

158.2  
T147p

UNIVERSITY OF  
ILLINOIS LIBRARY  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN  
BOOKSTACKS

## CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. You may be charged a minimum fee of \$75.00 for each lost book.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

JAN 15 1999

JAN 11 1999

When renewing by phone, write new due date below previous due date.

L162

PATIENCE ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

---

TUTTLE

A

COMMENCEMENT DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE

COLLEGE CHAPEL

OF THE

*Forsyth Female Collegiate Institute,*

JULY 9TH, 1854.

THE LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

---

BY

SAMUEL K. TALMAGE, D. D.,

President of Oglethorpe University.

---

MADEIRA, Ga:

PRINTED BY BENJAMIN F. GRIFFIN,  
No. 10 Cotton Avenue

1854.

FORSYTH FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,  
*July 13th, 1854.*

REV. S. K. TALMAGE, D. D.

*Dear Sir:*—At a meeting of the Board of Teachers, held in the College Building, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

*Resolved,* That the thanks of the Board be, and they are hereby tendered to the REV. S. K. TALMAGE, for the instructive, interesting, and very appropriate Sermon, preached by him in the College Chapel, on Sabbath the 9th of this month—introductory to the Commencement Exercises of the Institution—and that a copy be requested for publication.

The undersigned was requested to forward to you the above Resolution, and respectfully solicit your compliance.

Very respectfully,

Your Ob't. Serv't.

J. W. FARMER,

*Sec'y. of the Board.*

---

REV. J. W. FARMER:

*My Dear Sir:*—On my return from a vacation tour, I find your favor of the 30th August, with reasons for delay, covering the Resolution of the Board of Teachers of the Forsyth Female Collegiate Institute, dated July 13th, requesting a copy of my Sermon at your late Commencement.

So soon as I shall have time to prepare a copy I will forward it to your address.

Be pleased to convey my thanks to the Board of Teachers for their flattering appreciation of the exercise.

With great respect,

Truly Yours &c.

S. K. TALMAGE.

*Glethorpe University, Oct. 2nd, 1854.*

158.2  
T147p

## DISCOURSE.

*And being full, with the page*

It was a high compliment the poet paid to the Romans, when he said, "Romans their hearts, as well as enemies can conquer." The language of the Wise Man, under Divine Inspiration, is still more to the point, as well as more reliable: "He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Self control is among the hardest and greatest of human conquests.

Some philosophers have contended that all virtue consists in a medium between extremes—that there is a struggle for mastery between opposite principles, and that true virtue results from the reconciling of these contending elements, and their concentration into a harmonious union. There is plausibility, at least, in this theory. There are virtues which seem contradictory, because they appear hard to combine. Firmness easily degenerates into obstinacy, and mildness into indecision. The extreme of economy is avarice; of liberality, prodigality; of bravery, rashness. A man of energy is in danger of becoming rash, impetuous, and sometimes capricious. On the other hand, a prudent and patient man not unfrequently lacks the energy needful for success.

Now a well balanced character is earnest and yet not

restless. We see the two extremes of character often working themselves out in different states of society.

In a new settlement there is activity and energy, fostered by obstacles; and yet character does not mature. The strong prevail over the weak; the law of force holds captive the law of jurisprudence; there is an intensity of character, but it needs mollifying by restraint.

In old and long settled communities, sometimes men are stereotyped into uniformity, so that individuality is lost. Public sentiment shapes character into a passive unity, as the habit-maker controls the dress, or the dancing-master the manners. Effeminacy and luxury prevail, and the masculine elements are deteriorated. And yet there is more mental culture and refinement, a more strict rule of action, a more rigid requirement of conduct, and a higher standard of intellectual attainment.

The best development of character results from a combination of qualities, which appear to have their most favorable theater for action separately, in different states of society.

But everywhere, vital Christianity, when exhibited in its living power, encourages and draws forth the strongest energies, and yet invests them all with powerful and wholesome restraints. It saves the new settlement from the ferocity and barbarism, towards which privations and surrounding temptations tend; and in an age of refinement, it is the salt which checks the tendency to luxury and effeminating, vicious indulgence.

"Hasten gently," was a maxim of that shrewd and sagacious heathen satirist, Horace—that is, be active, be in haste, but let it be a cautious haste.

Our text, "Bring forth fruit with patience," is a clearer

divinely inspired inculcation of a principle which we desire to illustrate, and which may be enunciated as a proposition in the following form, viz :

*All solid growth is the result of patient energy.*

This principle may be applied to things *physical, intellectual, and moral.*

The text is the closing verse of the explanation of our Savior's parable of the sower. The Gospel seed—the word—in its reception, had to encounter four distinct kinds of soil. Some seed fell by the way side : some on a rock : some among thorns. All these positions frustrated the power of the word, "But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience."

The word is not only to be heard with an honest and good heart, but it must be "*kept*:" according to Matthew, "*understood*:" according to Mark, "*received*:" and in addition to this there must be a patient bringing forth of fruit : a waiting, and yet a laboring : not an indolent delay—but the laborious tillage of the husbandman who mellows the soil, and rears the plant, and patiently awaits the golden harvest, when he shall garner his sheaves rejoicing. Says the Apostle James, "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain."

The patience of our text—the Scripture term "*upomone*," generally translated patience—may be rendered patient endurance—patient continuance—perseverance—constancy. It is more than a bare passive virtue ; much less is it simply indifference, stolidity, insensibility, stoicism. It is com-



patible with, and is often connected with the keenest sensibility; and its noblest triumphs are gathered on the field where a sense of duty to God and the claims of humanity, curb the manly, lofty, heroic spirit, and compose the self-enduring to the "quietness of the weaned child," under the direst inflictions—whether it is the direct Providence of God, or the malice of man, that creates the necessity to summon all the energies of endurance.

The frequent reference to the grace of patience, and the constant inculcation of this virtue in the Bible, is worthy of our notice, as indicating its importance in the eye of God, and its value to christian growth, and manly and symmetrical development of character. The Apostle to the Romans speaks of the reward awaiting those who hold on their way "by patient continuance in well doing." He exhorts them not to sink under their trials, and assigns a most satisfactory reason: "For tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." The Apostle Peter addresses believers on this wise: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience." Our Savior in his prophetic announcement of the woes that should befall Jerusalem, and the persecutions that were to overtake his disciples, tells them, "In patience possess ye your souls"—and to encourage them in this, he tells them, "When these things shall come to pass, to look up and lift up their heads, for their redemption draweth nigh."

It seems to be a law of nature and of Providence, that nothing shall become solid or great, but through a long process—and this, whether we consider the world of matter or of mind.

God seems to have given us admonitions of the folly of undue haste, both in his own example and in the constitution and development of his works. He took six days to complete the creation, and when his own Son came down to be a Preacher of righteousness and the Savior of men, he spent thirty long years in retirement, preparatory to his public ministry of three years.

In the growth of nature, every thing solid matures gradually, and every thing large grows by degrees. The mushroom springs up in a night, and is crushed to the earth by a tread of the foot. The solid oak is the growth of ages, but it lifts its boughs against the skies and bids defiance to the storms of Heaven.

The frail body of man by being inured to patient endurance, can sustain a vast amount of labor, and attains to surprising strength. Thus the Grecian, by lifting a growing calf every day, was said at last to have attained ability to raise the full grown ox.

The mind acquires its mental vigor by degrees; and no man, whatever may be his genius or brilliancy, ever becomes intellectually great, but by yielding to the law of nature, which is the law of our text, and "bringing forth fruit with patience." And it is surprising what patient labor can do.

What a contrast between a child learning to count, or learning his alphabet, and Sir Isaac Newton measuring the stars and taking the distance of worlds; and yet Sir Isaac was once an infant taking in his first idea. Suppose ten ideas to be gained a day. This would make 3650 in a year, and 36500 ideas in ten years. So the Amazon and the Mississippi, if traced to their sources, begin with a few drops. One little rill after another rejoicingly commingles

its waters, until in the progress of its way, navies may ride at ease on its bosom, and it rolls its resistless tide to the main.

Those who have contributed their rich stores to the Temple of Science, and of Knowledge, have ever been men of patient and long protracted labor.

Fitful, spasmodic action may do brilliant things, but they are not enduring; and in literature, science, the fine arts, morals, religion, where their growth is substantial, it is marked by the fact, that the fruit has been brought forth and matured with patience. When youth has afforded the highest promise, and the prodigy of mind has attracted wonder and admiration, without patient and protracted labor, early acquirements seem to have proved a hot bed growth that soon withered and decayed, and dashed the fond hopes and anticipations of friends.

It seems as though a kind of fatality attends all excellence that has not cost abundance of toil and labor. The law of nature being, as it were, violated, there comes in a compensation and revenge upon what promised notoriety and fame too soon and too early. Kirk White and Chatterton were prodigies of youthful genius, but were nipped in the bud. Spencer of Bristol, England, in beardless boyhood, gathered listening thousands around his youthful pulpit; but found a watery grave almost before manhood opened.

Sir William Pitt and Alexander the Great—one controlled the civil world through England's power, which as prime minister he wielded; the other conquered the nations: and the work was done by each at an age when men ordinarily are unknown. But they both paid dearly for their early fame. The one died in the prime of life, the

victim of his early and intense application, and the tremendous responsibilities that had burdened his youthful shoulders. The other died in a carousal, not having attained calmness and strength of mind sufficient to bear him up under the intoxicating power of his successes.

Byron and Sir Walter Scott shot like meteors across the literary firmament and attracted the gaze of every eye—the one by the brilliancy of his song—the other by the unparalleled rapidity of the issues of his fictions. The one sparkled and went out, for lack of patient labor, as well as moral purity—the other from the distortion of historical facts, which haste and prejudice prevented him from authenticating, is tending to comparative neglect.

A premature and unnatural training, arising from perverted parental ambition, as well as from embracing a false religious system, lost to usefulness one of the most gifted female geniuses of this nation, perhaps I may say of this age. Margaret Fuller was learning Latin under the stern eye of her father, when she should have been playing with her doll and her childish companions. And thus a mind and a heart were distorted that, under a more benign training might have blessed the world.

The patience of our text, that is connected with the bringing forth of mature fruit, consults nature, time, circumstances, a proper mental and moral culture, and religious truth. There must be patience in subduing the spirit—patience in disciplining and storing the heart and the mind—patience in forming the reputation and character—and patience in plans of doing good.

A practiced observer of human nature and the ways of men in their various phases, has said, that with rare ex-

ceptions a truly reliable man is not to be found who has not undergone a wholesome, moral and religious training in childhood and youth. He compares the man who has been reared without the benefit of these influences to a horse badly broken, who either moves too fast for you, or stops altogether, and leaves no grounds for reliance on his movements. And as the same God is the author of nature who is the God of Grace, so there is a striking and beautiful analogy running through all his works. Although grace is implanted and sustained by the Holy Spirit as its author, yet we are to grow in grace by labor and patience, just as much as by these means we cultivate and improve the physical and mental gifts of God.

That piety which yields precious and mature fruit is always the result of patient labor. There is often to be witnessed in the young Christian, a zeal and an ardor which are attractive and lovely; but they often need to be tempered. There is a wire edge to be rubbed off. The mellowing influence of trial and battling with temptations seems to be essential to Christian growth. There is a spiritual battle to be fought—a race to be run—a struggle with spiritual foes, long, arduous, and difficult, to be endured. We must strive to enter in at the straight gate. We must search the Scriptures. We must meditate on the Divine Law, day and night. We must hunger and thirst after righteousness. We must grow in grace. We must keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. We must, with the Psalmist, "Take heed to our ways, that we sin not with our tongues—with him pray to God to "keep the door of our lips." With Job we must make "a covenant with our eyes not to look" on the object of forbidden indulgence. We must watch.

and pray, lest we enter into temptation. We must crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts. We must lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth most easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us. We must hear wisdom's voice—watch daily at her gates—wait at the posts of her doors. Nor must we be weary in well-doing. Often there is a hard trial of patience just before the signs of success appear, and he who wearies, loses his labor and loses his reward. Upon every great and good enterprise God seems to throw obstacles, that he may humble and discipline the agents employed, and that all the glory may be given to him.

There is a religion of principle, and there is a religion of feeling, of spasmodic action and impulse. The latter is unreliable in time of trial. It is the religion that has been tried in the fire which is the path of the just, like the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

In newly cleared and rich land, the planters tell us, that often several crops must succeed each other before the land is ripe for the best tillage. Just so in religion—there is a sourness, a want of mellowness, to be overcome by toil, labor, and trial. The Roman Fabius could not eject the foes of his country from the Roman territory in a day, or by risking everything in one hard fought battle. He did not go into action, but he let his enemy grow weak and weary by delay and patient watching. He starved and wearied them out. So we must learn,—to use the felicitous language of Dr. Chalmers,—“the expulsive power of a new affection”—we must expel the evil in our hearts and lives by cultivating the good.

In overcoming the passions of our guilty nature, we can succeed and bring forth fruit only by patience. When a

physiognomist of antiquity, the sensible predecessor of the less reasonable modern phrenologist, was called on to give his opinion of the character of Socrates, he pronounced him a sensualist. But when the friends of the philosopher chided the physiologist for the egregious mistake of his blundering guess, the philosopher rebuked his friends, informing them that his true character had been pronounced, and that only by a life of the severest effort had he succeeded in conquering his vicious nature.

The fruit of an established and solid reputation can be enjoyed only at the expense of patient labor. Many young professional men become impatient of delay in securing practice, and by a system of professional roving they never gain employment. "Confidence is a plant of slow growth," and the wayfaring man will find in regard to reputation as well as to substance, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Every man has to make his own reputation, for by the unguarded declarations of letters of recommendation, they have become almost as unreliable as epitaphs and obituaries, which place every dead man in the calendar of saints, whatever may have been his life.

So we might say in urging upon a people the adoption of a system of political principles. If they are liberal, true, and solid, they need time to work. The materials upon which they are intended to operate must be taken into the consideration. You might as well dilate upon the profound quantities of the Calculus, or of Newton's Principia to an illiterate boor, as to urge upon a besotted, ignorant nation, the practical operation of a republican government. The Abolitionists and the Fillibusters are men of the same kidney, and should occupy adjacent wards in the same madhouse. The one would place the degraded African in

a position that requires the exercise of all the intelligence, and virtue, and self control of the refined and educated. The other would drive into theoretical republicanism, but practical anarchy, the superstitious slave of ignorance and the timid victim of despotism.

Progress is the watchword of the day, and it will be progress backward, unless we learn to bring forth fruit with patience.

“A masterly inactivity” was the motto of one of that illustrious trio of sages who have gone down to the grave amid a nation’s tears, and whose loss to the nation seems like leaving the people orphans—like blotting out the luminary of day from the Heavens—like taking the weather-beaten pilot from the helm and surrendering the rudder to the hands of inexperienced boys.

Bring forth fruit with patience. In this age of fevered excitement, and in this nation, whose position and institutions have communicated so fearful a momentum to political action, we are in danger, in our hot haste and our spirit of self-glorification, of forgetting our dependence on God, and of bidding defiance, in every department of life, to all the laws of solid progress.

We ignore the age of youth, and our children spring at a bound from childhood to manhood and womanhood, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, full armed and equipped, and adequate to every task. Females assume the responsibilities of domestic life, when neither the physical, mental, or moral development is adequate to the task assumed. A diseased constitution often hurries them to a premature decline—feebleness and infirmity mar life’s joyousness and buoyancy, and health in its vigor is unknown.

Men are in such haste for action that they cannot take



time to swallow, with a decent moderation, their necessary food. The consequence is, imperfect digestion, and pale faces, and lank forms attract the wonder of the round-faced, rosy-cheeked, and quiet European.

Our professional men are too often ushered into business unqualified. Many a misnamed physician is but an empiric, and kills his patient. Many a lawyer is only a sciolist, and misleads his client, for want of knowledge of the principles of law. Many a professed statesman is only a political charlatan, and hazards the safety of the nation by ignorance of the principles of government, and of the relations and duties which nations sustain and owe to each other. Again, the minister of the gospel fails to ground his hearers in great theological truths, and properly to refute and silence the caviler and skeptic, for want of knowledge and learning. The woodman well understands that he can do more work in a given time, and with less labor, with his ax, when he takes time to sharpen his weapon. But the young candidate for the ministry says, and truly, "the world is perishing," and he rushes into the conflict with dull weapon, and he makes few or no conquests, though he labors hard.

Among the proverbs which experience and age have embodied, is the common and trite one, "The more hurry the less speed." The engineer, although the road be well graded, does not undertake to run the locomotive until the superstructure is laid. But in real life many a man attempts to run without grade or superstructure, and it requires no oracle to say that he will make poor headway.

Let me present a scene which I wish were always fancy—but which I am sorry to say is enacted not unfrequently. Of two youths about prepared to enter the Freshman Class

of a College, one takes his proper place—the other, at the earnest entreaty of an injudicious father, and by the pliancy of a yielding Faculty, enters the Sophomore Class. The latter, with some rare and happy exceptions, if he is able at all to retain his position, is found to graduate in *three years* at the bottom of his class—and you shall never more hear of him unless you go to within a few miles of his residence. The former in *four years* graduates, with honor, among the leaders of his class—and is soon fifty years ahead of the other in usefulness and fame.

Here a year's time seemed to be gained at the start, but the gain proved in the end to be a dead loss.

The grammar, lexicon, and text book, and the thorough mastery of the elementary scientific treatise are to the student, (pardon the comparison) what the Hibernian and his spade are to the Rail Road. Spadeful by spadeful must be slowly extracted from the hill and added to the valley, before the triumphant car sweeps gracefully along with its train, conveying its thronged crowd of passengers, and transporting to the market the resources of the land.

Who are those orators with so facile a manner—so easy a flow of words—so copious a torrent of thoughts—and with such profound philosophy, clothed in illustrations so rich, gathered from nature and from every science and art—enchaining yonder Senate Chamber, and fascinating yonder bar, and from the pulpit wringing tears of sorrow and of joy alternate from the eyes of the enraptured audience? They are Chatham, and Grattan, and Curran, and Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster, and Massillon, and Chalmers, and Robert Hall. And what writer is that who plays upon the English Language as upon a harp; and who evokes the sweetest music in the utterance of the

richest thoughts and the profoundest philosophy? That is Edmund Burke, the philosophic statesman.

To all these men thought and language seemed playthings to be uttered in mere wantonness and sport. But they gained their envied achievements by industry and toil. They were all men of severe and patient thought and laborious study.

Nature then, experience, observation, reason, revelation, all combine in one harmonious voice to inculcate the same lesson, and to prove that we should bring forth fruit with patience.

The mechanic by patient toil attains to skill and celebrity. The merchant and planter, by unwearied personal attention to business gain wealth. The soldier by patient delay ascends to the first rank of military standing and fame. The student by toil and labor, long protracted, ascends the hill of science, and looks down with a satisfied sense of superiority on his inferior, who started with him in the same career, but who loitered by the way and fell in the rear. He has learned to trim his midnight lamp, and by daily and nightly toil, has explored the mysteries of nature and of art, until they have opened their portals and unlocked their rich treasures to his wondering and delighted mind.

The votary of wealth and the candidate for honor patiently await the golden moment for successful operation.

And shall not the Christian—the candidate for an immortal crown—run with patience the race set before him? Our Savior rebuked his disciples in the garden, by the question, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" The day of life is comparatively but an hour—and then, Oh

then, to the Christian who has brought forth fruit with patience, the eternal reward.

And now, young ladies, in the good Providence of God, and by the kindness of parents and friends, you have been permitted to enjoy the planting season of knowledge and to taste the sweets of education.

Never forget that it is to Christianity that woman is indebted for the proud elevation she holds in this and kindred lands of light, over her poor degraded heathen sister.

Let me then earnestly inculcate on you a rigid observance of the virtues enjoined on you by those Sacred Scriptures which are the charter of your privileges and hopes—and particularly the duty held up by our text.

Be patient in acquiring knowledge—be patient in subduing your spirit—be patient in cultivating true piety—be patient in ascertaining the line of duty—be patient in doing good. “Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.” “A meek and quiet spirit is of great price” in the sight of God. Pride and ambition are like the mountain oak, which challenges and bids defiance to the lightnings and storms of Heaven, and is prostrated; whilst the lily of the valley and the violet, meekly bow their heads to the passing tempest, and rear them again to spread perfume and beauty around.

Alexander the Great had two enemies whom he wished to punish. The one he exposed to a den of lions; and he escaped unharmed. The other being of an impatient and irascible temper, he delivered up to himself; and he was killed by violence, for he armed himself with foes wherever he went.

Consecrate all your attainments and adornments to Christ. Carry the bloom and the first fruits of your days, and dedicate them all to your Heavenly Father, and he will grant you the rich rewards of his grace.—Amen.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 041639680