

THE DUTY OF THE SCHOLAR

*—TOWARDS—*

THE COMMUNITY.

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—BEING THE—

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

—BY—

PRESIDENT DAVID S. JORDAN

—OF—

THE INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

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# THE DUTY OF THE SCHOLAR

—TOWARDS—

## THE COMMUNITY.

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I am very conscious that in the little I have to say this afternoon, there is nothing whatever that is new.

Everything that I have, in one way or another, I have said before, and everything I have, has been more than once better said by others. For the scholar has been before the public eye, as long as the public has had an eye, and his duties and his privileges have been for more than 3000 years subjects of the best thought of the world.

The field is thus well trodden and we shall not find much that is new, but we may sometimes listen even to old stories with profit.

I wish to-day to say a plain word, and if it may be, a true word to the members of the graduating class as to some of their duties to the community.

You will soon leave us, bearing the testimonials of the University that you are men and women of culture, so far as it lies within the power of your State to make you so.

Your education is by no means finished. It is barely begun, but such as it is, it is the work of the State. Such as it is, the State offers it alike to all her children. Not all can accept the gift, but that you have done so, and have made good use of it, is shown by your presence here to-day.

Why has the State done this for you? Why are all the states in the civilized world doing the like for the young men and women within their boundaries? Is it a matter of charity? Is it a matter arising from the superfluous benevolence of a community so rich that it knows not what to do with its money? No, nothing of the sort. The statesmanship of every state and every nation has regarded the development of higher education as its plain duty to itself. The great Universities of the world have arisen, not from the overflow of riches, the whim of the millionaire,

but from the Nation's need of men, in times of trouble and anxiety. Thus, the great University of Leyden was founded in the darkest days of Holland's history, as the strongest barrier Holland could raise against Spanish oppression, as the strongest weapon Holland could place in the hands of King William the Silent.

Every state in our Union stands to-day, pledged, through its common schools, its high schools and its State Universities, to give to each one of its boys—and in the West, its girls also—the best education that he is willing to receive. And such an education Indiana has given you.

There is one great reason why the State should do this. It is to make better citizens. Our whole school system rests on this. Education makes for righteousness. Education increases earnestness of purpose. It is opposed to idleness which is the parent of crime. It is opposed to indifference which is the parent of corruption.

The rulers of Indiana, the rulers of America, are the people. Not Lord This, nor Senator That, but you and I and Brown and Jones and Robinson—all the people. "The state, that is I," said Louis XIV: "The state, that is we," we who are here to-day, and thousands more in every part of this country, men like us in powers and thoughts and with like passions with ourselves. When the roll is called, we each count one, and the majority rules.

The State—that is every man in the State—is helped by everything that makes this majority wiser, better or more enlightened.

That you are educated, if educated aright, tends to raise the price of every foot of land around you. When Emerson and Hawthorne lived in Concord, this fact was felt in the price of every city lot in Concord, for men from other towns were willing to pay out their money, to be near them.

When a certain man, a few years ago, was elected governor in Massachusetts, there were men who left that state rather than that he should be their governor. You and I are not so sensitive, perhaps, nevertheless the election of a bad governor will be felt in the falling price of land and houses, in the falling price of honesty and truth in the markets of Indiana.

It is true enough, no doubt, that the education of many men has been a losing bargain. With too many men, the power that knowledge gives is but a tool towards selfish ends.

But this is not the general rule in life. We know that on the whole, training makes for virtue. There is a natural connection between "Sweetness and Light." "A boy," says Gascoigne, "is better unborn, than untaught." We know that whatever leads the youth to look beyond



the narrow circle in which he stands, is his best safeguard against temptation. We know that if the youth fall not, the man will stand.

I shall not argue this question. I assume it as a fact of experience, and it is this fact which gives our public school system, of which my life and yours is in some degree a product, the right to exist.

"A dollar in a University," says Emerson, "is worth more than a dollar in a jail: in a temperate, schooled, law-abiding community, than in some sink of crime, where dice and knives and arsenic are in constant play."

If you take out of this town "the ten honestest merchants, and put in ten rogues with the same amount of capital, the rates of insurance will soon indicate it, the soundness of the banks will show it, the highways will be less secure, the schools will feel it, the children will bring home their little dose of the poison, the judge will sit less firmly on his bench and his decisions will be less upright: he has lost so much support and constraint, which we all need, and the pulpit will betray it in a laxer rule of life."

If taking from the community ten good men and replacing them with bad men works this serious evil, what then will result from the opposite course of action? If we add ten good men—one good man—to a community, the banks, the courts, the churches, the children and the schools should feel the difference in an impulse toward better things.

To this end has the State educated you, and with this week, this Commencement week, you will go forth from us, on this, your mission.

The State has done its duty, to itself, let us say, in educating you. But all duties are reciprocal? What is your duty to the State? The balance of credit is now on the people's side. What can you do to make the account equal?

You are to be good citizens, of course, to break no laws, to deal justly, to support your families, to keep out of jail, but all this we expect of every citizen, educated or not. The State has the right to ask more of you. It asks not only that you should break none of its laws, but that you should help to make and to sustain wise laws: that you should stand for good, for right living, for right thinking, and for right acting in the community. If you do not so stand, the people of Indiana have made a losing bargain in paying for your education.

What then shall Indiana expect of you more than of others? What, in brief, are your duties, as scholars, toward the community in which you live?

I shall not try to answer this question in all its bearings. I cannot. These duties are manifold, and it is the problem of your life-time to find

them all out. Still some few of the simplest, I will try to make plain.

And first I may say your duty is to find a place to work

Higher Education is not a device to enable a man to live without work. Its function is to make his sphere of activity wider. It is to give him leverage by which he can move objects beyond the reach of his unaided powers.

The man of elegant leisure has no permanent place in this world, and your education is not intended to fit you for such a career. Nature stings the drone to death, and freezes the butterfly in the fall. Nature has decreed that the man who does not work must starve, and her decree can only be set aside when the drone is a parasite on some worker or a receiver of stolen goods. And even then, sooner or later, she gets her revenge. Sooner or later the son of the millionaire may find his way to the County poor-house and the children of the king must yield the scepter to the son of the man that works.

I have heard a father say sometimes, I have worked hard all my life. I will give my boy an education that he may not have to work so hard as his father has. And the son going out into the world does not work as hard as his father has done. The result every time is disappointment, for the manhood which the son attains depends directly on his own hard work.

But if the father say, My son shall work as hard as I have done, work is good for him, but I will give him an education, that his hard work may count for more to the world and to him, than my own work has done for me. If the son be with this advantage as persistent as his pioneer father, the results may be far beyond the expectation of either.

If the scholar enjoys more comforts in life or a higher social standing than the uncultured man, it is solely because his education has fitted him to perform greater services to the community, for which people are willing to pay, than the man who works with his hands only. If the scholar does no work the world deems useful, then he too is left to starve.

Stand too for good work, for work which is to last. There is enough already of poor and careless work. Let whatever you do be done well. Let it be done honestly, not as to-day's makeshift but as done for all time.

High up under the roofs of the Cathedral of Cologne, there is many an image carved in stone and wrought with the most exquisite care, but which human eye has never seen since it was first placed in the niche in which it stands. This work of the Gothic sculptors was done for the sight of God and not for the worship of man, and so, it was "wrought in a sad



sincerity," which is sorely needed in our modern American life.

The Cathedral of Cologne was almost a thousand years in building. I saw, the other day, a Cathedral in Indianapolis, built in barely as many weeks as the other in centuries. The marble sculptures on its lofty towers are made of sheet iron, zinc lined, and painted to represent stone. Such is the work of the modern Cathedral builders. But the slow moving centuries will show the difference.

A Swiss watch-maker said the other day: "Your American manufacturers cannot establish themselves in Europe. The first sample you send is all right, the second lot begins to drop off, the third destroys your reputation and the fourth puts an end to your trade. All you seem to care for is to make money. What you want is some pride in your work."

If this be true of American watch-makers, let it not be true of you. Let your work, whatever it be, be of the old-fashioned sort. Let it be done, not to require each year a fresh coat of paint, but done as if forever and some of it will last. This world is crowded on its basement floor, but higher up, for centuries to come, there will still remain a niche for each piece of honest work.

The good work you do must be the work you are made for. Only that work will live. Some of us are born hammers, knives, needles, harps, trumpets. Only as such, if at all, will we be remembered. Let us remain such to the end. Not merely such, of course, for the man must be above his vocation, but let us not try to be what we cannot be, lest, failing, we be nothing at all.

The man who can "shoe a horse to the glory of God" is more to the world and to himself than if he had become a third-rate preacher or poet. It is not the calling which ennobles, but the spirit which ennobles the calling. The commonest trade followed in earnest, its work "wrought in a sad sincerity," as under the eye of God, is nobler than the most learned profession followed for the sake of the loaves and the fishes, for the sake of velvet cushions, incense and leisure.

Profligacy, says Emerson, consists not in spending, but in "spending off the line of your career. The crime which bankrupts men and states is job work, declining from your main design to serve a turn here or there. Nothing is beneath you, if in the direction of your life; nothing, to you, is great or desirable, if it be off from that."

The general purpose of public education, it is said, is the elevation of the masses. This is well, but as the man is above the mass, there is a higher aim than this. Training of the individual is to break up the masses, to draw from the multitude the man.

We see a regiment of soldiers on parade—a thousand men; in dress and mien, all are alike—the mass. To the sound of the drum or the command of the officer, they move as one man.

By and by, in the business of war, comes the cry for a man to lead some forlorn hope, to do some deed of bravery in the face of danger. From the masses steps the man. His training shows itself. On parade, no more no less than the others, he stands above them all when the day of trial comes. So too, in other things, in other places, for the need of men is not alone on the field of battle.

A hundred thousand boys were yesterday at play on the fields of Indiana. Which of these shall be the great, the good of Indiana's next century? Which of these shall redeem our State from its vassalage to the saloon and the spoilsman? Which of these shall be a centre of sweetness and light, so that the world shall say, it is good to have lived in Indiana.

These hundred thousand boys form a part of what will be the masses. Let us raise them all we can. Let us feed them well. Let us send them to school. Let us make them wise, intelligent, clean, honest, thrifty, but among them here and there is the future leader of men.

Let us raise him from the masses, or rather, let us give him a chance to raise himself, for the pine tree in the thicket needs no outside help to place its head above the sassafras and sumac. To break up the mass, that they may be masses no more, but living men and women is the mission of Higher Education, and to this end our state has educated you.

Let me speak of the pine tree again. Its head rises far above the bushes of the thicket and it becomes the glory of the forest. But let it not forget that its roots are in the ground and from a common ground all draw their strength and sustenance.

Do not stand aloof from the people, for wherever you are, from the people you draw your strength.

If you help the masses, you must stand among them yourself. You must draw them apart and give the individual a chance. To raise the ground they stand on is no easy thing unless you take off your eye-glasses and kid gloves and address yourself to the work in earnest.

Yet standing with the masses, you should never lose yourself in the mass. You should keep your own compass and know your own road. The mass may move to the left when your instinct and your principles tell you to go to the right. You may find it a hard struggle and may fail at last, but the masses, at any rate, will know of your existence and the force you have exerted will not be lost. It will make the work of your successors so much the more easy.



But all this is general; let us go somewhat into particulars. What determines your place on the questions of our time? Where should you stand when the count is taken, in politics, in morals, in religion?

What now in the matter of Politics? Not that you vote the ticket of my party or of your party or that of any other of the time honored organizations into which men naturally fall. This is not the point. For you know and I know that the questions which usually divide the two great parties of this country or of any other free country, are not, as a rule, questions of principles or morals or of good citizenship. The sheep are never all on one side and the goats on the other. The party divisions are based, for the most part, on hereditary tendencies, on present expediencies and hopes of temporary gain, and too often on the distribution of power and plunder, of power to plunder.

When your party is led by bad men, or when its course is headed in the wrong direction, your state expects you as educated men to know it. Your state expects you to have the courage of your convictions. Your state expects you to have the power to stand alone—to bolt, if need be, when other modes of protest fail. You will not win friends by asserting your manhood against partisan pressure. You will not pave the way to a vote of thanks or a nomination to congress, but you will keep your own self-respect, and some day when the party recovers its senses you will have the pleasure of seeing it come, in full run, in your direction.

To be plain, one duty of the scholar in politics, is to serve as an antidote to the thick and thin partisan, the rock ribbed Bourbon of any party who learns nothing and scruples at nothing. A good Christian, as has been well said, cannot often vote an unscratched ticket. The man who does so in whatever party, leaves in the course of years few sorts of rascals public or private, unsupported by his vote. The men your vote helps to elect are properly regarded as your representatives, and the knave, the trickster, the gambler, the drunkard, the briber, the boss should not rightfully represent you. If such do represent you, it would be better for our country if you were left unrepresented, and the state has made a losing bargain in educating you.

I do not plead for political isolation. That you stand aloof from the majority is no proof that you are right and they are wrong. For the most part, we believe, the feeling of the majority is not far from right. The great heart of the republic beats true. To doubt this would be to despair of popular government. But whether right or wrong, the majority or the party are not the keepers of your conscience. Your conscience is your own. "I went into this convention," said a brave man once, "a free

man, with my own head under my own hat, and a free man I mean to come out of it." The opinions of the majority are moulded by the few. That among these few who mould opinion you should stand, is a reason for your training in the science of politics at the cost of the State.

In all questions of public or private policy, be yourself, no matter who your grandfather was, no matter who your neighbors may be. If you are born and bred in any party think of these things. A hereditary yoke is ignoble; shake it off, and then when once a freeman you may resume your place, if you choose. If there must be a hereditary partisanship in your family, be you the man to start it. Be the first in your dynasty, and encourage your son to be the first in his.

"Free should the scholar be, free and brave!"

But your state expects more of you than mere independence of hereditary prejudices. Let it never be said of you: It is for his interest to do so and so, therefore, we can count on him. He lives in the first ward, therefore he believes in prohibition. He lives in the sixth ward, therefore his vote is for free whisky. He will make by this thing, therefore he favors that course of action.

It is much easier to be independent of political bosses than to be free from the dictation of your own selfish instincts. But the good citizen is superior to the prejudices of his locality; to the selfish interests of his trade.

The good man is a citizen of the State, not of the sixth ward, not of the iron county. Nor of the State merely; nor of the United States. The good citizen is a citizen of the world, itself as citizenship improves becoming one vast community, the greatest of all republics.

"To see things as they really are" is one of the crowning privileges of the educated man, and to help others to see them so, is one of the greatest services he can render to the community.

We have a right to expect the scholar to serve as an antidote to the demagogue. You have been trained to recognize the fetiches and bugaboos of the past, you should know those of the present.

Notions as wild, if not as wicked as the witchcraft that haunted Salem two hundred years ago, still vex our American life. The study of history is your defense against these. As "the running stream they dare na' cross" kept off the witches of old, so will your studies in this field defend you from bugaboos, alive or dead. You hold the magic wand before which the demagogue is silent and harmless. It is your duty and your privilege to use it for the people's good.

It is true that America, as Mr. Beecher has well said, is not the best



governed of the civilized nations. You know that this is so. You know that America's foreign policy is weak, vacillating, inefficient. You know that her internal policy is lavish, careless, unjust. You know that we no longer send, as in the old days, "our wisest men to make the public laws." You know that our legislative bodies from the Senate to the Board of Aldermen are not bodies of which we are proud. You know that their members, for the most part, are not men in whom the people have confidence. Our Civil Service has been one of the worst on the planet, our foreign service has been the laughing stock of Europe. Our courts of justice are neither swift nor sure. Too often the blindfold goddess who rules over them has a quick finger to discern the pressure of the finger of gold on the "wrong side of the balances."

Our tax burdens rest heaviest on the farmer and lightest on the millionaire. Our currency fluctuates for the benefit of the gambler who thrives at the laborer's cost.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, said not many years ago, in the Congress of our country:

"My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office.

"But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption and maladministration.

"I have heard the taunt from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in Europe in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others was her corruption.

"When the greatest railroad in the world was finished I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness by the discovery that every step of that mighty enterprise was taken in fraud.

"I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way in which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and that the true end for which power should be used is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge."

All these things we know, and worse and they vex us and discourage us, and some there are among us, who wish that we had a heaven descended aristocracy, an aristocracy of brains at least, who could take these things out of the people's hands, out of your hands and mine, and make them and keep them right.

I do not feel thus. It is better that the people should suffer, with the remedy in their own hands, than that they should be protected by some power not of themselves. Badly though the people may manage their own affairs, the growth of the race depends on their doing it.

Some one has said: "I would rather see the whole world drunk from choice, than sober from compulsion."

This of course, is an extreme statement, for it neglects the feelings of the drinker's wife and children who having no part in the choice, must suffer through compulsion. Still the thought has in it an element of truth.

We would rather the people would rule ill through choice, than that they be ruled well through force. The reign of Terror gives more hope for the future than the reign of the Good King Henry.

It is not that the laws of England be made better that Gladstone has taken into partnership with him, as law-makers, two millions of England's farmers and workmen who can barely read or write. The laws, for a time at least will not be as good, but those for whom laws are made will be better, and the good of the people is the object of law.

It is not our confidence in Irish wisdom and prudence that leads every American to approve of home-rule in Ireland. It is our sympathy with Irish manhood and our belief that Irish manhood can manage its own affairs.

It was not that our Southern states should be better governed, that three millions of freedmen, little more intelligent in the mass than the dog and horse with which a few years before they had been bought and sold, were given the right to vote.

No better for the state perhaps, for an ignorant vote is a cowardly vote and a vote which money will buy. No better for the state perhaps, but better for humanity, that her laws should recognize the image of God hidden in each dusky skin. For lawlessness, turbulence, misgovernment is better than prosperity with its heel on the neck of a silent race which cannot rise nor speak.

But all government by the people is made better when the people come to know and feel its deficiencies. No abuse can survive long when the people have located it. When the masses know what hurts them, that particular wrong must cease. Its life depends on its appearing in the disguise of a public blessing.

To you, as educated men and women, the people have a right to look. They have a right to expect your influence in the direction of the ideal government, the republic in which government by the people shall be good government as well, the government from which no man nor woman



shall be excluded and in which no man nor woman shall be ignorant or indifferent or venal or corrupt.

But as the inner life of a nation is more important than its politics so is your duty to your neighbors more important than your duty to the State.

As in political, so in social life should the student stand as a barrier against materialism. Not alone against the elaborate materialism of the erudite philosopher. Its virus, dry and dusty, and attenuated by its transfer from German air can rarely do much harm.

But there is a subtler materialism which pervades our whole life. It sits in the cushioned pews of our churches, as well as in our marts of trade. It preaches the gospel of creature comforts and the starvation of the spirit. It preaches the gospel of selfhood, instead of the law of love. It asks of all the scholar should hold dear, of truth and beauty and goodness and sweetness and light, what are these things worth? If they will bring me no money in this world nor save my soul in the next, I want nothing of them.

As you leave these halls to-morrow, you will feel the chill of that which I have called materialism. You must keep your sympathies warm, and your soul open to all good influences, to keep it away.

"While doing with a strenuous will  
Whate'er your hands may find to do,  
To hear the fitful music still  
Of winds that out of Dreamland blew."

There is too a sort of skepticism about us, against which the scholar should be proof. Some writer has proposed that an asylum be made for what he calls spoiled phraseology; a kind of hospital in which could be placed those words which are sick unto death from overwork or misuse. Into this limbo of spoiled phraseology we may thrust this word sceptic. Once the sceptic was the man simply who had his eyes open, the man who questioned nature, and from such questioning has most of our knowledge come. But questioning with eyes open is not the same as doubting with eyes closed. There is a doubting which saps the foundation of all growth, which cuts the nerve of all progress. It is the question of Pilate, who doubted. What is truth? Whether indeed any truth exists? And whether, after all, being is other than seeming?

In this building, more than thirty years ago, a president of this University is reported to have said: "The people insist on being humbugged, so it is our duty to humbug them."

Great is the power of humbug, and many and mighty are his prophets.

Perhaps he said this in jest and not in earnest, but jest or earnest, do you never believe it.

A pin-prick in the ribs will kill the charlatan, but the man who is genuine throughout is clad in triple armour. To him and to his teachings will the people turn, long after the power of humbug is forgotten.

The studies you have followed as a scholar should teach you to know and value truth. You have found some things, which, in the words of Huxley, "you should know as true, no matter how severely they may be tested." You have acquired some knowledge, to the certainty of which no authority could add or take away one jot or tittle, and to which the tradition of a thousand years is but as the hearsay of yesterday."

On this truth can the scholar stand, as Luther stood at Worms, and "could do nothing other."

In his relations with others, the scholar can afford to be tolerant. Culture comes from contact with many minds. To the uncultured mind, things unfamiliar seem uncouth, outlandish, abhorrent.

A wider acquaintance with the affairs of our neighbor, gives us more respect for his ideas and ways. He may be wrong headed and perverse, but there is surely something we can learn from him. So with other nations and races. Each can teach us something, as can each of our neighbors of our own race.

In civilized lands, the foreigner, of whatever color is no longer an outcast, an object of fear or abhorrence, and his ideas whatever they may be will at least receive a civil reception.

The degree of tolerance which is shown by any people toward those whose opinions differ from their own, is one of the best tests of civilization. It is a recognition of individuality and the rights of the individual in themselves and in others.

I need not dwell on this theme. The growth of tolerance is one of the most important phases in the history of modern civilization. The right of freedom of the mind, the right of private interpretation is a birth-right of humanity.

As the scholar has taken a noble part in the struggle which has won for us this freedom, so should he guard it in the future as one of his highest prerogatives. Abridge not the freedom of others and your own will be not abridged. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

It is each man's right to hew his own pathway toward the truth, with no man to give him let or hindrance.

If there be in this country, a town, North, South, East, West, on the banks of the Yazoo or the banks of the Wabash, where an honest man cannot speak his honest mind without risk of violence or murder or of social ostracism, in that town our freedom is but slavery still, and our



civilization but a barbarism thinly disguised.

The man who speaks may be a sage or a fool; he may be wise as a serpent or harmless as a calf; he may please us or not, yet whatever he be, his freedom of speech is his American's birthright. To words, if you like, you can answer with words. The whole atmosphere is yours, from which to frame your replies. If you are right and he is wrong, so much the stronger will your answer be. But the club, the brick, the shot-gun or the dynamite bomb are not the answer of the free man or the brave. They convince nobody and of all oppressive laws, the law which is taken in the hands of the mob, is the most despotic and most dangerous.

One of the charms of the college life as it looks to the world outside is its freedom from sordid things. Four years the student has spent in the contemplation of things not measured by any standard of dollars and cents. He has been for some of the best years of his life under the influence of men whose ambitions and hopes lie not in the direction of wealth or power or popular applause.

Almost a thousand years ago, it was written,

"Sweetly sang the monks of Ely,  
When Canute the King drew near."

The colleges were the monasteries then, and in them only were things not worldly discussed and thoughts not worldly entertained.

Still to the world outside, the voice of the student to-day, like the song of the students of Ely, has in it an element which appeals to the better nature.

The influence of the college life is in the direction of high ideals. It tends to fill the student's mind with high notions of how our personal, social and political life ought to be conducted and to lead him towards discontent with that which is on a lower plane. You have all heard it said that certain reforms in American life are advocated only by college professors and by boys just out of college. It is said that these notions of college boys would be admirable in a dweller in Utopia, but are ridiculous in Nineteenth Century America. We are told that self-seeking and corruption are essential elements in our American life. That in our political and social battles we must not be squeamish, but must fight our adversaries, as devils are said to fight each other—with fire.

Of course, this charge of Utopianism is in the main true, and I trust that it may remain so. The Utopian element is one which our life sorely needs. We have fought the devil with fire long enough. Too long have we attempted good results by evil means. Too long has the right been grandly victorious through bribery, falsehood and fraud, till now we

hardly know which is worst, the bad means of our friends or the bad ends of our adversaries. The Jesuits' motto that the end justifies the means is not the motto for you.

What though all reform seem Utopian, does that absolve you? Unless your own soul dwells in Utopia, life is not worth the keeping. Your windows should look towards Heaven, not into the gutter. You should stand above the level of the world's baseness and filth.

If our scholars do not so stand; if our training end in the production merely of sharper manipulators than those we knew before, (and you know and I know there is an under current in our college life, which all of our colleges feel, tending just in that direction;) if such is to be the college influence of the future, then the sooner we bar our windows and don our striped uniform, the better for the country.

But I do not take this dark view of our future. I have faith in our young manhood, that the fittest will survive.

"Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he  
Shall Freedom's young apostles be."

A thoughtful man has said, not long ago: "The student is one of the accredited delegates of civilization, is he not? In Heine's phrase, you are Knights of the Holy Ghost. This question is yours. What shall you do to help to arrest the progress of death in our social system? What is your answer?

"We are sure at least of what the answer is not. It is neither bullets nor books alone. It is neither pen nor sword alone. It is neither physical nor mental power alone. There is no power in iron-clads or spelling books; in military methods nor in primary methods, in kegs of powder nor in systems of diagrams to make men good. Science knows of no source of life but life. If you plant heroes, Thoreau tells us, a crop of heroes will be harvested. If virtue and honesty and integrity are to be propagated, they must be propagated by people who possess them. If this child-world about us that we know and love, is to grow into righteous manhood and womanhood, it must have a chance to see how righteousness looks when it is lived. That it may be so, what task have we but to help garrison this state of ours with men and women. If we can do that; if we can have in every square mile of Indiana a man or woman whose total influence is a civilizing power, we shall get from our educational system all it can give and all we can desire."

The scholar must stand before the community as a man of honor; as a man who in all cases is worthy of trust.

Once a king wrote to his queen, after a disastrous battle, "Madam,



all is lost—all but our honor." Such a battle can never be lost.

But in many of the battles and sham fights of the world, in most of those perhaps, in which you will be called to take part, the honor on one side or the other is the first thing to be lost.

Some men in entering public life, lay aside their consciences as Cortez burned his ships, that they may not be tempted to retreat towards honor and decency.

People say, as you have heard, that the sense of honor in our republic is waning; that sentiment in politics or business is a thing of the past. Certainly from Hamilton and Franklin and Knox and Jay to some public servants we have seen, the fall has been great, and the descent to Avernus seems easy.

We hear sometimes of men who possess the old-fashioned ideas of honor, and we associate these men with the knee-breeches and wigs and ruffles of the same old-fashioned times. The moral law is growing flexible with use, and parts of it are going out of date as the Blue Laws of Connecticut have done.

See to it that it is not so with you. In any contest fair play is better than victory, and foul play on the part of the victor kills both him and his cause. What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

For "the day never comes, when it will do,  
To kick off "Duty, like a worn out shoe."—*Lowell*.

The fates show no favors toward the man that cheats. "If God should wink at a single act of injustice," says an Arab proverb, "the whole universe would shrivel up like an empty snake skin."

The people have the right to expect of the scholar, growth. One of the saddest of the occasional products of the college is the case of what is in science called arrested development.

When the student is transplanted from the hot-bed of the college, to the cold soil of the outside, his growth sometimes ceases, to the disappointment of his friends and the dismay of the supporters of Higher Education.

Without that perseverance which persists and thrives under adversity and discouragement, your attainments in college will avail you little. Never forget that what you have thus far done is not much. Your value is in the promise you give. The attainments of the most brilliant college student are not much for the man to rest his claims for remembrance on. The work of your lives is barely begun. You must continue to grow as you are now growing before you can serve the world in any important way.

It is not an easy thing to grow. Decay and decline is easier than growth—so the trees will tell you. Growth is slow and hard and wearisome. The Lobster suffers the pangs of death every time he outgrows and sheds his shell, but each succeeding coat of armor is thicker and stronger and more roomy. So with you. You will find it easier not to grow, pleasanter to adjust yourself to old circumstances and to let the moss grow on your back. The struggle for existence is hard; the struggle for improvement is harder, and some there are among you who sooner or later will cease struggling. When the roll of this class is called in 1896, those of you who stand where you stand now, those will be the ones in whom we shall be disappointed. Those will be the cases of arrested development; the men and women who promised well but who accomplished little; the men and women whose education did not bring development.

Be never satisfied with what you have accomplished, the deeds you can do, the thoughts you can think.

"New occasions bring new duties, Time makes present good uncouth,  
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth,  
So before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate Winter sea."

—Lowell.

But best of all the scholars' privileges is that which Dr. Hale has called "Lending a hand." The scholar travels the road of life well equipped in all which can be helpful to others. He may not travel that road again, and what he does for his neighbor must be done where his neighbor is. The noblest lives have left their traces not only in literature or in history, but in the hearts of men.

Not long ago Professor Bryan said at Indianapolis: "Two summers ago, in a southern Indiana country neighborhood, I came upon the traces of a man. They were quite as distinct and satisfactory as a geologist could have wished for in the case of a vanished glacier. A good many years had passed away since the man was there, but the impression of his mind and character was still unmistakable. Long ago, when a boy of eighteen, with no special training and no extended education, this man went into that country neighborhood to teach. What he did, what he said, what methods or text-books he used, what books or journals he read, I do not know. But if you will go there to-day, you will find in that community, among all kinds and classes and conditions of people, the most satisfactory evidence that that boy-teacher was a man, honest, sincere, energetic, inspiring."

So I have found, as I have gone about over this state of ours, traces here and there which show where a man has lived.



In Franklin County, I have found noble remains of the life of Rufus Haymond. In Posey County, the lives of all the Owens. In Marion County I have found the life of Samuel Hoshour. In Floyd County, the life of John Sloan. In Cuyahoga County, Ohio, the life of Jared Kirtland. In Monroe County, we all know the life of Elisha Ballantine. And there are many more whom I might name in this connection, and some of these I see before me now.

In greater or less degree, as we come to know the inner history of some little town, we may find that from some past life, its sons and daughters have drawn their inspiration; we may find that once within its borders there lived a man.

Not all of you will leave your names as a legacy to Indiana's history. The alumni roll of your college may be some day the only list that remembers you, but if your influence for good shall live in the hearts of the youth around, your life-mission will be fulfilled and no man nor woman can do more than that.

"Write me as one who loves fellow men," said Ben Adhem to the recording angel, and "lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." The world's redemption waits only for each man and woman to "lend a hand."

These are a few of the many duties before you in the world.

I have said nothing of your duties toward yourselves, your families, and your God. For these duties press equally on all men and women, learned and unlearned. They are the legacy of all manhood and womanhood, and, to-day, I have tried only to notice some few of those duties which rest most strongly on you as educated children of the State.

But we cannot feel too deeply that these duties of virtue and piety are the all-important things in life. The soulless scholar is as useless now as when Paul declared, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, yet am I become but as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

And for the life of the most exalted as well as the humblest of men, there can be no nobler motto than that inscribed by the great scholar of the last century, over his home at Hammarby—"Innocue vivito; numen adest." "Live blameless; God is near." For it is written that the pure in heart are blessed, for they shall see God!