributes of this essence. As like can beget like and like only, whatever is the essential nature of God, the Father, such must be the essential nature of man, the child.

This doctrine has been held, in all times, by the foremost men and by the foremost peoples. The Vedas pray, "May the Father of men be favorable to us." Homer calls him "the most great and glorious Father;"

Hesiod, "the Father of gods and men;" Horace, "Father and Guardian of the human race;" Seneca, "the glorious Parent preparing the good man for himself;" the Talmud, "men, children of their Father, who is in heaven;" Plato, "the soul, the offspring of God."

Jesus based his mission and his gospel on this great truth. Paul, in declaring the "unknown God" of the Athenians to them, predicated the ground of this knowledge, in the declaration of certain of their poets, "We are also his offspring."

It is this oneness of nature that gives ability for intercommunion, whereby God can reveal himself to man, and whereby man can apprehend God, and receive illumination, inspiration, and life. If God possesses a nature or attributes other than man's, then man must be something other than his offspring, and man cannot know him; God cannot reveal himself to man. There can be no intercommunication.

What, then, is this common nature of God and of man, his child, whereby, on the one hand, God is able to reveal himself to man, and, on the other, man is enabled to apprehend God? Christ enunciated this essential nature when he declared, "God is Spirit," and that all true knowledge and worship must spring from spirit in and through the truth. Man, as a partaker of the divine nature, possesses capacity both for right worship and for right knowing the object of worship. In the former it is spirit acting as faith-faculty; in the latter it is spirit acting as reason-faculty.

Reason is faculty of mind as spirit, offspring of God, giving insight—"vision," Plato calls it—for apprehending its supreme Father, perfect, infinite, and absolute, with all necessary and universal principles and truths; understanding is faculty of mind as soul, embodied spirit, for giving sense-perceptions, notions, judgments of relations, likeness, and difference.

Man's reason thus demands an Absolute and Infinite God; man's religious nature demands a living God as supreme Father. Are these demands satisfied? Does man know God, as the absolute Being, as infinite Power, as living Person, as supreme Father?

God, as being absolute, is unconditionally absolved from all relations imposed by outward conditions, subject only to relations self-imposed and springing from self-activity. God, as Power infinite, is unconditionally unlimited, unrestricted by any outward, finite powers, subject only to self-imposed restrictions, in the limitations of a finite creation. God, as supreme and perfect person, is independent of all dependent and imperfect personalities, save such mutual interdependencies and reciprocities as are graciously granted.

Man, consciously conditioned as relative, finite, dependent, and imperfect, intuitively correlates himself to God, apprehended as the absolute, infinite, and perfect Person, as supreme Father, thus freely relating himself to his children. This apprehension lies clear, distinct, and positive in the human consciousness, satisfying at once the spirit as expressed in reason and faith. The properties of the divine nature, consciously assured by faith, intuitively apprehended by the reason, are yet incomprehensible, in their fullness and completeness, by the understanding. Instead of this intuitive apprehension of God, representing contradictories or counter imbecilities of the human mind, it is the most positive and consistent energy of which the mind is capable. While these intuitive affirmations of the reason cannot be expressed in the limiting, relative terms of the understanding, yet man never thinks so positively, vigorously, and consistently as in these intuitive apprehensions of God.

God is thus revealed to the human spirit, through reason, absolute in his self-existence, infinite in his nature, perfect in his attributes, supreme over all his creatures.

CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

"We are laborers together with God." 1 Cor. 3:9.

God, the absolute Being, the infinite Creator, and the perfect Person, reveals in all his works power, and plan, and purpose.

1. *Power.*—God is essential life, power, a free, self-originant spontaneity—omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal—from whose fullness and sustaining, informing, and organific power has sprung universal nature, in its manifoldness of essence, substance, matter, life, worlds. This life-power lives in all existence, extends through all extent. All power, force, movement are born of this divine, living energy, filling all, and living in and through all. Man, the child of God, the supreme Father, is endowed with a like nature of everduring life energy, a like self-originant cause, capable of starting new streams of influences and effects. Infinite life-power is the primal expression of all divine manifestations. Finite life-power is the primal expression of all human manifestations.

2. *Plan.*—Life-energy, whether infinite or finite, presupposes, demands plan. Without it the product of power is chaos. Deity does not work blindly, chaotically, but according to an archetypal plan. His ideals fashion and direct his power, becoming the law of his doing. The universe is their objective expression and realization. In this realization

the physical universe *must* develop according to this implanted plan. In their growth, the oak must grow oak; pine, pine; maple, maple; apple, apple; figs, figs; each fruiting fruit after its kind. Spirits, in their high prerogative of free will, self-originant cause, are lifted from the realm of necessity to that of freedom, from things to persons, where the *must* gives way to the sway of the *ought*. Upon them is imposed the behest to live, and grow, and act, and bear fruit, according to the divine plan, doing which they become voluntary co-workers with God.

3. *Purpose.*—The very idea of plan implies purpose, or an end in view of which the plan is a forecast. Otherwise everything planned would become a play, ending in the thing played. Plans demand aims, and aims plans. There must be an ultimate aim and a clear prevision and forecasting in respect thereto, in all wise and worthy action.

What is the ultimate aim or final purpose in view of which Deity works both in creation and in providence?—Evidently the highest good of universal being. This highest good, in the ultimate analysis, is, doubtless, the highest perfection of such being. Deity, the perfect Person, seeks to realize his own perfections in universal finite personalities. This capability of growing into the divine perfections constitutes the intrinsic excellency of finite personality. Simple created being, though a good, cannot be the highest good. This is attained as the result of free activity. Hence, the ultimate aim of all action is the attaining such perfection, both subjectively and objectively, in universal being, by developing and perfecting intrinsic excellency according to the highest ideal of that being. Seeking such perfection becomes, then, the highest law of reason, the highest inspirations of love, and the highest behests of conscience. This perfection is threefold; of the reason, in wisdom; of the will, in righteousness; of the sensibility, in blessedness—through their harmonious blending, personal perfection, or "the beauty of holiness." The powers of spirit which give capability of perfection in this threefold form, constitute its threefold excellency. The perfection of all lower forms of existences are ministries, helps, inspirations, for the perfection of spirit as person.

4. *Human Agency.*—The highest good being thus attained, and all spiritual behests satisfied in seeking the perfection of universal being, and the ultimate end of creation and of the ongoings of providence being to this same end, and the laws springing from this high ideal purpose and guiding to its consummation being the behests imposed upon humanity, this same end should be the aim and high endeavor of every human being. As Deity seeks to suppress all evil possible, culture all good

possible, consistent with human freedom, and subjecting evil to good, by restraining, overruling, guiding, inspiring, so man, his co-worker, should seek to develop and perfect all latent possibilities, assimilating them more and more to the divine Original, all because of the intrinsic excellency of these divine perfections. This divine purpose becomes the highest law of human purposes, activities, and progress. Humanity, in its on-flowing life, should be the unfolding and realization of the divine plans and purposes.

5. *The Mode.*—The mode of working for the ends of perfectness is by growth, development. Creation started from chaos and is leisurely advancing on the lines of a progressive, growing development towards perfection. Embodied life has grown in complexness of structure and diversity of function and manifoldness of action, in the upward scale of being, through life atomic, life crystalline, life vegetal, life animal, to soul-life, and ultimately to its highest earthly consummation, spirit-life in man. He is its microcosm, capable of indefinite progress, thereby giving significancy and glory to the whole.

This living process being essentially germinant, growing, multiplying, a simple segregation, like sand particles driven together by waves and trodden down by storm's heavy foot; the exterior compacting of hard particles, rock-like; the on-flowing, ever-increasing volume of a river, a drop from which, though dropped never so carefully up in the hill country, whence rivers spring, cannot gush forth a perennial fountain and run a river; nor yet an edifice framed together of dead parts by an outside artificer, and when completed nothing awaits but immobility and decay—none of these are fittest emblems of this living growth. Atom and crystal are lifesome and prophetic of higher life-forms. The germ, the spore, the seed, with enfolded germinal, organic, and reproductive life power, will, on the supply of proper conditions, spring up, fragile at first, subject to be eaten away by smallest insect, trodden down by foot of beast. Give time and genial conditions of growth, let earth and air nourish, let dews distill, let rains descend, let sunlight shine, and the life-energy takes and converts all into growth. Lichens and mosses and ferns spread greenness over barren rock and through dismal swamp, till the whole smiles in the new dawn of beauty. Grass spreads over plains, climbs the hills, descends into the valleys, and rejoices all cattle. The wheat kernel multiplies and supplies bread for all men. The acorn sprouts and grows through winds and storms, first a thing of beauty, then of strength and grandeur, multiplying as the ages tread slowly by, becoming a crown of glory to all hills, a strength to all navies, a shelter to all homes,

a warmth to all firesides. Not only vegetals, but animals, men, the race, the universe, follow the same law of progress by growth. At first embryonic, delicate, fragile, but under the guidance of benignant providences, by slow processes, gathering strength, beauty, manifoldness of function and use.

As God works toward the ends of perfection by leisurely developments, so must man work. Every soul is created to grow into the divine ideal and fill out the divine purpose by growing deeper, broader, higher, many-sided, many-powered, with depth of thought, largeness of sympathy, devotedness of purpose. We cannot make ourselves what we please, but we can grow into what God intends us to be—beautiful and full of divine purpose. Everyone needs thus to unfold in harmony with himself and his surroundings.

Again, in this growth or progressive development, descent, outcome, fruitage, is a universal law. The inheritors of the present are ever entering into the labors of the past. The present, in becoming the past, leaves a legacy of achievement and influence and tendency for the future, to be taken and appropriated by that future, as it becomes the present, and to be augmented, improved, and passed on. Each age and each individual of that age enters into the labors of all. All sow; all reap. Each sows for all; each reaps for all. What the ages have been makes us what we are. This is true of individuals, communities, organizations, institutions, nations. From all toil, sacrifice, suffering for human weal, there spring, with its perpetual growth, principles of human greatness, human progress and civilization. Out of the ashes of the dead past springs the living present. Past progress becomes the source of greater future progress. The lives of the great souls of all ages flow into all receptive souls that come after thus continuing to live and work through the ages in ever-increasing efficiency. Great living can never die. Abraham and Moses and John and Paul and Luther and Wickliffe, all great workers and livers, though great and effective in their ages, are greater, more effective, more manifold workers in this age. The stream of their influence has deepened. and broadened, and clarified. It is flowing into and ennobling all the finer and more perfect types of progress and civilization.

6. *Growth Becoming Institutional.*—In order for individual growth, and culture, and effort to become civilization or race culture and progress, they must be embodied in organizations and institutions. Individuals can, by thought, and word, and deed, start influences and tendencies that shall flow onward; but in order to render these enduring, growing, fruit-bearing, they must be embodied in systems, organizations, institutions.

A single individual is as a plant springing up, maturing, and dying in a single summer. Institutions are as trees growing through the years and the ages, gathering, as the years go by, strength, beauty, and value. Man is the dewdrop disappearing in the morning sun; institutions, springs, flowing perennially, swelling into great rivers, becoming perpetual ministries to man. Institutions, being embodied principles, tendencies, industries, are essential to human progress and civilization.

The history of mankind teaches that those individuals who have lifted humanity to higher planes of civilization have been those who not only discovered and invented, but who likewise organized their discoveries and inventions into new institutions, thus embodying and perpetuating the fruitage of progress, to become the seeds of higher civilizations.

As the result of these manifold forces, modern society has become wonderfully complex in its dependencies, and mutually helpful in all its operations. As Professor Stanley well says, while the word "mankind" never passed the lips of Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle, they seeing only individuals, tribes, barbarians, and hostile nations, we see mankind many ways severed, but bearing one image of God, and moving to one destiny. As in the heavenly bodies, where the ancient astronomic observer saw only separate spheres in the sky, modern astronomy sees a single system, balanced in itself and harmonized by one centralizing attraction.

In this humanity, thus balanced and harmonized by one centralizing attraction, moving to a common destiny, it is not physical power that is to bear sway in the future as it has done in the past, but mind, free, educated mind, controlling and directing, not only the elemental forces of nature in their varied applications, but mental and spiritual forces as well. The strongest, the best, the noblest living can be lived only in and through these varied and complex organic human relations, wherein it is the glory of heroic and sacrificial souls to waive personal ends, sacrifice convenience, to enrich the commonweal, giving the high communion of souls, the lofty converse of spirits for educating and perfecting humanity.

7. *Effective Co-workers.*—To become effective co-laborers in this divine work for universal perfectness, one's work must joint into the divine plan, and move on with the divine purpose, as expressed in the march of Providence shaping human progress. Such an one must tread to the rhythm of this movement; then will his life become significant, and crowned with true and permanent success. A child once desired to become a painter, that he might help God paint the sunset skies. It is the mission of all to help reveal, each to the other, the divine glory with which the universe is aflame, and thus become co-artists with God.

Moving against the divine purposes, human effort is as water spilled upon the ground; moving with that "stream of tendency by which all things fulfill the law of their being," that is, moving with the powers and purposes of God, each one becomes an host; against them, but as dust beneath the flaming wheels of his chariot. As, in the physical world, bodies moving against the all-pervasive law of gravitation have to be toilsomely lifted as dead weights, but when loosed from the grapple of the lift, how noiselessly, yet with ever-increasing celerity, they rush earthward! All the subtile attractive influences of gravity stir and thrill all their minutest atoms, giving them ever-increasing velocity and momentum. All individuals, organizations, institutions, moving against absolute laws, are dead weights; but moving with them, what ever-accelerating energy and increasing power do they display! Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star, and all the forces of the universe will become its steeds." Lives thus hitched to those great principles upon which human progress depends, will find themselves moving easily and grandly. Such can never be mere flood-wood, drifting sluggishly into eddies and stagnant pools, or rotting among the effete things of the past, nor deadheading at the expense of progress, nor wafted along by popular breezes, but rather riding lifesomely upon the crested, combing waves of human advancement, sailing on the advanced tide, well ahead of the world's great flotilla. Such do not ride in any worn-out vehicle, though it has run a hundred years, wanting a day; but rather, Elijah-like, go up into the chariots of God, as they flash along the highways of Providence, up the steep acclivities of progress, far above the graves of the dead past. Such, though reviled and persecuted in their own age, have gone up to the world's spiritual thrones.

8. *Specialties.*—Effective labor, as related to humanity, is indicated through the common human spontaneities. To every youth comes the absorbing and not infrequently greatly perplexing question, My life-work, what shall it be? That sphere is too contracted, this too one-sided. One calling is too frivolous, another too groveling, another of doubtful utility, or with bad tendencies. Perchance, the means are insufficient to the ends, the foundation too feeble for the superstructure. Give a work congenial, adapted, noble, satisfying, and joyfully will he work. To everyone honestly and earnestly seeking to know his particular and definite life-work, there come such longings, questionings, prospectings. Without a place and a work one is pitiable indeed. Discontented, vascillating, nerveless, or spasmodic in effort, till some definite and assured call lifts him to his feet, then he becomes purposeful, energetic, therefore

successful and happy. Henceforth he has a standing place, self-support, self-respect, soul-growth, social value, public service.

Thus, the choice of the particular line of this labor becomes one of the most difficult yet imperative decisions of life. Important interests and consequences cluster around such decisions, not only physical, but spiritual, not only to the individual, but to society. This choice must be made, too, in youth, with its inexperience assisted, it may be, by the counsel and caution of friends; yet, with all aids possible, the choice may be but as the uncertain casting of lots respecting unforeseen events. Life is too short and powers too feeble to warrant leisurely and objectlessly ranging among many or diverse pursuits. Seldom, likewise, does a person possess that many-sided faculty and tact which will enable him to become an adept in diverse pursuits, and a successful driver of several trades harnessed either tandem or abreast. This tendency is the prolific source of quacks and quackery. One calling well filled, girdled by those labors imposed upon all by common human interests, is generally all-sufficient.

9. *Aptitude.*—One's special mission is to be ascertained, not by spinning it spider-like out of the brain, but by searching diligently for the divine call, not only in the still, small-voiced sense of duty, but as expressed in bent, taste, aptitude, as well. Adaptability, liking, are considerations of prime importance in determining one's calling. As in physical nature, Deity, with a few simple elements, has wrought the world's wondrous variety of utility and of beauty, so with an underlying uniformity and likeness in humanity newness and variety are revealed in the peculiarities and tendencies of each individual. One, sun-like, illumes and vivifies; another, tempest-like, sweeps and thunders over the earth; others, dew-like, distill refreshing influences. A few stand, palm-like, solitary and grand, shedding beauty over vast wastes; other few, graceful elms, singing pines, majestic oaks, grow grand by heat and cold and storm; others, still, with the litheness of the willow, sensitiveness of the poplar, meekness of the violet, delicate loveliness of the anemone, the ethereal sweetness of the eglantine, or clinging vine-like. As each several plant diversity has its office in the economy of nature, so each several individual diversity has its office in human progress and civilization.

Callings have a like diversity. Possessing generic unity, they diverge into species and varieties, with individual peculiarities, so that each may find among the group of allied pursuits to which his bent tends some one adapted to him. One finding thus his work can work it better than any other.

Every calling promotive of the general weal is both useful and honorable; yet, in respect to intrinsic nobleness, they differ as stars differ in glory. Those pursuits which, while keeping in check the lower forces, develop and nurture those higher powers that make to the elevation of humanity, have the greater dignity. They are to be coveted as the better gifts, provided aptitude and capability warrant. Many a lowly station has been deprived of a good occupant to furnish a poor one for a higher. Better be asked to come up than to go down. The lowliness of the lot matters less than the spirit with which it is filled and the virtues nurtured by thus living. To conform ourselves gracefully and cheerfully to the sphere in which Providence has placed us, and give ourselves earnestly to its work, doing faithfully and well the present duty, however humble, is both useful and noble, and this may open to other and, perhaps, better spheres. If we do thus the one thing which the passionate energy of our whole being calls us to do, and do it in harmony with the organic laws and guiding tendencies of the universe, we work rightly. This is true living.

10. *Preparatory Culture of Aptitudes.*—In order that success may crown effort, the knowledge of one's calling must be both accurate and extended, both theoretical and practical. *While one should know something about many things, he should know everything possible about one thing, his work.* All kindred pursuits and knowledge, indeed, all culture, may be laid under contribution. The basis of all wise activity is a knowledge that enables one to know himself, the world, and the God of both, and that enables one to use himself and the world according to the divine plan implanted therein. To this end he must first have that knowledge which lies in the line of his aptitudes. If his aptitudes lead him to work with and upon men, the knowledge of man, historically, through all avenues of civilization, is an unsurpassed source of light and stimulus. The historic study of the capabilities and performances of the human spirit are lessons of capital importance. When such knowledge is assimilated in mental growth, it becomes vital and formative. It feeds, vitalizes, and strengthens one's own activity. The knowledge of the world is likewise vital and invigorating, especially to those working with and upon its forces. Religion gives the vital knowledge of God. Everyone is born with aptitudes for receiving vital knowledge through one or more of these sources, by studying man, nature, God. The great and complete spirits who have equal aptitudes for all are rare. It is the business, in education, to discover and develop these aptitudes. All means of knowledge are correlated, and have equal worth and dignity

in their appropriate spheres, and should be united, but held in subjection to aptitudes. In proportion as a human spirit sweeps this broad circle, in that same proportion will it have life and growth and vigor, and be manifoldly enriched in all directions. No part of this circle is common or unclean, yet its sweep is so vast, and human faculties so limited, that it can be comprehended and become formative only in its general and fundamental principles; and the chief attention must be given to a single aptitude, or group of aptitudes, in order for an individual to get the best culture for use. To get the best for each, the aptitudes of each must be found and nurtured, while broadened, enriched, and strengthened through the awakening and strengthening of the non-aptitudes. The aptitudes of each individual point, like the magnetic needle to the pole, to some kind of knowledge. Let this polarity be found, strengthened, and used. In this way, and this only, can each become the most efficient co-worker with God, the author and designer of these aptitudes, and implanted in each expressly as being the best agency possible in carrying out the divine purposes. All are most easily vitalized and enthused by those studies lying in the line of these divinely implanted aptitudes. As the correlation and transmutation of force give chemical affinity, heat, light, magnetism, electricity, all from the same fluent force, operating in manifold and diverse phenomena, so in spiritual life its phenomena appear either as head power, the light of truth, rejoicing in the philosophies; or as heart power, the heat of feeling, emotion, blessed in superabounding love; or as hand power, jubilant in works, in all utilities. The object of education is to aid nature in perfecting and expressing these individualisms, not to destroy them. The office of culture is to coöperate with Deity in perfecting a manifoldly endowed humanity in its richest diversity. Neither culture nor labor should produce what is scientifically known as arrested development, by dwarfing the aptitudes, in educating and working away from them. These should be strengthened and the non-aptitudes brought into harmonious but subordinate relations. . . .

IDEAL YOUTHFUL GROWING.

[Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Alfred University, June 26, 1890.]

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Luke 2:52.

"And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men." 1 Sam. 2:26.

Generally it is the wish and aim of parents to have their children rise higher in the scale of life than has been attained by themselves. They seek to have them more achieving and successful on whatever line they themselves have considered most desirable and have sought to excel. This may be, perchance, to become richer, more influential, more famous, better cultured, more devout and consecrated, every way better and nobler. Even the exceptions prove the rule, for the bad seldom desire their children to be bad. The pessimist, the doubter, the shiftless, the sluggard, the drunkard—all manner of evil thinkers and evil doers—seldom desire to have themselves reproduced and perpetuated in their children, but prefer, rather, to have them become optimists, finding good instead of evil, sustained by the light and warmth of faith instead of benumbed by the fog and chill of doubt, filled with enthusiasm instead of indifference, good thoughts, feelings, and purposes instead of evil ones, pluck and enterprise instead of sluggishness and indolence. Thus parents largely desire and hope to see their better selves, or better than themselves, perpetuated in their descendants.

To this end most parents are willing to live and work and sacrifice for their children's good. The more unselfish they are, and the higher their ideal, the greater will be their willingness to sacrifice. Thus it comes to pass that children, not from their own impulsion, but that of their parents, are started on an upward way. At great expense and sacrifice the nurture and culture of home, church, and school are provided. In all this the child is at first a comparatively passive recipient. The primary longing and aspiration that impel spring not from within but from without.

A time of awakening comes, however, late or soon in the life of every thoughtful and earnest young mind. In this awakening new desires and aspirations arise for something better. As the spring sun stirs plant life into new activity and growth, so the light of this something better begets effort and growth. Such become enthused with an impulse for self-development. They depend no longer upon outward propelling forces,

but are impelled by inherent energies, leading to the voluntary and earnest seeking to become continually more and more perfected in all that goes to the making of a noble personality. Such realize a new dignity in living that intensifies and multiplies the powers and activities of all their faculties. They glow with a flame that ever rises brighter and higher. Everything true, beautiful, and good awakens admiration, investigation, thought, thereby producing growth culture.

To the end of growing in perfectness is life given. The divine life-energy descending upon the world gives life in an ascending series up to life spiritual. In common with the plant, man possesses bodily life; in common with the animal, he possesses soulish or animal life; in common with God, he possesses spiritual life. Each of these ascending grades has its own type, forces, laws, and environments, in view of which it was created, and in harmony with which it acts and grows and is sustained. Each of the higher, while coalescing with these below, yet superinduces upon them its own higher principles and laws, to which they become subject and act as servants.

Again, as man's physical nature is environed by the physical world, and draws its support and growth therefrom; as his mental nature is environed in truth and law, and gets light, strength, and growth therefrom, so his spiritual nature is environed in God, in whom he lives, moves, and acts. Thus man, whose being is in God, finds himself in the world, living and growing and acting amid earthly environments.

The young in the human, as in all other forms of life, instinctively seek to get into harmony with these varying environments, and thus secure health and activity, whereby they grow spontaneously and naturally, as grow the lilies of the valley, the pines of the hills. This tends to wholeness or completeness of the entire being. Thus young Samuel "grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men." Thus the youthful Jesus "increased in wisdom and stature, and favor with God and man."

That the young thus grow it is essential that they conform to the laws leading to completeness of being, the end to be sought in the cultivation of each and every department and power. This completeness requires the proportional subordination of the lower attributes and faculties to the higher in the degree of their respective importance. The physical must be subordinated to the mental, and both to the spiritual. Otherwise, the animal may, as it not infrequently does, overshadow and submerge both of the higher, or the intellect ruin both body and soul. Seek a sound, strong, vigorous body, for a sound, strong, vigorous mind,

to the end that both may be apt, supple, and helpful servants to the behests of spiritual excellency, doing readily and efficiently its biddings. Completeness, likewise, demands an even and harmonious balance of all coördinate powers and susceptibilities, preventing thereby all one-sidedness and distortion, and promoting an all-sided growth, as of a tree growing in wide open spaces, with air and sun and storm beating in upon all sides. To this end each power and susceptibility requires to be so incited, guided, and restrained in that proportion, symmetry, and harmony as shall tend to the highest perfection of all.

Open, receptive, passive natures, without power of self-assertion or resistance, are colored and imbued, overcome and absorbed, by strong influences and decided characters, instead of being properly developed by them. Such need to cultivate individuality, self-assertion, self-control, self-guidance. Those having special aptitudes have therein special weaknesses also. The aptitude for business begets, if unchecked, an absorbing love of gain to the ignoring of all the higher claims of the spirit. The scientific proclivities tend, Samson-like, to grind blindly at the Philistine mill of matter and phenomena, ignoring the spiritual light that shines above and around. The æsthetic tendency inclines to turn self-indulgently from the rugged paths of duty and self-denial, and voluptuously bask in the limpid light of literature and art. The fine and great spirits, with intuitive vision, clear, serene, far-reaching, and strong, are not prone to become enthralled by these lower forces of special bents, as are second-rate ones.

In order to check and overcome this tendency of a bias to result in an abnormal and deformed development, it is essential to live and work in the light of high ideals. The ideal forming power is at once one of the most mysterious and the most distinctive endowment of man, yet it does not necessarily subserve high ends. It is the faculty by which man is led to sink himself below the brute, or to climb perpetually to higher planes of being. There is ever the sense of incompleteness and the consciousness of higher possibilities and of more exalted attainments hovering over the earnest one. "Well done" has ever the refrain, "Not well enough done." There is always a better just beyond the realized good. It is after these unattained ideals that the world's unrest strives. Striving for these gives growth, progress. This is the leading, impelling force in the elevation of humanity. It quickens and intensifies the influence of the world's masterful minds. The perception by them of what might be is the prophecy and promise of what will be. The desire to transform a defective attainment into a better is the inspiration impelling all true

reformers and reforms. Unsatisfied with what now is and with a foresight of the possible, they put their hands to the work of actualizing this ideal, thus securing the achievements of the race and the advancement of civilization. Without the unrest and ferment produced by this power, man would be unprogressive. It bears the ensign of progress before all generations of men. Both the proof and the measure of the divinity of aim, alike for the individual and for humanity, is in this character of the impelling and guiding ideals.

Mere industry, integrity, and honesty of purpose are not enough. Ideals must be sought after which to pattern, and thus convert their inner and higher spirit and power into life and action. The earnest seeker after the high and noble will avail himself of all the helps possible in the perfecting of his ideal and of himself. Great personalities present patterns which the young spontaneously adopt as models. If such a personality is genuinely noblest and best, it is reverenced, loved, and there is thenceforth ever present to the mind's eye a reality and a rule, strong to restrain, to mould, and to direct. The coming of a doctrine, the stress of a dogmatism, of a creed, are, in comparison, as chaff.

Such ideals are the inspirers of hope, heroic attempt, and tireless effort, ever importuning to increased exertion along the line of limitless activity. But as the pattern is approached, imperfections are discovered, and others are sought. It is only in the sad life without laughter, lived nearly two thousand years ago, growing in favor with God and man as the years went by, that the ideal is found which fills with reverence and softens with tenderness and becomes a perpetual imperative, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." His alone is the adequate and unfailing model.

In seeking such an ideal doing becomes habit. Habit grows into a second nature, called character. Character is that nature which each one builds up for himself out of the activities of life from his environments and opportunities. This character is moulded more and more into the likeness and image of the ideal. This is finely illustrated in the legend of the "Great Stone Face," chiseled by nature in lofty, calm, and benignant aspect upon the mountain's brow. A deliverer, so the legend ran, was to arise who was to bear the lineaments and possess the character thus expressed. A boy of the valley made a constant and reverent study of that face. As the years went by he became gradually and insensibly moulded into its likeness and character, till at length the people perceived the resemblance, and also found in him the promised deliverer.

Great and rare characters are formed through life experiences, their individuality strengthened and ennobled in the light of great ideals, to become, in turn, invigorating and elevating influences to others. They touch the quick and suggest possibilities undreamed of before.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The essential prerequisite for such getting of character is hungering and thirsting for those things that satisfy the higher nature. The nutriment that feeds this nature must be sought, taken up, and assimilated into life, thereby broadening, deepening, and enriching it. Fact must be converted into faculty, insight into wisdom, thought clothed with the thews of power, illumination transformed into life. Personal power thus invigorated and guided to the ends of perfection is continually augmented by all right activities. With mind clear, heart clean, will strong, the whole being fed from the fountain of life, the entire scope and impetus to developing character is enlarged. Its sinewy vigor becomes a virile spiritual power, forming and reforming, refining, elevating through tenacity and persistency of effort, with definiteness and steadfastness of aim, unwearied by toil, undiscouraged by obstacles, dwelling in

"Regions mild, of calm, serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth."

This growth should not be exogenous, by outside layers and accretions, but endogenous, by inside development, working from the center of being outward by a living energy and process, affecting, moulding, refining, and ennobling the whole being, making pliable and supple all the faculties. It begets grace in attitude, a right noble bearing and movement, a calm, open, frank brow, clear, steady, honest, trustful eye, gentleness and mellowness of voice, refining away all harshness and loudness without meaning, giving instead subdued strength and richness, with attracting and captivating power through the kindly and gracious sentiments revealed. It begets a right manly dignity that shines out from the entire personality. This results, not from outside attrition and polish and formality, but from an inward impulse.

This growth requires time. A manufactured article can be turned out complete in all its parts at the start, but everything the result of growth demands time for its perfection, and the greater, the more durable and valuable the resultant, the longer the time required. This is a law of the spiritual as well as of the physical world.

But above all of these, and more important, is the divine side of human relations, and the results springing therefrom. The continually indwelling presence and life of God, ever renewing a divine-human life, is as necessary for spiritual life and health and growth as light, air, and food for bodily well being. This enables one to live and to act spiritually. It is in vain to aspire to be self-sufficient, to stand, walk, and act alone. We truly live only when the indwelling life and power of God awaken all the spiritual faculties into tuneful activity.

Faith, as open and clear vision, or God-consciousness, seeing and experiencing him as "all and in all," with undoubting assurance, enables man to apprehend him as the beginning of all beginning, the life of all life, the will of all will, the thought of all thought, the love of all love, the conscience of all conscience, nearer and more to each soul than that soul is to itself. All spiritual life being directly from God, it must be perpetually supplied from its source. The faith faculty is organ, and faith the prerequisite condition for the inflow of this divine life.

This faith assurance awakens reverence for God, as the supreme excellency, reverence for spiritual self-excellency, and for all other spiritual excellencies, reverent obedience to divine authority and law, reverent service to others as his children, allegiance to all that is noblest and best. To thus reverence, obey, and serve are the "altar stairs" that lead upward to God.

Faith, as trust and self-surrender, stands with open, empty hands and heart in ready and prayerful receptivity for the divine life and light, as flowers stand with open petals to receive the inflowing sunlight and convert it into growth. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," is both a prayer and a disposition, the very source of all true and right living and doing. When self ends give way and are absorbed in divine ends, then, and only then, will life take on its large and high significance.

The one essential of true life and growth is not to devise and plan for self, but to accept the divine purpose and plan, and to work with them and with the forces that are moving the world, to accept and do the present duty as presented by present opportunity. The allotted process of growth demands that one, like clay in the hands of the divine Potter, become responsive to every touch of the divine hand, welcoming the pressure, even when felt in pain, having faith in the divine ends in view. It is the high privilege as well as duty to live and act under the guidance of God. A life thus led on, under the nurture and guidance of God, will become a complete and beautiful whole. This assurance gives support amid trials, inspiration to endeavor, dignity to life's lowliest conditions.

When, in the late war, a clergyman said to President Lincoln, "We will pray that the Lord will be on our side," he replied, "No, no; rather pray that we may be on the Lord's side." This embodies the entire and highest principles of both praying and doing, indeed, the whole philosophy of living. Thus will life be truly, nobly, beautifully, divinely lived. Then will spring up steadfastness of soul in clinging, in the trustfulness of faith, in spite of difficulties and darkness, to the assurance that God leads, giving resolution to stand or fall by whatever is seen to be for God and for which he is working. Then will the spiritual process grow in strength and completeness. "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect," begins to be realized in climbing

> "The world's great altar stairs,
> Which slope through darkness up to God."

This gives an ultimate standard of worth, an ideal of growth in character. The perfection of the excellency of personality is the highest object of pursuit which all highest living implies, and towards which all right spiritual growth tends. Reverence awakens aspiration for completeness in God, not as having attained, but striving to attain, thus combining the lowliest humility with effort for the highest, with a faith bordering on vision, culminating in a life serene and radiant, the impersonation of the Christ life.

> "Here shalt thou find rest,
> O weary one! Here thou may'st cease thy quest,
> Give thyself up. He leads where thou shalt go."

In reverencing God we reverence humanity through him. In loving him we love his children. Man is served in serving God. Consecration, or the self-devotement and dedication of one's entire being in a complete self-surrender to God and his service, is inclusive of the same to man. As the heavenly Father causes his rain and sunshine to fall alike on all, cares for the lilies and the sparrows, and numbers the hairs of the heads of his children, so to be devoutly conscious of this awakens a desire to return love, gratitude, and service for love and care, to be in union with him and in union with his work, to lose one's self and selfishness in this all-embracing beneficence. Thus coming into accord with the divine purposes, we become co-workers with God in the realization of these purposes. Godward reverence, love, and consecration as the primal fountain, has thus an outward flow upon our fellow-men, companions in the blessings of this sonship. All separateness, strangeness, and antagonizing distinctions disappear in an all-embracing fellowship and harmony, and a oneness of life and aim spring up. This is grounded in the con-

scious assurance that God is Father and all men are brethren. These divine and human relationships constitute at once an ideal good and an ideal obligation, that of mutual aid in the development of personal characters, and through them of society. The ultimate standard of worth is personal worth. Spiritual progress springs from the perfecting of this worth. This can be completely realized only through the aids furnished by society. Society supplies conditions for the development of the highest personal character—not in the gratification of the social impulses for enjoyment and pleasure, but in meeting reciprocal obligations, and performing the services imposed by mutual good will. It is only in the intercourse of man with man, each under the guidance and inspiration of these high ideals, that the vital source of all human good is found, and each really lives to the ends of both individual completeness and the completeness of all. This is the parent of all progress and civilization.

The ideal man is he who accepts and lives out these great principles. His prayer is, "Thy will be done in me and through me," himself working freely and joyfully to this end. His doing becomes thereby both a continual prayer and a continual thank offering. Thus he finds his highest fruition in faith, in reverence, in humility, in aspiration for the absorption of his will in the divine will. Herein he finds in Christ the embodied ideal of all he seeks. Christ presents to him the human side of God, the divine side of humanity, not alien or differing in kind. The union in him of the divine-human is typical, is the ideal embodiment and expression of the best possibilities, the incarnated divine-human life in its highest form. This union makes one a joint heir with him both of character and of inheritance—inheritance because of character—a divine-human character, whose fruitage is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Without this indwelling presence and life of the divine no strong and earnest girding of the will, no strenuous effort, will avail in a high and ideal spiritual life.

All epochs in which this high faith and living prevail are elevating, brilliant, and fruitful in growth, for both the present and future. All epochs in which doubt or unbelief maintain a sad triumph, vanish without leaving anything good or great. They that lift the world, first in faith,

> "Its sharp, rocky heights to catch far morning
> Above all the nights of this world, must climb."

Young friends, there is an indescribable attraction about youth when in reverence and hope it gathers and concentrates its vigor for the mastery of life. The budding of young and untried gifts, the manifestation

of high graces, the kindling of divine fires, the joy and aspiration awakened in the presence of high ideals, give promise and assurance that present attainments will mature into those still larger and higher. This is especially true when these ideals are comprehensive enough to include the whole range of an endless existence, with its ever-growing possibilities. Through your preparatory training you have been getting to yourselves character, acquiring power. Now as you enter the arena of your life-work, efficiency and purpose are especially demanded.

No thoughtful person can stand fronting life's opening vistas and see the world's future rising before him without a sense of the greatness and the seriousness of life springing up within him. May this awaken you to an abiding earnestness and enthusiasm for noble and effective living. This will go far in shaping the nature of your influence upon both the present and the future; for you will have much to do with forming the character of society and of institutions that will tell upon other generations. Amid toils and distracting cares never lose sight of this high purpose of life, nor faith in man's sublime destiny.

Opportunity stands holding wide the door for some of you to go forth to your place in the world's work; to others she will present only the key with which to unlock and open the door for yourselves—perchance, with an effort requiring all your strength and skill; but for all the places will be held only through your own energy, uprightness, industry, and untiring perseverance. The crowning fortune is to be born with a bent. If thus fortunately endowed, be what God intended you for, and life will be a joy and a success. Be anything else, and it will be a fret and a failure. What the child dreams the youth endeavors and the man achieves. One is not simply to be good, but good for something. In seeking your work, see to it that you are called to it by your aptitudes, by all that is best and bravest in you, and by the divine providences that are shaping the ends of your lives. See to it, also, that it is something that the world needs, something that shall give worthy and fruitful results, results that shall ultimately win the approval of the world's best. Life should not be a haphazard affair, but with a definite and assigned mission, and work which shall have a true significance and glory in its accomplishment. Get to yourselves ideas and definite opinions, clean and clear cut, reënforced by large, sound, good, all-round common sense, free from fine fancies and wild vagaries, the whole utilized by practical skill. A character thus strengthened and toughened in all of its thews and sinews is prepared to lead the average world. Coming thus to the estate of your life-work, well considered, well chosen, and definite, give both

hands to it. Rejoice in it. Bend all your energies to it with invincible determination and resistless energy till achievement is assured. Without this, neither opportunity nor talent will avail. Be assiduous, abstemious, frugal without stinginess, indifferent to ease or pleasure. Do your work wisely, solidly, thoroughly. Let not show nor sham have place or part therein. Never be maddened or mastered by difficulty or opposition. Let rather vehemence become clear insight, calm wisdom.

Knowledge should be not only a means of livelihood but a means of manhood as well. Be something as well as know something. Get to yourselves, not only a strong and well-balanced mind, but likewise a sound and well-rounded character. All things are to the intent of working together for your highest good by developing your entire nature. To secure this end, you must needs bend and mould these conditions and relations into aids for becoming constantly more and more proficient in intelligence, in reasonableness and largeness of view, in refinement and dignity, in beneficence, with increasing facility in serving others, in grace and the charm and attracting persuasiveness which spring from the constant endeavor after perfectness. This endeavor will promote a harmonious and symmetrical growth, and perfect all sides of your nature. Cold and cloud and storm are as needful to this end as sunshine and dew and gentle showers. Everything gives divine results when rightly received and used.

While using these instrumentalities for your own upbuilding, you will likewise be using them for the upbuilding of humanity. In doing so better spend your energy in seeking to build up your own ideals, and in making your own convictions prevail, than in undermining and tearing down those of others. Act and react upon the world to your utmost power, but only to the end of enlightening, reforming, improving. This may beget opposition and collision. Christ, though increasing in favor with God and man through his preparatory years, yet when he entered upon his great mission, came into such sharp collision with man that the rebound sent him to Calvary and the cross. In his footsteps must walk all who greatly lift and bless their fellows. Ridicule, abuse, misrepresentation, and ostracism have taken the place of the cross, the manacle, and the fagot, yet inspired by the same spirit. Though subject to these things while living, after ages hold their names in grateful remembrance. It has been well said that those whom the present cannonades, the future will canonize. All true work is undying, ever growing, multiplying, and fruiting. There is, therefore, no occasion for faint-heartedness or discouragement. Though the work be humble and

commonplace, yet, if greatly done, it may be the means of producing superb characters and inspiring lofty sentiments. If one works under manifold adversities, or amid opposition, persecution, or neglect, yet if the work be done in the spirit of consecration to the highest well-being of man, the future, if not the present, will recognize and bless the worker.

"At the inmost core of thy being is a burning fire,
From thine own altar-flame kindled in the hour when souls aspire.
That which thou wouldst be, thou must be; that which thou shalt be, thou art.
Thine is the crag path chosen. On the crest shalt thou rest thy feet."

It is both a duty and a privilege thus to live and work as in the presence and under the guidance of God. It lifts above the mists and vapors of the common evironments of everyday life cares into the clear, calm light and air of the spiritual world ever round about us, and in which it is the privilege of each consciously and constantly to dwell. Dwelling thus in the light whose source is in the Life Eternal, your lives will not be as the sough and wail of the east wind, nor as the moan of waves breaking on the silent shores of eternity; but, rather, as the spirit voice of the Æolian harp, or as the music of the great cathedral organ, with its many pipes and stops and banks of keys.

Men may come and men may go, individual lives floating like leaves upon the stream of time till lost in the great ocean of eternity, but "the river of the water of life," "proceding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," shall flow on forever, full and more full, purifying and life giving. Be ye partakers of this water of life. Be ye completely charactered in the perfections of Him who continually increased "in favor with God and man;" for,

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evening song."

DIVINE GUIDANCE AND HELP.

[Baccalaureate sermon delivered before the graduating class of Alfred University, June 21, 1891.]

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." 1 Sam. 7:12.

At the semicentennial commencement, five years ago, the theme of discourse was "The College, a Light;" two years ago it was "The College Community—Its Work." On this, the fifty-fifth anniversary, let us consider in what way the Lord has guided us, and by what means he has helped us in meeting and fulfilling the demands of our high calling. To this end, let us, as a family circle, gather around the cheerful hearthstone, beneath the protecting roof-tree of our Alma Mater, draw the curtains, shutting out the glare, drive, and noise of the great world, and look back through the years and recall, as best we may, the ways in which we have been guided and helped by divine agencies.

Samuel could say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," from the assurance that hitherto he had been obedient to His will, and from childhood followed His guidance. When one can say, "Thy will be done in and by me," and, like Samuel, can say, "Speak; for thy servant heareth," then, and not till then, is he prepared to be helped of the Lord. God does not do man's work; but he assists the willing and obedient, both from within and from without—from within, by promptings and illumination; from without, by opening the doors of opportunity and by the supply of means. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." When He purposes to lead man to fine issues, however small, it is by ways of His, not man's devising. Man is made to realize that it is not his own wish, or wisdom, or strength, but a higher purpose, a broader plan, and a stronger hand, than his own, that are shaping the movements and determining the results. All highest things are reached through this guidance and help. This divine intention respecting each is what each one is privileged to do and become. Failing in this, he fails in all that is best for him; but thus led and helped and nurtured of God, his life becomes complete and divinely beautiful, sacred and significant. What dignity does this give to life, what support in trials, what inspirations to excellence—always under his guidance, always with his help, leading on to the best possible achievement!

This directing is frequently, indeed generally, quite different from what human planning would have arranged. It has not been through pleasant ways and rich domains that man has been led to his highest and best estate. Many of the foremost peoples who have led on and shaped

civilizations, have not chosen their own environments; but, as the apostle declares, God "hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." Most of the men and women who have been potent factors in shaping the destinies of their fellows, who have been the originators, organizers, and promoters of all that is best for human weal, have had their home breeding amid conditions unpropitious, as human thinking goes have "dipped their morsels in the vinegar and gall of life," and of morsels thus dipped have eaten daily. The same is true of families, communities, and institutions. It is only as the great results achieved have cast their light backward, that all these conditions are seen to have been for the best, and to have been shaped by a superintending providence. Also, the perplexities, the bafflings, the trials, crosses, disappointments, losses, though heavy to be borne at the time, are seen, in the light of these fine results, to be providential blessings. It is only through toil and suffering and sacrifice, only amid opposition and conflict, that the best comes to man, that all human progress has been made.

Seneca says, "Men venerate the fountains whence important streams take their rise." In this spirit and in the light of the principles stated, let us look back to the sources whence this Institution sprang, note the inspiring principles, the formative influences shaping it, and the providences guiding and helping it. Probably no one entering, seventy years ago, this shut-in valley,—a sort of eagle's nest in the mountains,—surrounded by hills still clothed with the primeval forest, and far removed from the great stream of migration and the centers of trade, with only the vague echoes of the hum of the busy world reaching it, would, at a first glance, have thought it a fit place for a seat of learning. But now, in view of what *is*, one can see things and conditions not a few, not only fit, but fittest, for such a seat. Its elevated position—its hilltops twenty-two hundred feet above sea level—its pure mountain airs, and all climatic conditions, are conducive to health, vigor, and alertness, both physical and mental, possessing, thus, those attributes which have contributed historically to free, brave, vigorous growth and culture. It is found, also, to be a most fit place for practical, scientific training, a wonderfully rich and varied museum of nature's own collecting, ranging through geology, paleontology, botany, and zoölogy. In the picturesque character of its scenery it furnishes a great variety of material for the art student. The æsthetic sentiments are constantly appealed to and nurtured, and it supplies constant inducements to the study of the beautiful in nature. Its shut-in character, excluding, to a large extent, the outward world, with its temptations, is favorable to culture.

With these natural endowments fitting it for a seat of learning, it was ready to be utilized to that end by man. For pioneer settlers there came, not only here, but into all this region, a people with a strain both of blood and mind from the best racial stock the world knows. "Blood tells" is an old and approved adage. But mind tells more persistently and effectively than blood. Mentality, constituting the spiritual organism, perpetuates its characteristics more certainly and unvaryingly than physical conformation. Ethics or racial mentality is one of the primary forces in civilization.

These pioneers brought mental characteristics of solidity, endurance, pluck, force, daring, ingenuity, adaptiveness, versatility, agile self-recovery of footing, a taste and aptitude for work, and a distaste for idleness, pleasure, and sham. They brought all these qualities into exercise in this then rugged wilderness region, to get grip and win bread, as they hewed down the forests, subdued the stubborn soil, and built rude homes.

Better still, they brought a taste and aptitude for Christian homes, churches, and schools. They built, side by side, amid stumps, brush and log heaps, beneath the shades of the great forest, the home, the church, and the school. The Lord has promised to honor those that honor and serve him in their lives.

From their taste for learning, the common school, under the inspiration of able and enterprising teachers, had, from the start, a vigorous growth. This produced mental unrest and a desire for broader and higher culture. The spirit of progress, like leaven, pervaded the community. The young, cherishing a desire for learning, were ready and waiting for the opening door of opportunity. Thus it came to pass that in scarcely more than a score of years after the forests, with their deer, wolves, and bears, began to disappear from the region, the enterprise of higher education was inaugurated. This enterprise did not, as frequently is the case, originate from without, but from within the community; nor was a hothouse method in the form of a large gift of money applied, as is quite customary of late years; but it sprang from native seed, planted and nurtured through long years. The energy was internal and healthy.

What were the conditions of things here at that time?—The village contained only some thirteen buildings of various kinds and uses, which were mostly small, one storied, unpainted, and unfinished. The farms round about were but partially cleared and mostly unpaid for. The church was a mile away, to which the people, clothed in "homespun," went in lumber wagons in summer and in sleighs in winter, to listen to an unsalaried, self-taught, and largely self-supporting ministry. The post

office was two miles away, to which the mail, consisting of a few letters with an unpaid twenty-five-cent postage, and a small assortment of weekly papers, was brought once a week on horseback.

The mode of getting here from the outside world was described by Professors Irish and Kenyon. The former wrote: "Railroads were then unknown west of Utica, and a passage from Schenectady to Alfred had the vicissitudes of a wide range of locomotion—a night ride on an engine facing a snowstorm to Utica, a trip on a canal boat amid ice blockades and delays to Geneva, a ride in a lumber wagon to Almond, thence afoot in snow, slush, mud, and fog to Alfred." Professor Kenyon wrote: "From Schenectady to Utica by rail, thence to Syracuse by stage —eighteen hours, often stuck in the mud, breaking down twice; thence to Geneva by rail; thence to Bath by stage; from Bath to Alfred afoot, traveling over hill and down dale, through mud and snow, seeing for the first half of the distance nothing but wilderness and log houses."

"As to the place, I like it much. It is rather hilly; no more so, however, than to afford an agreeable variety. On the whole, it is a very pleasant country, fully answering my expectations. As to the people, I discover nothing of ostentation or show. Their dress is plain and neat, but not extravagant, their manners simple and unaffected, free and cordial. I consider them far superior to those who make such great pretensions to superior excellency. I am also much pleased with the students. There are many that may be considered excellent scholars in the branches they have pursued. I have been led to entertain an exalted opinion of them. In short, I am much pleased with the place and the people. Whether I shall continue to be thus satisfied, I pretend not to predict."

Such was the condition of the country and the people at the inception of the Institution. Springing from such causes, amid such environments, it did not start into being to satisfy the wishes of any particular class, calling, profession, or pursuit, but to meet a felt want, voicing itself, irrespective of calling, class, race, color, or sex. When the germinal school opened, on the 5th of December, 1836, in a small upper room of a private dwelling, it swung wide its doors to all, from those advanced in years and scholarships down through the various grades to the boy of thirteen years, who neither knew the multiplication table nor could write his own name. The school was founded and all studies arranged to meet the common wants of all classes. Its scope has enlarged as the demands and the ability to meet them have increased; yet all the growth that has come to it was in the germ at the beginning. All has come of development from within. Nothing has been patched on from without. It was founded

by earnest, common-sense men, to meet the cry of their children for the common bread of knowledge, and it has continued in order to satisfy this hunger of humanity.

When Moses set up the tabernacle in the wilderness, the people of Israel "came, both men and women, as many as the Spirit of the Lord made willing-hearted, and brought whatever they had to spare, as the Lord's offering to the work." In this spirit and by similar means have been founded not a few colleges, Alfred among the number. It had its foundations laid by means of small contributions, not always of money, but of "whatever they had to spare," for the people were poor. The students, more often then than now, paid in work or material from the farm. For instance, the boy who could not write his name, paid his first tuition of $3.00 by furnishing four cords of four-foot wood—green beech—which the principal, on his part, worked up for the stove. To aid in seating the schoolroom, each student brought a chair. This Institution's chief mission has been to the poor. This fact has given type, tone, and destiny to it. Herein has it been approved and blessed and helped of God.

It has been well said that every college bell in a new region is a genuine missionary to the people of that region, awakening all within its sound to new and higher intellectual life and activity, inducing improvement, culture, progress. Such a missionary was the small but silvery-toned bell on the little one-story building, the first erected. Responsive to this call, came eager young men and women from all the surrounding region. To accommodate this constantly-increasing ingathering, the few and small houses were insufficient; but their owners threw open their doors, and gave up every available space to the incomers, and when the houses were full to overflowing, rooms in wood sheds and even barns were fitted up and occupied. Many sought rooms outside of the village, while young men whose homes were within four or five miles quite generally came and went daily. Though the accommodations were meager, memory does not recall any instance of complaining of rooms, board, or any other limiting conditions.

All, teachers and students, caught the inspirations of the dawning light of the new day, and jubilantly worked therein with Spartan hardihood and manly bravery and good will. The dayspring of this new light rising upon the youth of this region, hitherto living comparatively barren, commonplace lives, with no broad and bright outlook, filled them with an enthusiasm not easily understood by those who have lived constantly in the light of schools. To the students of those days the school

and all of its appointments, though formative, incomplete, and limited, had the freshness and vigor of their own youth. It met and satisfied their felt needs for a higher culture, at the same time opening to them a larger and richer realm of life, giving glimpses of higher possibilities of attainments and usefulness, thus awakening unbounded enthusiasm, and nerving to earnest endeavor. These new opportunities for culture were gladly accepted and eagerly improved, the many inconveniences and privations incident to the new and incomplete state of things being cheerfully accepted.

It is not the size of a school, but the spirit, that is of chief value, and the spirit here in those early days was most admirable. Those attending only for a short time caught the spirit pervading the air, and, though the amount of book knowledge may have been small, yet they went forth to the work of life with a new force impelling them. Of course there was then, as ever, more or less dross thrown off in the process. The lazy sometimes drifted in, the evil sometimes crept in, or shouldered themselves in; but the climate was not congenial, and their stay was usually short.

The enthusiasm of the school was supplemented and augmented by that of the citizens. They took almost as much interest in the work as the students themselves. They were frequent visitors, especially on such great occasions as rhetoricals and examinations. Written examinations had not then become the vogue, were, indeed, unknown, as was also marking, grading, and placing. The aim was to make, not simply students, but men and women who could think accurately and speak and act promptly on their feet, with clear, level heads and dexterous hands. These examinations, consequently, created great interest, and were listened to by crowded houses, composed not only of students, but also of citizens of this and adjoining towns. At such times every now and then one, with the vigor and alertness of a trained athlete, parrying the thrusts of quick questionings, meeting attacks from all points, conquering every difficulty on the instant, rushed on to the goal with the endurance and dash of an ancient Greek runner, amid the enthusiasm, if not the plaudits, of a goodly cloud of witnesses.

The anniversary, held at first in the chapel, on that becoming too small moved to the church, a mile away, and on overflowing that taking to the grove, was the great event of the year, there not being so many great events yearly as now. The people in all the region round about then took much more lively interest than since it has become one oft-repeated tale. They poured in by the thousand, by all modes of con-

veyance, from the ox team down. The exercises lasted all day, with a brief intermission for lunch, often sixty or seventy students participating —the boys speaking and the girls reading.

A literary society, at first called the Alfred Debating Society, taking later the name of the Franklin Lyceum, the parent of the present literary societies, was organized the first term of the school. It awakened an interest akin to that of the other exercises. Not only students, but citizens, including the middle-aged and elderly men, enrolled themselves as members, coming from two to four miles to participate or listen.

We have dwelt thus long on the bygone, long-dead days, and on the spirit of the workers and of the school of those days, that we might catch a glimpse of the formative influences which went to the shaping of the Institution and determining its mission. While it is a great privilege to be a member of an institution which has a history whose atmosphere is suffused with inspiring memories, in whose halls are abiding presences, whose influence is ever for good, yet it is a greater privilege to be a member of an institution which is just inaugurating these influences, where everything has a morning freshness and joy, the inspirations awakened by the originations and imitations, the vigor of youth and hope, the stir and rush of a new enterprise. It was amid these influences that teachers and students lived and wrought during these early years. They all felt that they were helping inaugurate a noble enterprise, working in the bright dawning of a glorious day. The teachers eagerly sought the most approved methods of instruction and of study. The students readily accepted all change looking to this end, rendering hearty approval to all efforts for the improvement of scholarship, manners, or morals. Even the morning lectures at the chapel were accepted as good to both teacher and student,—to the former, as leading them outside of their routine work and the ruts that such work tends to run in; to the latter, in presenting them with motive and purpose, not got from text-books or classroom drill, leading them to realize, in some degree, at least, that right manly men and right womanly women, noble charactered, are of far greater import than simply scholarly adepts.

Alfred University had its origin in a response to the cry of the people for more light. It has grown up naturally as the trees grow, from the common soil of the common wants of the people. "Give us more light," is the ever-increasing cry of humanity. Christian philanthropy is increasingly responding to this cry. Formerly the college was for a class, or classes, not for the masses. Now it is becoming more and more planned and equipped to meet the wants of the masses. All the recent move-

ments in education, the public school enlargements, University extension plans, Chautauqua plans, all have this end in view. Alfred from the first has kept it in view. It has ever attempted to voice the longings of the people, and to meet and shape and satisfy these longings, believing them to be the manifestations of divine purposes respecting man. Its training and culture have ever been for use rather than ornament or pleasure. It has ever sought to make its students self-reliant, independent, afraid of no honest work.

It has gone farther. Having the love of God and man as the great and impelling motive for its existence and its work, it has sought from the beginning to make prevail more and more among men the divine love and rule, as manifested in Christ and his kingdom. Imbued with this spirit, it has been from the start deeply religious, earnestly, even radically, reformatory. It imbued its students more or less with the same spirit, preparing them to go forth as evangels, reformers, leaders in all the enterprises having for their end the bettering of human conditions or doing away with evil and wrong that blind and bind men.

In meeting these all-pervasive human needs the first demand was for the recognition of the needs and the consequent rights of woman. From the year 505 A. D., when a great council of divines gravely debated the question whether woman ought to be called a human being; to the time when she was reluctantly permitted to eat at the same table with man; to the time when she was grudgingly allowed to learn the alphabet, the same as man; to the present, when, amid no little opposition, she has been admitted to all, or nearly all, of the more progressive colleges of the land—though many of the older ones, founded on the monastic plan, hold to their celibate condition with a tenacity which is "more pathetic than wise"—has this struggle been going on. From the start, woman has had here equal rights and privileges with man. At its founding no woman in all the land, if in any land, held a collegiate or professional degree. None were regularly licensed physicians, lawyers, or ordained ministers of the gospel. Now there are thousands bearing such degrees, and thousands more in training for them—hundreds of women in the professions, and hundreds more preparing to enter them. In all this, Providence has manifestly been guiding and helping woman, and will help on to still broader and higher equalities; and woman, we doubt not, will in the future, as in the past, amply vindicate her right to these. In all this Alfred has ever sought to follow the lead of Providence and do what it could to fulfill the divine intent.

In the development of this equality, some modifications have taken

place, as the years have gone by. In illustration, in the early times the studies of ladies and gentlemen were more diverse than now. But few of the ladies studied the higher mathematics and very seldom the ancient languages. On the other hand, gentlemen very seldom studied the modern languages and never the fine arts. The ladies never thought of speaking on public occasions. They are not permitted to do so even now in some of the so-called most radical institutions. For the first decade the ladies had no literary society for mutual mental drill and for improvement in speaking. As the years have increased, all studies and exercises have become more and more alike. In this the ladies have held more than an even hand. In a comparison extending over many years, and including all branches of study, it has been found that their average standing is two per cent higher than that of the gentlemen. In the matter of speaking on public occasions, it is quite generally conceded that the ladies, as a whole, are more eloquent, if such a thing be possible, than the gentlemen. The gentlemen may display the more oratory, speaking from the head; but the ladies express the more eloquence, speaking from the heart—the source of all true eloquence.

Again, the apostle Paul tells us that, though God hath made of one blood all nations, yet he hath determined their times and the bounds of their habitation, to the end that they should seek after and find him. Nations thus placed have a divinely-appointed diversity in fulfilling their missions, corresponding to their diverse habitats and environments. This applies with equal force to communities, families, individuals, and institutions. The diverse missions of colleges are determined by their condition, constituency, and ends to be sought in meeting the demands of these. As in the natural world the environments of climate and soil determine the kind and quality of the vegetation of a region, so the location and environment of a college largely determine its mission. While agreeing in fundamentals, institutions neither can nor should be precisely alike in details. Seats of learning, to have their happiest influence, need to be sown broadcast among the people, and to be sustained by their sympathies and their liberalities.

Alfred, from the very nature of its origin, location, environments, and constituency, belongs to the latter class, and it is devoutly believed that in this the Lord has had the guidance, and is helping it on in the way he is moving in human advancement. Formerly the divorce of learning from life was the rule; now there is a constantly increasing demand for learning to give significance to life. The scholar must not be a pedant but a power. He is more and more estimated by the skill with which he brings his

learning to bear upon the busy world, puts himself in touch and sympathy with its moving forces, transmuting learning into influence. That learning is best which best fits for life and life's manifold problems. A man may be a bookworm, a scientist, a linguist, a logician, a mental gymnast generally, without being a man of culture in a large and true sense, with ability to appreciate, appropriate, and use the best of all the ages, bringing it to bear upon the on-moving stream of influences. To this end he must not be a grave in which to bury learning, but a fruitful soil, in which learning shall spring up into a hundred-fold beneficent harvest. Such an education does the divine Providence call for, and such has Alfred been seeking to give.

Another essential and pervasive principle determining all development, progress, has from the beginning operated in this Institution, determining its peculiar character. It is operating more and more in most institutions of learning. Herbert Spencer formulated it as the progress from uniformity to definite diversity. The apostle Paul long before recognized it in the spiritual world. He tells us there is a diversity of gifts, but all from the selfsame Spirit. This is a universal law, applying alike to the physical and the spiritual realms. Creation advances from the lower to the higher through the differentiation of species and of parts, leading to complexness and perfectness of wholes, and to diversity and definiteness of uses, resulting in development and progress. This law applies to man, his institutions and industries. As civilization advances, the diversity in institutions, customs, and industries—in all things that go to effecting this civilization—increases.

This law applies to educational institutions and processes with special emphasis. In former times, with their fewer callings and simpler industries, with less diverse and exacting demands, institutions of learning could have a correspondingly simple and uniform course of study and methods; but advancing civilization, with its ever-increasing diversity and complexness, demands institutions that shall train both men and women not only for the learned professions, but for all these diverse and exacting pursuits. Such institutions must adapt themselves to the needs of their constituency. Diversity amid uniformity is therefore increasingly demanded. This diversity should spring from and thereby be adapted to the environments and the results sought to be attained. Strong, healthy germinal principles, high type, and favoring environments will produce noble outgrowth and diverse fruitage under the nurturing care of a protecting Providence.

But lying back of all this there is a more primary question still.

Shall education wait upon and follow bent, aptitude, or, like Procrustes, put all on the same bedstead and make them fit by chopping them off, if too long, by stretching them out, if too short? Waiving the question of what would be an ideal education if there were no individual bents and no work lay beyond, the very present insisting question is, in the presence of the rapidly multiplying and diverse studies, with a correspondingly rapid increase in diverse industries and pursuits, and the diverse individual aptitudes that have given birth to these, what is the education demanded? An overruling and guiding Providence is answering that. God is guiding even goading man on in these multiform and diverse ways, and it is in vain, even if so disposed, to kick against the goads. This demands that, while holding fast to these essentials in all education corresponding to the essential elements and powers of human nature, the superadded differentiations shall be sufficient to meet the requirements of the divergencies of this same human nature and of modern progress.

From the very founding of this institution its class of students has notably differentiated it from many others. These have been largely from the working classes. They come here to better fit themselves, not chiefly for the learned professions, nor to fit themselves simply to live and enjoy themselves without work, but for going out into the varied and multitudinous pursuits of the present complex civilization. These, through their varied needs, demanded a wide and varied range of studies. Thus the problem from the beginning has been how best to prepare intelligent, noble, masterful workers—a most difficult task surely. In most institutions at that time the method of Procrustes was largely followed. They all had essentially one and the same unvarying course of study, and but few outside the candidates for the learned professions entered them. Only two degrees, with perhaps an exception or two, exclusive of honorary ones, were conferred, A. B. and A. M. The latter was not conferred for studies pursued in college.

But within this time the circle of knowledge has become so enlarged in its sweep, by the rapid increase of new sciences, new literatures, new industries, creating complexity and diversity, demanding diversity of culture, that it is no longer possible to include even the rudiments of these demands within the compass of a single course, and most colleges have been compelled to institute either electives leading to the same degree, or different courses leading to different degrees. Harvard, for instance, has two hundred and fifteen varying courses leading to the degree of A. B., and many other institutions have similar though not as great a variety. At present, exclusive of honorary degrees, there are between

thirty and forty, probably nearer forty than thirty, different degrees conferred by the various educational institutions entitled to confer degrees, representing differing courses of study.

When Alfred first found it necessary to formulate a course of study in addition to the traditional one, only a single college could be found with a course to serve as a pattern after which to work. When it became entitled to confer degrees, it made diligent search for a distinctive and appropriate degree for ladies, but, finding none, it was obliged to originate one, that of Laureate of Arts; but after employing it twenty-four years, it was discontinued at the instance of the ladies themselves, other colleges in the meantime having largely adopted the same degree for both ladies and gentlemen. This institution was one of the first, if not the first, to establish a distinctive course leading to the degree of Ph. B. Now there are scores of colleges with such courses. The various courses leading to new degrees, in most institutions adopting them, ranged at first from one-half to two-thirds, in the amount of study and the time required, as the requirements for the regular classical degree; but in most institutions they have been gradually increased. In this respect, this institution has kept in the front ranks till all courses have equal requirements, while not a few institutions have not yet this equality of requirements.

Another most important question agitating the college world at the present is respecting the time students should be kept in school. Curiously, the advocates for shortening the time are found chiefly not in the smaller but in the larger schools. If the time is decreased, the income from tuition will be decreased. This will affect the smaller much more seriously than the larger and stronger schools. They must either have the four years' tuition or have their endowments increased. While the European scholar completes both his collegiate and professional studies at the average age of twenty-two years, twenty-one in France, the American scholar completes his at the average of twenty-five or six years. As the president of Michigan University said in a recent address, the American student by the time he gets ready for work is old enough to be not only a father but a grandfather. As a result of this increasing length and cost of this education, the young men are more and more passing by the college on their way to their professions. The proportion of the college educated in the professions is decreasing year by year. President Hall, of Clark University, in a recent article states that from direct investigation he found that of the students in our schools of theology, only twenty-three per cent were college graduates; in the law

schools, only eighteen per cent, and in those of medicine, only eight per cent. This is a bad and an alarming state of things for all parties concerned,—bad for the preacher and bad for his hearers, bad for the lawyer and bad for his clients, bad for the physician and very bad for his patients.

How is all this to be remedied? Certainly not by insisting on the time element as the one of chief importance, not by arranging courses and time to suit those of average ability, or below, and then compelling all, both the quick paced and the slow paced, to keep the same step, and that not of the quick, but of the slow, not by trying to pacify and quiet the quick by administering vitiating and corrupting opiates in the form of honors, prizes, and all that, thereby substituting for pure love of learning for learning's sake, petty rivalries and selfish ambitions, degrading alike to genuine scholarship and to true manhood.

Thomas Jefferson long ago found and applied the true remedy. In founding the University of Virginia he was inspired by the same spirit of freedom as when he penned the Declaration of Independence, freedom of choice in studies and freedom of movement in working out those choices. The time element was ignored. Quality and thoroughness, not time, he made the only standard. A young man with brains and pluck can, and often has, if well prepared on entering, completed the course in two years, while the illy prepared, the slow paced, or dull, require four, five, and even six years to complete the same. The bright and enterprising are not checked in their pace and made to travel the same gait as the slow by either compulsion or by the bait of prizes and honors. The principles and inducements for getting on and up that control are the same as in the world's broader arena. The wisdom of the system has been amply vindicated from Jefferson down to the present. No institution in America has, in proportion to its members, sent out so many men who have held commanding positions in the nation, with such controlling influences, as the University of Virginia. Most of the southern and southwestern institutions are patterned more or less after it, and all others must, soon or late, through compulsion, if not otherwise, follow closely or afar off. The proposed new University of Chicago is to be organized on essentially the same plan. President Harper says that a student will be permitted to graduate whenever he can pass the requisite examinations.

This Institution has, from the start, pursued essentially the same course. The nature of its patronage demanded it. Most of its students have been those who were not only preparing to be bread winners in the future, but who, to a greater or less degree, have been compelled to be

such all through their preparation. Thus their studies have been more or less interrupted, and they were thereby unable to pursue an unhindered or continuous course; yet such, appreciating both their opportunities and the value of time, have generally been earnest and successful workers, making up for these drawbacks by greater industry and enterprise, not only making up, but forging ahead.

In the German universities students are allowed three to five years to complete their studies, but comparatively few outside of those preparing for professional or official positions study for degrees, constituting only twenty to twenty-five per cent of the whole number. It is estimatad by the university authorities that not more than thirty-three per cent of those in attendance are real workers. In the great English universities, though the nominal time is four years, few remain more than three. The real workers are estimated at about twenty-five per cent of the whole number. In this country it is asserted that idleness and play increase in proportion to the number and wealth of those in attendance; while in the smaller institutions, patronized largely by those of limited means, the proportion of hard workers is much greater.

A student without money and who has his way to win in the world, if he has brains and pluck, needs but little coercing or regulating or aiding, by either the punishments or rewards usually applied. He is more susceptible to honor than to honors, to the noble inspiration of a useful life that stands before him, beckoning him on. Permit such an one to select studies congenial to his tastes, those suiting his inborn bent, and which he sees will best fit him for that sphere in life to which his aptitudes point, and he will spontaneously become earnest, quick paced, and alert, with enthusiasm at white heat—just the state for taking on true culture readily and rapidly. Distasteful or abhorrent tasks, resulting in dawdling, listless, half-hearted endeavors, lifeless routine work, never so long continued, producing only smoldering fires and dull heat at best, never bring true culture. As iron can be welded only at white heat, so only souls aglow with enthusiasm are in a fit condition for best culture. As forests simply sway and moan in wintry winds and wintry sunlight, waiting to be thrilled into new life and growth by the ardent heats of summer, so the mind remains dormant till stirred by the fervors enkindled by worthy purposes and congenial work. Enthusiasm sets all the powers in motion, fires the soul with the love of knowledge, awakens spiritual life and high purpose.

A college residence should have an elevating and refining influence on life and character, enabling one to get a stalwart and many-sided man-

liness, thus evolving all that is noblest and best. The object of all true culture is to enlarge and invigorate, through a knowledge of the lofty thoughts and actions of men of all times, and through a knowledge of the universe and of the Creator thereof, and thereby awaken both a mental and moral earnestness. Colleges should be for the outpouring of strong, courageous lives into all that come under their influence, to the end of awaking all their latent powers under leaders of insight and faith, who seek to produce fruitful lives, create admiration for all that is wholesome and best, give courage to conquer all difficulties, and induce definite aims and the heeding of calls to the service of humanity. A highly effective school, like a highly effective individual, everywhere and everywhen, is surcharged with its personality and the force springing from its aims. The work which it has undertaken inspires all having to do therewith, vitalizing the energies of all. It is not simply a machine accomplishing a given task, but adds the more effective force of free work impelled by enthusiasm. Enthusiasm for the work in hand attracts and generates enthusiasm in others, thus continually augmenting its power. One soul on fire kindles others. Such work, not with a part, but with their whole being and entire strength. The important thing in the schoolroom is not the recitation, but the pervading spiritual atmosphere, the incentive, the inspiration to enlightenment, issuing in uses. This is the important thing. This is what gives lasting results. This is its own great reward. Is a school working for cleverness or for character? This is the significant question. Effort for right noble growth, more than precise routine with figured results, enlisting all the powers of the student, should be the aim; not selfishness, or fear, or emulation, or ambition to shine. The endeavors of the spirit that lead to ideal growth and consecrated living are above all other undertakings to which the mind of man can bend itself, and should be forever uppermost. Such are ever seeking to climb into higher and perpetually broadening regions of truth and beauty, rising like mountain peaks round about, misty and dim in their infinitudes, and gathering an ever-increasing humility in the presence of these infinitudes in comparison with the little already attained. As is the quality of the bloom and the fragrance of ripened fruit, so is the quality of character ripened under such endeavor. This gives the noblest rewards. The highest dignity springs from the inner approval of efforts to grow in wisdom and spiritual power.

> "So will the shine
> Of soul that strikes on soul make fair and fine
> This earthly tenement. Thou shalt extol
> The inner that the outer lovelier seem."

With such a great work before him, the teacher should come to his profession in the spirit of consecration, not as to a mere livelihood or handicraft. Such cannot stand with their faces turned to the past, copying and repeating the dead past, but standing and acting in the living present, with their faces to the future, seeking to see the way God is going and leading humanity, and striving to understand the demand of the times, and of God in reference to the future. He needs, if he is to meet the living demands of his position, to be more than a dictionary, or a characterless and impersonal promulgator of facts, a peddler of data. He needs to bring his students into living relations to present civilization and progress. He should not only have knowledge to enlighten, but, likewise, a noble and winning personal inspiration, be a former and reformer of character. He should be able to set the expanding faculties of youth into healthy activity by careful and sympathetic guidance, leading to the love of all that is most wholesome and best, to all that is true and beautiful and good, and stimulate to an earnest endeavor for their acquisition. He should use planned courses and prescribed rules of procedure, not to cramp and stifle individuality, but to broaden and strengthen it, securing thereby a development that is symmetrical, proportional, and harmonious. The world is full of men and women whose narrow and ruling passion is money, or fashion, or notoriety, by whom all the most valuable and sacred possibilities of life are despised or neglected, and life itself becomes barren and worthless, both to the possessor and to the world. To counteract this, the interests and purposes of life need to be broadened and elevated to a standpoint where the successes or failures of earthly striving shall be seen as simply the accidental and unimportant, wherein the real self is unaffected, and above which one may stand, free, serene, and sublime. In doing it the teacher needs the true up-gush of the soul, fresh and buoyant, the outright flash of spontaneous fervor, simplicity, clearness, strength, directness, force, effectiveness, which, like sacred tongues of flame, shall kindle what is best in each. Whoever fulfills this high calling is faithful to one of the most important and sacred trusts coming to man.

Such has ever been the high aim of this Institution, however far short it may have fallen in the realization. Though often halting, stumbling, groping, yet it has ever striven towards this ideal. Everything here is the result of toil and sacrifice, consecrated with prayer to God and humanity. These buildings had their very foundations laid and consecrated in prayer; their walls rose through toil and sacrifice. They stand not as a bane, but as a benediction. Its founders and upbuilders lived

and worked in the inspirations springing from a faith that they were working under divine guidance and with divine help, and we have entered into their labors. They set a light amid these mountain heights to lighten us and all others that shall gather here. Though we live in the present, the past lives and shines in and through us.

> "Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
> But for fine issues."

Torches lighted at this light are not lighted for themselves alone, but to be borne forth for the lighting of the world.

Let us, then, carefully and reverently feed this sacred flame, as the high priest fed the golden candlestick in the temple at Jerusalem, with finest oil, that it go not out by night nor by day, as long as man shall need light from its light.

THE TRUE EDUCATION.

[Preached at the First Alfred Church, Sabbath morning, November 5, 1892, by the Rev. Dr. T. R. Williams,* and requested for publication.]

"Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding." Prov. 23:23.

I have been asked to speak briefly of President Allen's life-work in its relation to the church and the denomination. To do this it will be proper first to give some conception of his ideal of a Christian education. That ideal is indirectly expressed by the words of counsel which he so frequently repeated in one way or another: "Buy the truth, and sell it not." It will serve our purpose now and here to bring together some of his own terse, graphic, and forceful words on this subject, which moved his heart and life in never-to-be-forgotten eloquence.

First, on the value of knowledge, and how wealth may be transmuted into life:—

"Home growth, self-culture, mentally, spiritually, religiously, is our great work. Learning, like the gospel, knocks as kindly at the door of the log house as of the mansion. Ministry, service, sacrifice, is the mission of life. Christianity is founded on sacrifice. The cross is not only the light of our hopes, but also the pattern after which life is to be moulded. We are the stewards of divine bounties. Justice is cold. Domestic love and friendship are often partial or selfish. Philanthropy, the love of man as man, is unselfish, impartial, generous, and obeys the broader and higher impulses. Everything that ministers to want, that brings comfort and cheer, whatever secures justice and peace or adds to culture, science, art, religion, goes to the service of life's great end. One may accumulate property at the behests of charity for the relief of the penniless, homeless, friendless, orphaned, widowed, the hungry, the naked, sick—all this is benevolence; but higher is that benevolence which gives enlightenment and culture to the ignorant, reclaims the erring, sends the gospel to the destitute, builds churches, forms schools. Benevolence, kindness, liberality, win the heart-thrones of the world.

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*Dr. Thomas R. Williams, a professor at Alfred in the early days, and afterward for many years at the head of the Theological Department, was always a sympathetic friend of Mr. Allen, and with him ever stood ready to sacrifice all personal interests for the good of the Institution. His last sermon, "The True Education," was made up of extracts from Mr. Allen's written works on that subject. Before bringing forward the next one of the series, Dr. Williams, too, was called to lay down life's burdens and enter into the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Charity makes the bleak, selfish world warm and bright, the sweet abode of tenderness and joy. Practical philanthropy is one of the divinest summits of human attainment, lifting the world itself into sunnier regions, where the light is more brilliant, the earth fairer, the air sweet as the breath of heaven. Angels, even God himself, unites with man in ministries of love. Glorious will be the time, radiant the earth, when each shall be the friend and aid of his fellow, each shall seek the good of all. Earnest laborer in the world's great field, scatter peace and joy till thine own rest comes.

"*Money Transformed into Culture.*—All labor, all money, that does not rise above the physical, and is not transformed immediately, or mediately, into life, growth, power, is dead dross.

"The angel of beauty plants flowers, shrubbery, trees, hard by the door of home or school, to shake down beauty upon all passers-by, all over the fields to gladden the hearts of beholders, all along the walls and fences to hide their deformity, all along by the pleasant water courses to laugh when the brook sings, all around houses and barns to cover their ugliness, singing in the sunshine, laughing in the storm, to console in the hour of sadness, to distill beauty on daily toil, to help educate childhood, awakening a love for purity and peace, for the beautiful, the noble, and the good.

"An ideal school is a home, not indeed for supplying meats and drinks for the bodies that perish, but a spirit home, where hungering and thirsting souls are satisfied, where dormant energies are aroused, stimulated, inspired to noble action, where spiritual growth, strength, harmony, beauty, are the results. An ideal school, like home, is one shut out from the bustle and strife of life, amid rural quietudes, where all its surroundings are pure, simple, temperate, gentle, congenial, honest, industrious, intelligent, religious,—a community wherein joyous childhood, ardent youth, earnest manhood, silver-locked age, all are inspired by common purpose, upheld by honest, rugged toil, lit up by sincere affection, its quiet hours filled with gladsome pursuits. In future years, scenes and words and deeds, like some old trail through the wood overgrown with bush and wild flowers, are revealed in their dim outlines, bringing back the early lessons of the heart, when apt and noble teachers, though humble, instructed in lessons rude it may be yet the very reminders of which are sacred relics. To memory every such year appears as a continuous summer without a gloom, every night a moonlit and star-eyed one, every cloud rainbow-wreathed. The innocence of childhood bursting into the enthusiasm of youth, is susceptible, impressible, palpitating with gladness,

breathing joy as the rose breathes sweetness, jubilant as are the birds in a morning of spring, thrilled with delight by a token of affection, enraptured by every revelation of beauty, ready to be nurtured under the watchcare of gentleness and piety. To such education does not consist in what is learned from books. Fields, woods, streams, light, darkness, storm and sunshine, sky and clouds, all voices, are lessons joyfully received, all instructing to the eager soul. The same is true of life scenes, association, and influences. The lifeful laugh, kind words welling up from the soul, story of hero, saint, or sage, all heart experiences enwrapped with sentiment, all dreams of the future, all worth, are teachers, cherished, loved by the young, touching as they do the inmost chords of the soul. All life becomes a school, thickly crowded with teachers, pointing the way or speaking to the listening ear of the earnest learners, to whom the culture of each to-day is to so live that each to-morrow shall be a truer, nobler, more perfect life.

"Aspiration ever looks to the beckoning of a higher life, with overflowing eye, flushed cheek, quivering lip; and in older years as we climb the hills of life and look out from the summit of the last experience, other hills of aspiration are seen, their heads hid in the blue of the distant and the unknown. Still dreaming of the beyond and the untried, we long to go out with the clouds that float in the horizon, to these and grander experiences. As we climb the heights of a truer, nobler life, diviner prospects unfold before the ever-enlarging vision, and willing footsteps lead on to the unattained. Not what we are, but what we are going to be—the splendid possibilities—is what leads on. The mind's lawful inheritance is constant development toward perfection, and how nobly beautiful is that youth who, compelled by the soul's longing for culture, consecrates himself, with all life and power, to knowledge, virtue, perfection, resolving earnestly to attain his high ideal! The purpose to become educated nerves to patient, persistent endeavor, lifts to a higher plane of living. The chiefest desire of the soul is to get knowledge, to do good, to love and glorify God. Youth needs a culture that awakens noble emotions, nerves the will to high purposes, and thrills the inmost spirit with religious aspirations, causing it to shake its dusty robes and live an earnest, self-denying, devout life. In order to do this there must be a hungering and thirsting after knowledge, enabling one to conquer success. The young need a culture that shall likewise awaken that enthusiasm and inspiration that will break away from the spider webs of routine and the hollowness of formality, and go with unfaltering assurance and unselfish consecration to the work of life.

"Culture transmuted into life is the mainspring, the acting force, the controlling influence in custom, law, society, government. Lives struggling upon small beginnings to high stations and commanding influences, or living nobly and grandly in obscure life, greatly good in an humble work, become spiritual lights shining down through the world's vistas as ever-burning lamps to guide human feet. Humanity needs the inspiration of lives that attract to virtue and goodness, to pure and noble experiences—not lives that tell only or mostly of outward circumstances, accidental distinctions, the pomp and splendor of office and station, the outward finish and polish of fashion and show—these are not the lives demanded by humanity, but rather lives that unfold the inner workings of minds, the processes of thought, the influences of emotions and sentiments, the force of holy and lofty aims. Such lives transmit to us of their own powers, enkindling in our own natures aspirations after like excellencies. They awaken impulses to pattern after their virtues, their nobleness and devotion to truth and goodness, softening, expanding the heart with benevolence, starting desires for progress, touching chords that vibrate to the harmonies of universal brotherhood.

"All education of the young should strive to awaken aspirations for living lives devoted to seeking truth. The influence of such a life upon other natures is

> 'Like that wild harp whose magic tone
> Is wakened by the wind alone.'

"They thrill responsive to its slightest touch. It is only when the soul speaks to soul, eye to eye, smile to smile, tear to tear, that this power comes in its fullness."

We have thus far repeated a few paragraphs from our departed President Allen, relative to the transcendent value of education in general. We will hear him speak of the church as a world educator:—

"The church is the great supernatural and spiritually organized life-power of humanity, the embodiment of the religious life of humanity. Its principles permeate all relations and conditions of life. It is the mission of the church, with the Bible for her charter and light, to infuse and develop the religion of Christ in the world—to awaken and develop the religious principle, in all philosophies, all arts, all sciences, all politics, all activities,—to give thus a Christian civilization to the world.

"The worth of the spirit is incomparably greater than treasures of the world. Spiritual beauty outrivals all the beauty of landscape, of morning and evening, of changing seasons and star-eyed night. The grandeur of soul surpasses the grandeur of mountain and cataract and ocean. The

sublimity of divine revealings of spiritual truths transcends the teachings of rock or star. All of this worth and beauty and grandeur and sublimity cluster around the church.

"Viewed in this light, religious education is important, essential, the business of life. The religious is the most central, the highest principle of our being. It gives nobility and power to all of the other faculties. It must guide and control and inspire all perfect education. Thus the relation existing between religion and learning is most intimate and important. Religious sentiment unenlightened is blind, superstitious, bigoted; knowledge, without the religious element, is a servile slave, working as readily in the ranks of sin as of holiness. Education, without being deeply religious, is education unto death; there is no neutral ground. Life or death will ever be mingled in the fountain from which our spirits drink. The great central light in this culture is the Bible. The religious basis is the only true foundation on which to build institutions of learning, and their chief corner-stone is the Bible. It is the duty of the church to rear systems and institutions of learning on such a basis. Man soon outgrows the systems which he has constructed for himself. He is ever longing for something beyond his present grasp. Worldly possessions turn to bitterness, and the spirit looks away to the infinite and eternal for satisfaction.

"The religion of the Bible comes forward to renovate the world. It commences with the individual, growing from the heart outward. It works humbly and carefully with the feeble in intellect, and is found sufficient to tax the spirits of mightiest grasp.

"Modern civilization is a development, an outgrowth of Christianity. Christianity touches upon every field of science and every subject of learning. The very idea of giving the Bible to man to read is the key that unlocks all knowledge and produces schools and learning. The school becomes thus at once an offspring of the church and one of her most efficient agents in the civilization of man. Each reformatory movement is a great smelting furnace, purifying truth from dross, after which it is inwrought into the great systems of practical truth. Truth is pure, bright, penetrating. It purifies, enlightens, elevates. It gives progress.

"The divine life-power of the gospel has given a new and more progressive spirit to the world. More light seems to be the spontaneous cry of millions just awakening to a consciousness of their destiny. There is an earnestness, a universality, in the longing and striving after a better condition, never before experienced.

"The church comes a positive and constructive power. Christ went

about doing good, healing, strengthening, persuading, building up, establishing righteousness, and organizing a kingdom not of this world. The heralds of the cross have ever gone forth with the implements of building; they have made encroachments upon the citadel of darkness, leveling to the ground many of its strongest towers, but only as they were prepared to usher in the kingdom of light.

"Man is wandering amid doubts and darkness. The waves of eternity are ever washing the sands of time from under his feet. He wants something real, something positive, to which he can cling with the assurance of support and safety. This is found in its richness and fullness in the religion of Jesus. There are greater conquests yet to be made in the domain of thought than were ever made by Alexander or Napoleon in the domain of empire. In gaining these conquests and preserving their supremacy the times future are to achieve more than the times past, however brilliant those achievements. Education will have more efficient agents, more ample means for diffusing her blessings. Reform will battle more effectually the massive and adamantine forms of error.

"The church with her schools will have to stand in the high places of the earth as well as in the low. It must teach not only by 'Greenland's icy mountains' and 'India's coral strands,' but also on Mars' Hill, in academic groves, and college halls. Chairs of learning must be consecrated to her service; the pen of the writer, the eloquence of the speaker, must be baptized from on high. The farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, the day laborer, need a Christianized education that they may reason understandingly of temperance, righteousness, liberty, and a judgment to come. Above all, and as a crown and glory to all, deep and ardent piety, a rich religious culture, is needed. The young and buoyant need religion to lift above all low impulses, and fire with lofty aims, to kindle a burning zeal for the good of humanity, to impart a moral courage that cannot be frowned down, a spirit not content to move in the smooth, gentle current of public favor, but an aggressive spirit, that will leap the bounds of public opinion and take a bold stand for truth and right, and maintain that stand fearless of consequences—not only maintain but build up, advance, all noble interests and institutions. Such are the laborers needed, and such their training."

Again, speaking of the importance of education for the ministry, President Allen says:—

"The ministry, with its high privileges and large duties, needs to rise above all mere specialties, all mere party or sect training, and, linking itself with all events and peoples, full of all human sympathies and divine

sentiments, thus to flash new thoughts and truths along the pathway of humanity, awakening nobler sentiments, and inspiring to higher and holier action. It should be felt as a positive and controlling power in the world's progress and destiny. It should rather guide than be guided, lead than be led, in all great progressive and beneficent movements. It should show that it feels the pulsations of the great heart of humanity. In short, it must be the friend and support of religion, as it unfolds in literature, science, art, education, industry, law, politics, government, as they reach down in their influence to the humblest member of the great human brotherhood.

"As a people it is especially our mission to do all within our power to prepare such men, such teachers. Herein is a great and exalted work. We of to-day sometimes think if it were only ours to have lived in those times when property and life were the forfeitures for discipleship of Jesus, we too would have joyfully given the spoiling of our goods, the offering of our lives; but how do we comport ourselves when called upon to sacrifice—not to violence and wrong, but for the sake of a positive good, for the upbuilding of truth and religion? Blessed that age or people which has given it some great truth to establish, some great question to solve. Such a work develops very rapidly the latent powers of the workers. Piety, knowledge, wealth, have scope for their most industrious application here—no place for lights under a bushel, for talents buried in the earth. A people working under the inspiration of such a mission are an irresistible power for good. Let us then give ourselves to the culture of spiritual nobility—deep, earnest piety, truth-loving, self-sacrificing sincerity, a world-subduing faith. One of the noblest uses of wealth is the transmuting it into spiritual growth. All needing heirs to inherit worthily their property can adopt the children of the denomination, and provide for their spiritual growth through all coming ages. No monument to the memory of son or daughter could equal such a monument. Those who have power through wealth— for wealth when rightly applied is power —can exert untold power here, can open to the needy perennial fountains of good. Permit us, then, in conclusion, to appeal to all such to give freely, nobly, to this great work."

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