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OUR GOODLY HERITAGE,

DELIVERED IN THE

COLLEGE CHAPEL,

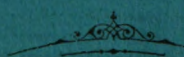
BY

JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

President of Wabash College,

Sabbath P. M., Nov. 16, '84.

CRAWFORDSVILLE:
Review Book and Job Printers,
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OUR GOODLY HERITAGE.

DELIVERED IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, NOVEMBER
16, 1884, BY PRESIDENT TUTTLE.

This Psalm enunciates sentiments which any man who is happy in his God and in his country may use. This is especially true of the fifth and sixth verses. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot: The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." The Holy Land is to-day very beautiful in its scenery. Its vales are delightful, its hills charming and its mountains grand. It is even yet a land flowing with milk and honey. It is a delightful land in its physical features, and the modern traveler wonders at the spell that has held it so many centuries from being what it is capable of. In the time of David and Solomon this land was glorious in its beauty. It had the early and the latter rain; its hills were purple with grapes and its valleys yellow with wheat; its pastures were dotted with flocks and herds. It was rich in a large population busily and profitably engaged in varied industries. It was strong in wealth and indus-

try—in war and in peace. From the king to his humblest subject, all were so devoted to this land that each one preferred it to the cunning of his right hand and to his chief joy. Over this nation blessed with such prosperity, David, Israel's greatest king, reigned. Not a perfect man, yet he loved God and God loved him; he was supremely happy in the Lord, and he invoked all the might of his genius as a poet to set forth his delight in the Lord. And he was happy in the country over which he reigned. No kingly heart ever beat with a loftier pride in his country than did David's. He loved it in its entirety and in all its parts. There were greater kingdoms, but not one on the globe so dear to David; to him there was only one Israel, and it was worthy of his affection and his pride. And thus piety and patriotism entered into David's lofty estimate of the kingdom over which he reigned. Of the Lord whose anointing oil had been poured on his head by the prophet Samuel, he said: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot." And of the kingdom over which he reigned he said, "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

The well-being of every one is closely identified with the country of which he is a citizen. There are countries in which we would not choose to live; the conflict with either eternal frost or eternal heat is too severe to be chosen for its own sake. There are regions in which bread is won from a sterile soil and an inhospitable

pitiable climate, with too much toil and uncertainty to make them attractive. I scarcely think that one who has a knowledge of happier regions would wish to encounter the destructive rainfalls of the west of Ireland, or the meager and poor patches of soil among the higher Alps. And yet among all the peoples of the earth whom can we name that love their country more tenderly than the Irish and the Swiss? We certainly do not envy them.

There are countries in which we would not choose to dwell as citizens; I do not think we would select Russia as a good place in which to incur the responsibilities of citizenship. I have heard of a few Americans going to Russia and amassing wealth by building railways, and the sale of expensive machinery; but I have never heard of an American going to Russia to become a citizen. One thinks of a muzzled press and an unlimited despotism, and also of the horrors of Siberia, and the bloody work of the blind—and I had almost said just—Nihilism, too much to desire to encounter either as a Russian citizen.

The German Empire commands the respect of the civilized world. It compels all its children to receive a common school education; it has gymnasia, universities, and professional schools which furnish thorough education under the inspiration of learned scholars; it has the most perfect military system and the most perfectly drilled army in the world; it has comparatively a small public debt; it has ancient castles and cities, and

rivers and battle fields, and other historic places that are famous over the world; it has produced some of the greatest characters in history—Frederick the Great, Goethe and Luther. It is a great and remarkable nation. And yet I would not like to be a citizen of the German Empire; nor do I think any native-born American would. I can scarcely think that any of this great class—the native-born Americans—would seek to become citizens of that country. I will go farther and express the belief that very few German emigrants numbering hundreds of thousands could be induced to renounce their American citizenship and return to that in which they were born. The American-Germans sing the songs of the Faderland and cherish its traditions, but they cling to their American citizenship with unwavering fidelity.

When an American citizen—a native born, or a naturalized foreigner—carefully examines the appalling burden of the army of a million or more men on the productive industries of Germany—the appalling cost in time and productive energy to all the able-bodied men of the empire, forcing them into the army whether in peace or war for so important a fraction of their lives—and the shackles which the Government lays on the press, the elective franchise and the legislative functions which represent the will of the German people; I say, when an American citizen considers these and other facts in the conditions of German citizenship, he finds in himself no yearning to become a German citi-

zen. He reads with pleasure of Germany's octo-genarian Emperor William, and her octo-genarian Marshal Moltke, and her great, but iron-handed Prime Minister Bismarck, and yet tenaciously clings to these United States of America.

In the opinion of many intelligent judges England is the greatest nation in the world. Even when the Virgin Queen was on its throne Shakspeare spoke of England as "this scepter'd isle"—"this little world,"

"Which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters."

Including Scotland, Wales and Ireland, this famous island does not include as much territory as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and only a little more than New England; and yet England ranks in the judgment of many as not merely one of the mightiest of the nations, but as the mightiest. London is the capital of a greater empire than that of which Rome was the capital at the very zenith of its power. It seems a proud boast, but it is not an empty one invented merely to gratify an intense national egotism, that "the sun never sets on its dominions," and that "the tap of its drums at the break of every day—its sublime reveille—summoning its soldiers from sleep to duty, sounds round the world." The Bank of England is the mighty heart of the great money-world. In all the world it has not its equal. England's wealth is vast, and even its debt—

the largest but one, in the world—is counted by its financiers a source of national stability. It has several universities that rank among the richest and greatest in Christendom. Its domain is dotted with places famous in history; its “Poets Corner” in Westminster Abbey contains only a small part of the names which tell how great the contributions her scholars in all the walks of literature and science and art have made to human knowledge and greatness. Its organized industries for the employment of mechanical and scientific inventions, in the use of human labor and the forces of nature, excite the wonder of all who examine them. With its mines reaching into the mountains and even under the sea: its vast and numerous manufactories of all sorts, and its unrivaled mercantile and armed navies, and its railways running over it in every direction, England aspires to be the world’s workshop. She will have Ireland raise bread stuffs, and Australia wool, the United States cotton and wheat, and the other nations all unskilled products. But England aims at a universal empire of skilled labor. She aspires to be one vast “city in her skilled labor, with all the nations about her as an agricultural country.” What she has effected reaches an astonishing sum-total. Great in the arts of peace, she has also been great in the arts of war. I can adopt as my own the panegyric which Edward Everett once pronounced on England. “I wander` delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, of which the

names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land—rich in the memory of the great and the good, the champions and the martyrs, of liberty; the exiled heralds of truth, and richer as the parent of this land of promise in the west." This is eloquent and it is just. England is a great nation in its history, its men, its monuments of thought and achievements, and in its present commanding power. And yet I have never had any longings to become a citizen of Great Britain; and very seldom have I heard an intelligent American citizen express such a desire. In the very few cases of this sort of which I have known, the expression was the result of a foolish aristocratic desire that American servants might be as servile as English; or of disgust at the disquiet of a national election in this country, or an occasional lack of independence and ability in those chosen to make and judicially interpret and enforce our laws. It was a momentary passion at some exceptional development in our civil and social life. Very few among the fifty millions of our population in their hearts prefer citizenship in Great Britain to citizenship in these United States of America. In that country the rich classes are greatly favored; so they are here. In that country the laboring classes are not greatly favored; here they are. There a few own the

goodly acres; here the many. There millions so literally live on low wages as to be all the time hugging the line which separates them from the poor house. Here the American laborer—especially native Americans—have no fondness for the bread of a pauper and seldom eat it. There the laborers are forced by unnatural and unrighteous laws from the ownership and cultivation of the soil, and are crowded into the mining and manufacturing industries, escape from which is almost as hopeless as escape from the mines and prisons of Siberia. Here labor goes where it will, and as compared with labor abroad is well paid. There the satire of Sidney Smith on the taxation which hounds the citizen from his cradle to his grave, is a terrible fact. But who in the most unfortunate locality over which our flag floats can make much outcry against an intolerable taxation? There the poor and hard working find the avenues to wealth and learning and political preferment so closed that only a few persons of extraordinary ability can force their way through them. Here all avenues are open to the humblest, with one or two exceptions. I do not mean any invidious comparison when I express the belief that very few people among our 50,000,000 have any hankerings after British citizenship. Our love for our country is such that at home millions of us sing of it as the "Land of the noble and free;" and when an American is abroad, it matters not whether his feet press the holy soil of Palestine, or the immortal places of the lands o

Luther, or of Shakespeare, with John Howard Payne he refers to his country as "Home, Sweet Home;" or says with Longfellow:

"Sweet the memory is to me,
Of a land beyond the sea;
Where the waves and mountains meet."

And in stating my reasons for this opinion I do not mean to discredit unduly other nations, as if there is nothing desirable in them, nor to magnify our country unduly as if there is nothing in it which we wish were different. There are many things which need amendment. David said of his reasons for being joyful, in the first place: "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and my cup; thou maintainest my lot." In saying this he meant that his kingdom was prosperous through the partial goodness of the Lord. And the same may be said of any nation, "Happy is the nation whose God is the Lord." And surely if we only consider this matter carefully we may also claim that "the Lord is the portion of our inheritance." We have done much to offend Him; and yet with divine and fatherly compassion the Lord has maintained our lot. Many millions have sung of Him as "Our fathers' God," and prayed to Him, as "Our Father who art in Heaven." Yes indeed they have. And in the second place David spoke of his kingdom itself. "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." And so have we. What a heritage we have! it is large; it is an empire in its proportions; its vastness is not its goodliest characteristic; its richness in the nat-

ural elements of wealth, and its adaptations to furnish a great population with work and bread, are grander than the vastness of its territory. About 4,000,000 are working in our manufacturing, mechanical and mining industries. What an inheritance we have in our coal fields, our non-precious minerals, and in our precious metals! What an empire of industries in our grain fields, our cotton belts and our limitless pasturage for flocks and herds! What grandeur in our means for employing all sorts of skilled and unskilled labor! The earth and the waters give us the raw materials; our population furnishes every grade of labor with which to prepare these raw materials for market, and fifty millions are here by honest labor to earn a right to a share in the stupendous aggregate of marketable products. Here they are—fifty millions—and more coming. What an inheritance of these physical forces as represented in our soils, and mines, and labor, and products, and people!

But these are instrumental, looking to something nobler and better. These people are not merely to eat food and wear clothes, and to be warmed in houses; but as citizens they are to live under civil institutions, and as moral and immortal beings they are to get ready to meet God in peace. Our fifty million are moral beings, and I venture to assert that as compared with any other nation, these United States of America are furnished with extraordinary facilities for moral education and development. God's word is accessible to all our people, and

there are abundant means in our churches and schools to help them in the same direction. How much is included in the open Bible and the free schools and religious freedom! Oh, we have a divine inheritance; the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. And the institutions under which these fifty millions live as citizens, are also very noble; they are a goodly heritage. I speak at a time when, if ever we have reason to ask if the good ship is strong enough to endure the strain. In 1820 our enemies, and not a few of ourselves—faint-hearted ones—said the ship “must go to pieces;” but it did not. In 1850 they said with stronger emphasis and apparently greater reason, “now the ship must go to pieces;” but it did not. In 1856 political passion blew a gale, and some weak people and some wicked ones, “said the ship is headed for the breakers, and now it must go down.” The result of that election was a bitter disappointment to many people, as must be the case in every presidential election. And yet, when the result was announced the good ship shook out her sails and lifted herself out of the trough of the sea, and sped on as if nothing had happened. In November, 1860 again the cry of coming wreck to the good ship was raised. Ah, how little did we know what a storm—or rather what a cyclone—was gathering. God mercifully concealed it from us until it smote us. Then louder than ever before, and with more reason the cry raised here of swift and utter ruin to our good ship, was caught up and repeated in England and other

countries of the old world. But the Union soldiers said, "No, it is not going down." And the loyal States said, "No, it is not going down." And half a million of graves holding our dead soldiers, said "No, it is not going down." And Vicksburg, and Gettysburg, and "the march to the sea," all said "No, it is not going down." And the man, destined to become immortal as "the martyr President," voiced the oath of the loyal millions as he said, "No, it shall not go down." And across the ocean also there were mighty voices, Victoria Regina on her throne, and John Bright, the great English Commoner, who said, "No, it is not going down." And the God of our fathers said, "No, it is not going down." The good ship came out of that cyclone—which made every timber in it tremble; and with sails torn, and with battered hull and splintered masts and yard arms; but it did not go down. Nor, is it going to go down now; and as we believe, not for ages to come.

"Sail on, O! Ship of State!
 Sail on, O! Union, strong and great,
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

I have uttered these words in order to cultivate in the hearts of the young men of Wabash College, love for their country and faith in its destinies. It is greater than any one man or any one party of men. What we have to do is to cultivate personal purity and integrity in ourselves, personal piety toward the God who has given us such a country, and a personal, hearty,

courageous devotion to the country of which we are citizens. Let each one renew his vow of loyalty to our country as the Jew did to his Jerusalem, and then each of us can say as David did: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and my cup; thou maintainest my lot. The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

