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THE RACE.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS
TO THE
CLASS OF '92.

JUNE 12, 1892.

BY
Edward
JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,
PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

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1892.

To the Class of '92.

ABBOTT, WILBUR C., - - - Nob. ville
BAKER, MARION W., - - - Crawfor ville
CHRISTIAN, WILMER F., Jr. - Indi. polis
*CONDIT, BLACKFORD MILLS, Terre Haute
DOLE, ALFRED EMMETT, - - - P. ville
DUCKWORTH, HARRY W., - Crawfor ville
ERICKSON, FRANK M, Woodlawn Park, I.
EVANS, EDGAR H., - - - Indianapolis
GARY, HUGH T., - - - - Rising Su
HALL, WENDELL V., - - - - Gessie
HELLER, FRED, - - - - Brownstown
HURLEY, FRANK W., - - - Crawfordsville
MARTIN, ALVAH TAYLOR, - - - La Gro
McCLUER, GAYLORD S., - - - Crawfordsville
McNUTT, EDWIN, - - - - Charleston, Ill.
OSBORN, CHARLES S., - - - Oakland, Cal.
OSWALD, CHARLES E., - - - - Ossian
PRUNK, BYRON F, - - - Indianapolis
STEELE, FRED THOLUCK, - - - Urbana, Ill.
TAYLOR, GEORGE GORDON, Princeville, Ill.
THOMSON, HERBERT, - - - Crawfordsville
VON TOBEL, ALBERT F., Harwinton, Conn.
WEDDING, HARRY S., - - - Crawfordsville
WEDDING, JAMES G., - - - Crawfordsville

SPECIAL STUDENT.

GOLDSBERRY, WARREN, - - - Annapolis

*Died June 2, 1892.



VI. 7615

The Author
Thirty-First Baccalaureate.

"Th. One Thing I Do."—Phil 3:13.

The figure is borrowed from the Roman games. Here is the race course, here the runners and here the prize. The Apostle is running the race to win that prize. He condenses all this into the words, "only one thing." It is the sharpest expression of *purpose*.

This rule is plain and of wide application. Take the case which furnished St. Paul a divine motto.

Suppose a young athlete, ambitious to win the crown as a runner in the Roman Stadium, asks an athlete who has already run and won the race, what he did, and he were to reply, "*only one thing!*" How vivid the words! How much is crowded by the victor into them! It tells of self denial, conformity to law in meats, and drinks, and sleep, and drill. To prepare to run that race is not a spasm of energy, but a protracted energy in the use of all things needful to get himself ready to run the race.

The muscular and supple racer seems himself a grand exposition of the method of winning the crown. From the gymnasium to the crown it was "only one thing."

St. Paul used these words as uncovering the secret of his own life. It was generalized, it was illustrated, it was

demonstrated, and it was glorified by his golden words—"only one thing!"

Nor is it necessary now to repeat the story of St. Paul's race. You already know it. How brilliant and life-like his words, "only one thing!" Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize."

He wrote this in Rome. Where the "hired house" he occupied was we do not know. We know that a soldier of the Pretorian guard was constantly with him. It is likely he sometimes saw the athletes run the races in the Circus Maximus, and heard the soldier to whom he was chained talk with enthusiasm of some great runner who had won. He had noted the fire which blazed in his face and words as the man talked about the games. And thus it was very natural that when discoursing to the Philippians about his own career in the service of Christ he should set it forth by a trope that will live forever—a runner in a Roman race-course.

Six years afterward he told Timothy of the crown he had won, and in effect said, "I have finished my race, and my crown is ready for me!" Go, if ever you are permitted, to the place where St. Paul reached the goal and received the crown; go there where he was beheaded, and read the peerless words of

the victor as recorded in second Timothy and you will see as you never did before what he meant by "this one thing" in the letter which he wrote from Rome to the Philippians.

Flowing from his pen they were great words converted into living words in his great life.

Let us leave this mountain top and come down to the level of our common human experiences.

Thirty years ago a stranger occupied the pulpit of Center church and pronounced the Baccalaureate sermon before the class of '62.

His text that day was the text of the Baccalaureate to-day, "This one thing I do." In this immortal sentence the men of '62 seem to strike hands with men of '92 and to speak brotherly salutations. And one who blessed the men of '62 and sent them to their race, to-day blesses the men of '92 and starts them on their race. As he stretches out his hands he says, "Ye be brethren! Hail ye men of '62" and also "Hail ye men of '92." Aye, standing here at this goal he salutes all who belong to the brotherhood which began in '62 and terminates in '92 and says, "Peace be with you!"

He who to-day utters these words, thirty years ago spoke them—the text of 1862 and the text of 1892 "only one thing!"□

To-day he marvels greatly at his

audacity in speaking these words—"This one thing I do"—in the presence of the class of '62, and it is not unlikely that after a while when he shall have the leisure to think it over he shall greatly marvel at the audacity which led him to repeat them to the class of '92.

Let him appeal to your indulgent kindness to charge the first rash act to a lack of experience, and the last to the force of habit, which has made the words sacred by repetition as associated with a memorable incident in his career of the past thirty years.

As spoken to the class of '62, these words meant *purpose*. As addressed to the class of '92 they mean *reminiscence*. Then the look was forward. Now it is backward. Then the race began. Now it ends. Well may the runner of that race disclaim all self-glorying and with head bowed before God and you magnify the grace of God and ask your indulgence!

And as you readily see, these words express a *purpose to do the utmost to build up Wabash College*. That was the "one thing."

When the two Thomson brothers, James and John, Carnahan, Ellis and Hovey—five glorious men—one November morning sixty years ago knelt in the forest and prayed, their petitions were for a Wabash College, which had no existence except in their own devout

hearts.

When thirty-one years ago one night in October President White was translated so suddenly and so gloriously from the earthly sphere, which he had made illustrious by his faith and life, to an heavenly, on what object did his faith rest? What was it that drew from his heart those glowing words just as he was "stepping heavenward?"

You need not be told that his faith was not for a Wabash College that had no existence except in his own heart. The faith and work of the founders had taken material form in the goodly acres in the midst of which stood an *actual* Wabash College. Devoted men had thought and wrought with God in creating a real thing—which they called Wabash College.

As compared with many a college it was still a very humble thing, but it was an actual thing. The lithograph shows this. It represents two buildings and a company of college cadets. The president of an Indiana railroad, who had given the college nothing, once expressed his contempt as he looked it over!

In June 1862, Professor Hovey prepared a balance sheet of the properties of the college of all kinds, amounting to \$91,000. Its debt was about \$10,000. Its annual current expenses were \$7,400, and its income from all sources \$5,000. Its annual deficit \$2,400.

The noble enthusiast did not present this paper as a gloomy view of the college he loved so devotedly. His face was aglow with faith and hope. All this had sprung out of the ground on which he and his brethren had knelt thirty years before. In his eyes it was as glorious as the towers of Jerusalem. Blessed enthusiast! Shall the name of Professor Hovey ever cease to be repeated here without the profoundest respect? And he was not the only one of the kind having high courage and love! Yet neither of them with all partial affection and inspiring hope could escape the shadow of the *debt* and the *deficit*. Nor could the Treasurer make his estimate of the buildings, libraries, philosophical apparatus, and endowments, without including unsaleable and unproductive lands, exceed, exclusive of debt, \$81,000.

And all of it together including all college bills failing to meet the current expenses by \$2,400 annually!

When these words, "This one thing I do," were addressed to the class of '62, the country was convulsed with civil war. That year—'61-2—all the students numbered 120. The year closed with not half that number present. When the old bell rung out its last peal that commencement day many of the remnant went to the army. Four of the freshly graduated class of seven and several from the other classes at

once enlisted.

It seemed as if the young men would all go, so magnificent was their love of their country.

The next year—1862-3—the catalogue included only 105 names, and these also were gloriously sifted for men to join the army. It was in some respects for the college a day of small things, but also a day of glorious things. The Faculty included five men.

This was the Wabash College of 1862 when a new man announced the words "this one thing I do" as the theme of that year's Baccalaureate. Some then present are still living and perhaps recall the actual Wabash College—which was in every thought that day. There was the college, there its educational appliances, there its history, there its men—who "in the midst of nature's unbroken loveliness consecrated it for the furtherance of virtue and knowledge among mankind to God and solemnly invoked upon it the divine blessing." That day the eye of faith saw and the ear of faith heard all this and a great deal more. It was a real Wabash College that filled the minds and hearts of the multitude who, that "Baccalaureate Sunday," thronged Center church.

The men who created this entity—an elect brotherhood—had for thirty years been saying "only this one thing." And on that day a new man, with no

experience or fame, or money, became a member of the elect brotherhood and took their pledge as his own, and with them said "only this one thing." There could be no mistake as to what he meant. Whilst he was seeking to inspire the young men before him to do something noble for the glory of God and the good of mankind, no one could have failed to detect the application of his words to the relations he himself held to the mission that brought him to this place. He, as truly as the young men he was addressing was to say, as if he were a Roman soldier swearing fealty to his General, "only this one thing."

Such was the *purpose* as expressed in the Baccalaureate of '62. Let us now inquire *how far this purpose has been carried into effect?*

It is a question of *fidelity* and it is a *delicate question*. Will not this congregation listen to the reply indulgently? The Master's words are not forgotten: "When ye shall have done all these things which are commanded you, say we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do."

The answer may in your esteem savor both of egotism, and presumption. During these thirty years so great and urgent have been the necessities of the work in hand that there has been but little room for doing much besides "the one thing" which to-day

engrosses our attention. And so it has come to pass that every man here has been forced to do "this one thing" of building up Wabash College. The man who defined his purpose to do "this one thing" in the Baccalaureate of '62, taught in the class room, preached in the churches, lectured on a great variety of themes and in many widely separated places in this and adjoining states, addressed schools and colleges of all grades, conducted for years a laborious correspondence, elaborated articles for the press, and the main purpose, the one thing, in it all was to build up this college.

So sharp has been the competition with other institutions that not infrequently, even Sundays and holidays, were of necessity devoted "to this one thing." Perhaps not the least of the burdens carried, was the supply of Center church three years, the maintenance of the "President's Lecture" twenty-five years, and the chief responsibility of Chapel worship, the entire thirty years.

These labors were joyful and yet they were heavy, and at times they produced some distressing ailments. Once ill health ensued, attended with symptoms more alarming than was generally known, which compelled a resort to an ocean voyage.

But in all these labors and experiences the aim was "only one thing."

Even invitations to return to the pulpit or go elsewhere to work for the Lord and Master were answered by referring them to this "one thing." Brought to this work by a series of providences which were matched by other considerations of a weighty character, all have been forced to submit to "this one thing." It has been the ruling purpose.

At times personal affairs were greatly straightened and the college was also in financial straits, bringing with them sleepless nights, and painful fears. This not said in the spirit of boasting. God forbid. But only to magnify the goodness of God in sending deliverance by the agency of noble men who loved the college with a devotion which lighted up the deepest darkness as with morning light whilst they lived and which to this day sheds light, although some of them have ceased to live on the earth. Wabash College has had good friends—and first, and infinitely greatest of all the Friend whom the founders worshipped. Not unto us, not unto any man. but unto God be the honor of causing to be done "only this one thing" of which we think and speak to-day.

And lest anyone should mistake the purpose of these words and degrade them into a mere personal assertion, let it be again declared with a pride that is pardonable that this college has

been rich in the personal devotion of its friends and helpers. They may have made mistakes as to methods but there can be no mistake as to their devotion to "this one thing" now.

And *finally* we may inquire *what has been done* in the building up of Wabash College during the thirty years which we are reviewing? On the 22d of February, 1862, six gentlemen dined together at the home of Professor Hovey. One of the six that day took his first look at Wabash College. The others were the members of its Faculty. Three of them had been connected with the institution from the beginning. One of them had been a member of the convention that founded it and had taken part in the immortal act of dedicating it to God. One of them had formally opened the school December 3, 1833, and the third was one of the original twelve students of the school. The remaining two had been educated in its classes, and at this time were members of its Faculty. As these men met in that companionship one thought dominated every heart. They discussed only one theme. One of the number was there to discuss the question of the call to the vacant place so recently occupied by President White. He desired to learn not only what he had been called to, but to pass a judgment on his own qualifications to fill it.

His companions were there to pass

judgment also on the same question. The hours spent together were busy hours. The stranger was seeking light, and his new friends were ready to impart it. All were impressed with the importance of the interview. The veterans of the Faculty were full of the theme, and they unfolded it with Christian earnestness and candor.

They also visited the college which was not yet thirty years old. To the eye of sense its buildings and equipments did not appear very imposing, but as those men repeated the story of their struggles, there seemed to be shed over everything there a glorifying light. Even a stranger could not help knowing how much they had endured for it, how much they loved it, and how much they believed in its future success. The Wabash College of that hour seemed transfigured into the Wabash College that was to be after a while. Their faith for the time "converted mountains into plains." The third day afterward the visitor left the scene with no doubt as to the future of the college, but increasing doubts as to his own fitness to occupy its vacant chair.

The men who held the chairs of instruction in those days of straitness and gloom cannot be named but with reverend admiration. Their work can never be forgotten or over-estimated.

And here let the discussion be arrested. Not a few now living remember

the Wabash College of '62. There are few who do not know the Wabash College of '92. The contrast fills its friends with gratitude and hope. Some colleges have grown more rapidly, but it is certain that this college since that time has attained a growth which all things considered is remarkable. If it shall attain a growth during the next thirty years proportionately as great it will be glorious indeed. With tender gratitude at this point the curtain is dropped, which separates the past with its sacred faiths and anticipations and fears from the present. The founders of the college, the men of '32; the friends of the college, the men of '62, who banqueted together as they talked of its future; the men of to-day, the men of '92, who have been rehearsing what God has done for the college as exhibited in the Wabash College of to-day; the men who in times yet future shall have helped build up the college which we left in their care—the men of the future; shall join those who have gone before; all the friends of this college, in every period of its existence, shall meet in happier climes, and confer and worship. And who can doubt that among the themes of this earthly life shall be recalled the college of their common love—the name of which to-day is pronounced so fondly!

And even now we need not further ask what has been done for Wabash

College? To look at it is to answer the question.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASS OF '92:

You must have noticed that thus far the Baccalaureate of '92 has borne more directly on the President of the college than on those who are to receive at his hands the Bachelor's crown—Granted. Yet this review is in some sense a sermon to you. It discourses of poverty, struggle, and attainment. It compares the beginning of a period with its close.

Thirty years ago the pastor of a country church was transferred from that place to the presidency of this college. At the end of thirty years he is to return the sacred trust to the Board which conferred it. You may be sure with me, this is an interesting incident.

The panorama of war and of peace, of brothers and comrades, of co-laborers and disciples, the living and the dead, unrolls its faithful records before my eyes. There I see names that shall live forever in my memory and perhaps in history. These years have been remarkable in the annals of the nation. But to-day my mind dwells chiefly on that history which gathers itself about the name of this college and its sons. Of the six men who dined together at Mrs. Hovey's table, Feb. 22, 1862, Hovey, Mills, Thomson and Hadley,

and their honored hostess, Mrs. Mary C. Hovey, are not living.

Of the class of seven who heard the Baccalaureate of '62, Jackson, Kingsbury and Milford are also gone. And many others—"Peace be on them, and mercy!"

Thirty years ago I addressed my first class and to-day I am addressing my last. On that day I announced the words "this one thing I do" as a rule of life for those young men and as a purpose not yet fully comprehended even by myself that I desired to be the rule of my own.

The years have swept rapidly away and to-day I take up the sublime rule and review its application to the history in which, with others, I have been a humble actor. And with an unusual tenderness I recall some of the words addressed to the class of '62, and am impelled to repeat them to the class of '92. Its key note, its reigning thought was "only one thing."

In dismissing the class of '62, that Lord's day I said: "Life is a vapor! It is as nothing! Yet man's work is to be done then if ever. If we are diverted in quick succession from one object to another, neither of which helps us on in the great work to be done, then for the lack of time, if for no other reason, we shall fail of success. The days and the years shall pass away as a dream and we sink into the grave

pained to note how little we have accomplished. In all relations, and especially the higher and nobler claims of religion, to "do only one thing" seems to me the most attractive object we can pursue." So far from the discourse of '62.

And for this reason, men of '92, I come with a practical and grand message from God's word to you that the closing hours of a year which terminates your connection and mine with this college—may be occupied with those thoughts which shall win you to the higher manhood of virtue and religion rather than to the gilded and false cheats which the world offers you, and which may kindle in your souls the resolve to do "only one thing," wherever you may be living, to glorify God and bless mankind.

Not desiring in any way or degree to interfere with your happiness, I venture at this profoundly interesting moment to assert that you can never find true and permanent happiness until you find it in God.

When therefore you begin truly to do "only one thing" your hearts will be joyful, your paths light, your work noble, and your reward glorious. It is not unmanly to be truly religious. Nay more. To love and serve God is in the highest degree manly. So St. Peter taught when he commanded Christians to add to their "faith manliness."

The highest attainment is Christian faith and Christian manliness. See to it that you make the great attainment. For I solemnly protest to you the day will come when if you shall have lived selfish lives, forgetting your duty to God, and to man, you will be covered with confusion. But on the other hand if you "do this one thing" you shall "shine as stars in the firmament forever."

I have been placing the opening and the close of my connection with this college in contrast—1862 and 1892. The Baccalaureate to the class of '62 was rounded out with a reference to President White who had suddenly died the 29th of October of the previous year. Rarely has a college president been more highly esteemed by his students. That night he had been writing sentences that shall never perish from the history of Wabash College. And scarcely had he laid down his pen when that of which he had been writing was converted into a thrilling *fact* in his own experience.

In addressing the class of '62, I referred to the death of their honored President in words with which I shall close my remarks to you who stand before me to-day—the class of '92.

"Go to your life-work, be strong, be courageous, be good; go and do what your hands find to do with your might; and be sure you so do "this one thing" that when you come to die you may

realize in your own experience the truth of the beautiful sentence with which Dr. White closed the eloquent utterances of a noble Christian life:

“Faith sees the blessed Savior at the death bed-side with attendant angels to soothe, and sustain, and bear up the spirit to heaven!”

And with these words I pass the sacred trust received from the sainted White to some other one who shall breathe on the coming classes divine benedictions.

“Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.”

NOTE—After President Tuttle's Baccalaureate Sermon had been printed, the death of Blackford Mills Condit, a member of '92, occurred. The following sentences were added to the address to the class and immediately preceded the closing benediction:

I had written thus far when the death of your class-mate, Blackford M. Condit, occurred. It was an expected and yet sad event. "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!"

He was a manly man, erect and vigorous; he was an object of admiration. He seemed the least likely of the men of '92 to sink so quickly into the grave. His death has dropped a shadow on you this joyful week.

We had expected great things from one so richly endowed by nature and education. In this we are disappointed and all we can do is to submit to the righteous will of God. We desired, and expected him, to stand with you to-day and receive the benediction of the Alma Mater. But we believe in God.

"Clouds and darkness are round him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." After a while in higher conditions of life we shall know more about this event which grieves us. And so our Lord said to Peter: "What I do thou

knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter."

And thus we leave in the hands of God our brother cut down so suddenly in his young and beautiful manhood. Farewell, farewell brother, we hope to meet again!

And with these words I pass the sacred trust which came from the saintly White to some other one who shall breathe the blessings of God on the coming classes!

Now unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor, and glory forever and ever. Amen.

