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BACCALAUREATE SERMON,

THE GREEK OF THE CHRIST!

DELIVERED

Before the Class of '77,

BY

JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.
PRINTED AT THE REVIEW OFFICE
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THIS DISCOURSE

IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS
OF '77, FOR WHOSE BENEFIT IT WAS COM-
POSED, WITH A MOST SINCERE PRAYER
FOR THEIR SUCCESS IN ALL THAT
PERTAINS TO THEIR LIFE HERE
AND HEREAFTER.

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DISCOURSE.

[By President Tuttle, June 24 1877.]

“The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men.”—1. Cor., 1; 22-25,

Practically men are agreed as to two things, the moral debasement of mankind and the desirableness of lifting the race out of that condition.

The Apostle mentions three methods which have been used to effect this end. Or rather, there were three opinions as to the method presented by him. The first—Paul’s own—was favorable to the Gospel. The Jew, a stern ritualist, scornfully demanded that the Gospel be tested by the miracle. The Greek—a philosopher—demanded that it be tested by reason. The ritualistic Jew, and the philosophical Greek, were one in discarding “Christ crucified.”

If I have not misunderstood the drift of thought in our day, it is not toward the unquestioning ritualism of the Jew, but it is toward “the wisdom of the Greek.” Given, first native genius, then generous culture, and then the devotion of such a cultured genius to works of taste, and the problems of philosophy, and we have both wisdom and the wise man, philosophy and the philosopher. It is no new assertion that the Greeks derived certain qualities of mind, taste and heart from nature and from special circumstances which exerted a prodigious influence on the thought and character not of Greece only, but of the world. Pure skies have hung over other races, giant mountains have stood sentinels over other nations, but none among them attempted to realize in

material forms such divine ideals, nor sought to go so deep into the mysteries of philosophy as did the Greek. And both these lines of thought may be made subordinate to wisdom or culture. The one was the wisdom or culture of taste, as embodied in art, the other that of philosophy, or the investigation of causes. If we look at the first we shall learn what art-culture, as carried to the highest perfection by the Greeks can do in reconstructing man in his admitted moral ruin.

Only a glance at this inviting field is possible. Let us for the sake of illustration, look at the Greek culture at two periods sometimes called "the age of Pericles," and "the age of Alexander."

Each had two representative men, a ruler and an artist, both of whom had been carefully cultured in the wisdom of the Greeks. Pericles was so great a statesman and so fully in sympathy with all that could increase the glory of Athens that his name is associated with the proudest period of Grecian history. In all that pertained to the arts, then reaching the zenith of their glory, the great statesman just named was associated with Phidias, the greatest of Grecian artists, so that "the age of Pericles" might also have been named "the age of Phidias." It was the golden age of culture—"the most splendid and prosperous in the Grecian annals."

From "the age of Pericles" to "the age of Alexander" is only a step of "threescore years and ten." Here again we find two remarkable men as representatives of their age. Alexander the Great, of whom I need only make this mention, and Praxiteles. The latter was said to have been "unsurpassed in the exhibition of the softer beauties of the human form." Lucian declares "that Praxiteles has given to the stone the softness, and sensibility of flesh," and one historian says that Lucian's description was not "more voluptuous than the chisel of Praxiteles."

As the genius of Phidias was characterized by

hasteness, that of Praxiteles was marked by passion. The severest rules of taste in art were observed by each, but in the latter case it was genius tending strongly to moral degradation. And yet even in the better and chaster age, Aspasia—almost the only educated woman in Athens—was the mistress of Pericles, whilst in the worse and more voluptuous age Alexander was smitten dead with the leprosy of Babylonian sensuality. If we regard Phidias as without a peer in the realm of art, and, leaning to the side of charity, acquit him of having made his genius subservient to Pericles and Aspasia, and the pardonable vanity of having placed his own likeness and those of his patrons on the shield of Minerva, as the best likenesses of the Athenian gods, we have a higher point from which the Greek culture starts on its swift descent. Say all we can of the virtues of Pericles and Phidias, yet we have only to consult the history of the age to find a truly revolting picture of Athenian immorality as the sign of what mere culture had effected.

But even from that low moral level to the time when Praxiteles was the highest type of art culture the descent is tremendous, since we find him producing statues which are indeed the marvel of history, and yet the inspiration under which he wrought sprang from his own vices and those of the time. And art, drawing its models and characters from such a source, became so debased that its infamy was not fully comprehended until Pompeii and Herculaneum gave up, after 2,000 years of entombment, works of art too bad for the eyes of women and boys.

The culture of art as a moral force to snatch man from moral corruption was a lamentable failure. And if we admit this as to the culture of art how was it with that culture which is called philosophy, the science of causes, “the divine science,” which Plato called “the search

after true knowledge," and which Aristotle defined as "the science of being."

The philosophers of Greece furnish some of the most illustrious names in history. They sought to unlock the mysteries of being with the most patient persistence. Let me name as examples three of the class. Among them all there is not one on which the eye looks with greater partiality than Socrates. Ugly in person but beautiful in mind, brave as a hero in battle and as patient under suffering as a martyr, chivalric in his devotion to man, and eloquent on the loftiest themes of philosophy, a wonderful man in his living and a more wonderful one in his dying, he was the teacher of Plato, and the pride of "the age of Pericles." The statesman was dying just as Socrates was coming on the stage. Then, and now, his is the most beautiful name in the rolls of the Greek philosophy. The most brilliant of conversers, he did not teach for lucre, nor even for renown, but apparently from humane motives, to win, if possible, his countrymen, especially the noble classes, from their vices to a higher plane of morality.

Eight years before "Socrates drank the hemlock" Plato became his disciple. He was a native of Athens, and nature had lavished on him the gifts of genius, and this had received all the enrichment that the best Greek culture could afford. And so illustrious did he at last become that his countrymen affected to believe him the son of Apollo; and so sweet were his words that it was commonly reported that even when a child the bees lit on his lips mistaking them for flowers. He, too, lived in the midst of Athen's most glorious period. Art-culture was still in its zenith under the genius of Phidias. At such a time Plato came, the king in the realm of the Greek philosophy. It was a most fortunate juncture in the history of Greece

for testing the culture of philosophy as a moral force to the very best advantage.

To these two names let me add a third, that of Aristotle, since the public life of these three men spans the two periods of Grecian history which hold so prominent a place in this discussion — “the age of Pericles and Phidias,” and “the age of Alexander and Praxiteles.” You perceive at once that Aristotle came, as did his predecessors, at a most favorable period in the history of Greek culture. In him were combined the advantages of an extraordinary natural genius, ample wealth, an insatiable thirst for knowledge, the most persevering and laborious industry; twenty years of continual instruction under Plato, and the greater part of his life spent in the midst of the men, the works of art, and the inspiring associations which made Athens the capital of the lettered world. Plato called Aristotle “the intellect of his school,” and history names him “the mighty Stagirite.” The disciple of Plato, he became the teacher of Alexander. The first opened to him the realms of philosophy, the other gave him money, books, and safety. His library had no equal in Greece, if it had any even in Egypt. He mastered all his books. The range of his knowledge was immense, and his literary ambition, as one says, “exclusive and exorbitant.” According to one historian, “he not only pushed his empire to the utmost verge of human knowledge, but attempted questions beyond all human knowledge as boldly as Alexander rushed into the most desperate battles.”

Among the knowledges which this wonderful man attempted to fathom were two grand portions of the philosophy of being, logic, and ethics, the science of the laws of thinking, and the science of morals. Not merely did he coerce his own generation to accept his logic, but he boldly adventured to correct the philosophical system of Plato, and solve the mysteries which environ

man's history and destiny. Like Socrates and Plato, he believed in one infinite God, in the soul's immortality, and, with singular originality, discussed the nature and claims of justice, virtue, patriotism, goodness and other entities of mind and moral nature in which man takes a profound interest. And when this man went from the school of Plato to establish one of his own, publishing both by tongue and pen his own belief, a master took his place among men whose reign was to be well nigh unquestioned and absolute for two thousand years.

I have spoken of Alexander's reverence for Aristotle, and may add that so careful was he to collect books and facts on such sciences as that of astronomy, to be conveyed to his renowned instructor, that at times it seemed to be a question which was closer to the great soldier's heart, the renown of universal conquest, or, the desire to enlarge the realms of knowledge for Aristotle. It is to the credit of Aristotle that in the latter part of his life he gained Alexander's ill-will by his faithful rebukes of his vices, and yet, on the other hand, it is not to his credit that with all his resources of knowledge and philosophy, with genius enriched by all the culture and learning of his age, he should die broken-hearted in his self-inflicted and even cowardly exile from his library, his Lyceum and his Athens.

It is admitted that these three men are the most illustrious examples of the philosophers of Greece, and that they spanned the golden ages of Greek history, and further, that, as in Phidias and Praxiteles the culture of art seemed to reach its zenith, so the culture of philosophy seemed to reach its noon under the unrivalled genius of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. As all the advantages of race, place, age, genius, taste, art, philosophy and the related arts were concentrated in this wonderful period, so we might reasonably expect that these advantages would produce very

rich fruit, not merely in statues, paintings, schools, temples, philosophies, and even in books, but in men, in races, in moral reconstructions, and the lifting of man out of his corruption into the beauty, the purity, and the happiness of a new and better life.

And what does history say of this? Did this wisdom of the Greeks produce these results so much needed in our world? Let me reverently report the answer of history. Its artists wrought marvelous creations with chisel and brush, its orators spoke with peerless eloquence, its philosophers taught with such insight into the heart of things that we almost imagine that some angel must have "touched their lips with a burning coal from God's altar," their authors swept strings whose melodies still entrance the world, and to-day the educated nations of the earth, with profound reverence, mention Athens and Greece.

And yet, what did they do for man as a moral being in ruins? History affirms that even Socrates yielded himself in some degree to the vices of the times, and that the culture of the Greeks left woman an uneducated and helpless slave to such an extent that one historian asserts that "the laws of Athens confirmed this miserable degradation of woman." And the same free hand not merely describes the degradation of the Athenian women, but the degradation of art, when it declares that "the companions of Aspasia served as models for painting and statuary and themes for poetry and panegyric!"

History further declares that after the ruler, and the artist, and the philosopher had wrought all that consummate genius could effect, the Athenians "had fallen into dotage and imbecility." In fact the moral condition of the Greeks grew worse and worse, until their vices destroyed even their genius for art-culture of every kind as also for philosophy. And when this wisdom of the Greeks found a home in other lands, did it

there elevate man? Did it correct his vices? Did it restore him to virtue? I boldly challenge any one to name a race, a nation, a country in any continent or age in which the culture of the Greeks has proved itself a moral force of such efficiency as to lift one man or many men, one community or one nation out of moral corruption. Since the cultured men of whom we have made such frequent mention, began their rule in the realms of art and philosophy, 2,500 years ago, what barbarians have they converted by their teachings? What degraded peoples have they brought up to a high plane of intelligence and moral excellence? We have seen how little they did for the Athenians; did they do any more for the Corinthians, or the Ephesians, or the Romans? Is there a single square mile of the globe, whether occupied by the civilized or the savage, that has been made better morally by the Greek culture? or a single bad man or race redeemed by it to a better and purer life? Is there a single case in which this force has lifted woman to true womanhood, or man to a true moral manhood? Throughout the entire history of the Greek culture in Greece, viewed from the standpoint even of an outward morality, the manhood and the womanhood of this famous race were not a pattern that we may imitate. And so it was wherever the Greek culture got control, whether in Antioch, or Ephesus, or Corinth, or Rome. Whatever may be asserted of this force in more recent times, it was a stupendous failure in the days when it was in the fullest splendor of its power.

And I make bold now to ask whether it has done any better in our day? As when the Apostle lived, so now "the Greeks are seeking wisdom." Venerable universities in the old world, and the new, are aiding in the search. Scholars, poets, orators, authors, editors, lecturers, preachers, artists, and philosophers, are searching for

wisdom with microscope and telescope, with re-
 tort and spectroscope, with modern book, and
 with ancient roll, with the pyramids of the
 Pharaohs and the carved slabs of the Senna-
 cheribs. And they are getting a great reputa-
 tion for learning, wisdom, and originality, so
 that when they speak it is the fashion both to listen
 and applaud. They are extremely modest as well
 as gifted, and sometimes get into good company on
 the strength of their name. "The Autocrat of
 the Breakfast Table," is an illustration. By pro-
 fession a physician, he is also a poet, a lecturer,
 a wit, a philosopher, and finally a theologian!
 Sparkling, self-poised, and a prophet, he sets
 aside the old faith, and announces the new as
 coolly as a chess-player moves his men. And
 then we have "the Sage of Concord;" and we
 have Mr. Frothingham, and Mr. Alger, and
 Theodore Parker, and Mr. Blauvelt, and ever so
 many more, who, in this country, represent the
 modern culture. These men lecture in public
 and print their thoughts, and multitudes give
 them audience. They are quoted admiringly in
 respectable journals, and even by orthodox teach-
 ers on the platform and in the pulpit. It sounds
 new and grand when one of these Greeks puts his
 assertion that "there is rectitude to every man"—
 over against Paul's assertion, "there is none
 righteous, no, not one;" it tingles on the palate
 like "the good wine," to have these new proph-
 ets assert that "the stern old faiths" Paul's,
 Augustine's, Calvin's, Wesley's,—have all pulver-
 ized—"in contrast with Paul's simple assertion,"
 and "now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these
 three." How philosophical it sounds to hear
 that "a silent revolution has loosed the tension of
 the old religious sects," as if Jesus did not know
 the facts in asserting that each one "must be
 born again," and Paul was a theological quack
 in exclaiming, "How shall we escape if we neg-
 lect so great salvation?"

How do we seem to hear a new Elijah, or John, as some modern philosopher asserts, that "by the irresistible maturing of the general mind the Christian traditions have lost their hold, the dogma of the mystic offices of Christ being dropped, and He standing on His genius as a moral teacher; 'tis impossible to maintain the old emphasis of His personality, and it recedes, as all persons must, before the sublimity of moral laws;" and again, that "what is called religion effeminates and demoralizes," and that there will be "a new church founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in the manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come without shawm or psaltery, or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry;" and still further, "that there is nothing he—the man of culture—will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb chaos and gehenna—converting the Furies into Muses and the hells into benefit." All this sounds so fresh and profound as compared with such familiar and well worn words as we find in the Decalogue, the Psalms, and the Gospels. There can be no doubt but these philosophers have felt they deserved a hearing, and that they have had a hearing. They have not hid their light under a bushel, nor spoken their belief in secret places. They have, indeed, "published them from the house-top." Nor have they been temporisers in their faith, but have persecuted with scorn and ostracism, their merciless and dreaded critic, Joseph Cook, and they have forced the successor of Agassiz to resign his chair in Harvard, because, like Agassiz, he refused to believe that man is the lineal descendant of the monkey! Pio Nono himself could not be more exclusive and exacting.

And now I ask, what moral and lifting power

has culture as preached by these men brought to mankind? The most brilliant man among them declares that "very few of our race can be said to be yet finished men; we still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization; we call these millions men, but they are not yet men; half engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him." Surely this is a gloomy picture of our race, and I ask what have this man, who drew the picture and his fellows, done to lighten it? To use his own illustration, I ask what has their art, philosophy, poetry, eloquence, music, culture, done "to set man's dull nerves to throbbing?" "What loud taps" have they struck on man's "tough chrysalis to break its walls, and let the new creature emerge free and erect?" What have they done to force "the age of the quadruped to go out?" Or, to render these lofty hyperboles into the English of common life, I ask what have these modern Greeks done to make bad men good and debased communities civilized? The ancient culture failed; has the modern done any better? Did this culture and its high priests ever go down into some "Five Points" in any city to cleanse the place and its wretched people? Did they ever go into the vilest precinct of some Edinburgh infested with beggars, thieves, murderers, pimps and harlots, and "make the place and the people over" as Chalmers did, with the Gospel? Did they ever go to some degraded island in the far off ocean inhabited by people so sunk in sin as to make it doubtful whether they were human beings, and lift them up to manhood, civilization and Christianity as Bingham and Coan did in the Sandwich Islands, and as our own Sturgess is doing in Ponape? Have these philosophers furnished a Duff, a Judson, or a Morrison, to educate and regenerate the millions of Southern India, or Burmah, or China? Who of them has

done what Whitfield did for the brutal vagabonds of London, or Wesley for the brutal colliers of Kingswood, or Moody for the brutal out-casts of Chicago? These cultured philosophers—if the figure may be pardoned—chill and blight moral life which they touch very much as the icebergs of the North chill into the deepest fog the vapors of Newfoundland. I make these assertions and inquiries in the interests of truth, and it is my belief that, morally, culture and its philosophers have never released one of these men—to use the figure of their own high priest—half biped and half quadruped, half beast and half man, from the earth that holds them. They have left them “pawing to get free,” but never sung them music that had in it resurrecting power, nor lifted a finger to help them out of their grave; or, to use the philosopher’s figure again, they have left the creature man in “his chrysalis,” and never by “loud taps,” nor by gentle ones, helped him out of his shell. They have philosophized, and have uttered original sayings, and have sneered at the Christ of history, and the Bible of the ages, and the forces of Christianity as the resurrection forces of mankind, and yet, so far as I can now see, they have done nothing to elevate man and bring on “the good time” of which they themselves sometimes write and sing. This damaging indictment must be reviewed at “the bar of impartial history,” and unless in the future culture shall develop some new moral force the verdict must be against it now as it was in the days of Plato and Aristotle.

And is this true of “the stern old faiths” of Christianity? It was not Plato but Paul that helped man out of his debasement. I mistake—it was neither Plato nor Paul that did it—it was Jesus Christ and “Paul, His servant.” The story of Christianity in the very homes of the ancient culture, Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, and Rome—aye, in the all inclusive Roman Empire—is like

a marvelous tale, but history asserts that tale to be true. The regeneration of men in those days sprang not from philosophy but Christianity. And even in the immense deserts to which we might compare "the dark ages" with their barbarism, ignorance and false religion, the only bright spots found were created not by Greek culture but by the Gospel of Jesus. But when we begin to look for the glorious eras in modern history, the eras of Luther and the Wesleys, of the Reformers and the Puritans, of Methodism and Missions, there is not an instance in which the agency effecting it was not Christianity.

The world when Luther first read the Epistle to the Romans, the world when the Wesleys "found Christ," the world when Samuel J. Mills and his brethren knelt at the hay-stack in Williamstown was morally very like the natural world in the Winter time. To thaw it out and bring on the Spring required extraordinary power. As in the natural world, all the star-light and moon-light of the heavens, and all the phosphorous of dead vegetation, and all the gas-lights of all the cities added to all the flames of burning wells and springs will not drive back the Winter and bring on the Spring, will not cause a single bud to swell, or a single blade of grass to start, so all the men of culture in Greece and Germany, and America, all the artists from Phidias to Powers, and all the philosophers from Socrates to Emerson could not have relaxed the world's moral Winter and enforced on it the stupendous miracle of a moral resurrection.

The history of this force is substantially the same in the case of Saul of Tarsus, and that of Augustine, and that of Lyman Beecher; in Paul's conquest for Christianity in Asia, and Europe, in Ephesus and Rome, in the spread of evangelical religion at the time of the Reformation and the era of Modern Missions. It lifted England so high as to make the boasted culture of modern skepticism

possible; it subdued and lifted Germany to be so strong that its skeptical culture was possible; it made the Puritans such a great race as settled New England, fought its savages, cleared away its wildernesses and planted its churches, schools and colleges.

The New England that rules so widely in the world was created not by culture, but by the very force of which Paul boasted as being the power of God and the wisdom of God. The disciples of the modern culture in New England, had they lived 300 years ago, would have done as little to create New England as the exquisites of fashionable life to fell the forests of our Great Valley.

To build "the New England of history" required men who held to "the stern old faiths," men of iron, whose faith and muscle were not easily "pulverized;" and not only this, but I verily believe that if the New England of to-day could be purged of its evangelical force, and surrendered to the control of "the Sage of Concord" and his brother philosophers, in fifty years its moral debasement would be the wonder of history.

One of these philosophers, in his eulogy of culture as exhibited in books, names Pericles, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, "as the best heads that ever existed." If by "the best heads" is meant those that thought most profoundly and produced thoughts that have exerted the widest influence among men, let me express my conviction that Moses wrote seventeen short verses that have been more widely felt, and have exerted more moral, civil and social force among mankind than all the writings of all the men named. I refer to the Decalogue in the twentieth of Exodus.

Again, let me express the belief that no one of these men, nor any other uninspired man, ever wrote sixty-six words so overflowing with moral power as "The Lord's Prayer," daily, as the sun

marches westward, repeated by many millions until "the Pater Noster" of Jesus seems as omnipresent in our world as its atmosphere.

Again, I hesitate not to assert that all the writings of the philosophers from Plato to Emerson do not contain as much moral energy to lift men to a better life as either the parable of "the Prodigal Son" or that of "the Good Samaritan."

I will go further and risk the charge of fanaticism in the assertion that, in my opinion, all the poems in either ancient or modern languages which would be the expression of the boasted culture of such as Goethe and Oliver Wendell Holmes do not begin to exert as positive and widespread a moral energy in winning the wicked to goodness and bringing mankind up to a higher plane of morality as Toplady's "Rock of Ages," or Miss Elliott's "Just as I am!"

But when I think of the central object of all these forces that swept the hearts of Moses, and Isaiah and Luther, patriarch, psalmist and prophet, the heart of Paul, and the heart of every true preacher of the Word; in a word, the central moral force of the ages, lifting and controlling moral beings as gravitation does atoms and worlds,—then I recognize "my Lord and my God," and feel toward those that scorn this mightiest moral force ever revealed in human history, as I would toward those who scorn the sun, not contempt, but pity!

And thus it is, that, looking at the stupendous failure of "the wisdom of the Greeks" as a power to lift man from his moral corruption, and the almost miraculous power exerted by "Christ crucified," I begin to comprehend the Apostle's stupendous metaphors when he asserts that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." And I am sure, as another has said of Jesus Christ, that so long as the world stands it shall be true that "myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have

found, and will find, repose there, and shall continue to invest Him with veneration, love and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His."

What this "groaning and travailing" world needs to-day is what it needed when Paul wrote his epistle to the Corinthians, "Christ crucified, the power of God, and the wisdom of God!" And it must have this or sink into the deep abyss which has swallowed up all the peoples of the old time that relied on the wisdom of the Greeks and rejected the "Christ crucified" as foolishness!

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE SENIOR CLASS:

The Greek culture is good and it deserves applause. As a part of your education this culture, brought from the groves and Lyceum of Athens, is of great value. Men may declaim against it as Mr. Greely did, but, like him, you must get this culture either directly or indirectly if you desire to succeed.

It is not, however, in this aspect of it that I have instituted a comparison between "the Greek and the Christ," but rather as a moral power to lift man from sin to goodness and from ruin to life eternal. In this respect what you need personally, and what our race needs, is not "the Greek" but "the Christ," not the culture of art and philosophy but "the saving Gospel." As educated men you now enter the world, and as you go let me ask you a question and give you a word of counsel: I ask you, Which do you choose, "the Greek, or the Christ?" I counsel you to choose not "the Greek," but "the Christ."

It is not for this life alone that you choose. The shadow of another life rests on the place where you now stand. A year ago one stood there as you now stand, but he—stalwart as he

was—shall be seen here no more. The mysteries of that other life shall surely be brought to your personal experience. And I am confident that when you shall “pass within the veil” you yourselves, and those who survive you, will not be satisfied to know that you have all the culture of Athens and nothing more; and therefore, standing here, where I am so soon to bid you farewell, I tenderly advise you to choose “the Christ.” If you make this choice, then all I would further say is included in the words of Paul: “Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong.” Let every faculty be on the alert, as is the sentinel’s on duty, the sailor’s on the sea, the athlete’s in the struggle. “Stand fast in the faith,” not the culture of Phidias and Plato, but the faith of Jesus. As the rock in the ocean and the oak on the hillside, “stand fast in the faith.”

“Quit you like men.” Paul made one word answer where we use four. The word man is converted into a verb as the word agony becomes agonize. It means not merely to be men, but men doing their very best. Great words these, “Quit you like men.”

“Be strong.” You will find out that weakness is contemptible, strength glorious. Man admires strength and so does God. Therefore be “strong.” The great world waits for you, and, if you be true men, will give you both place and work. If you be disloyal to yourselves, if you be weak when you might be strong, if you play the child when you should play the man, the world will slam the door in your very face, and it will do right. I never witness any kind of a contest among men without some anxiety bordering on pain. The greater the issue at stake, and the sharper the contest the more painful the anxiety. It seemed as if every living thing—and almost nature itself—held its breath when Pickett led his column in that desperate charge at Gettysburgh!

As you go out so I feel. I well know in the

conflict you will grapple with death, and that if you conquer you win life. And yet, it seems to me so thrilling! As you go forth inscribe on your banner these words: "Not the Greek but the Christ!" and let me shout as the war cry the words of an old warrior: "Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong."

Young men, now my equals, my peers, I, your brother a little older than yourselves, cheerfully commend you to God and your own manhood, praying that each of you may have a crown!

