

ing, though that may not be always a disadvantage, if Shakspeare was right in thinking that—

“Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.”

I should be still gladder if Harvard should be the place that offered the alternative. It seems more than ever probable that this will happen, and happen in our day.

And whenever this consummation is accomplished it will be due, more than to any and all others, to the able, energetic, and simple-minded man who has presided over the college during the trying period of transition, and who by a rare combination of eminent qualities, will carry that transition to its fulfilment without haste and without jar. “*Ohne Hast, ohne Rast.*” He more than any of his distinguished predecessors, has brought the university into closer and more telling relations with the national life in whatever that life has which is most distinctive, most excellent, and most hopeful.

But we still mainly occupy the position of a German gymnasium. Under existing circumstances therefore, and with the methods of teaching they enforce, I think that special and advanced courses should be pushed on, as the other professional courses are, into the post-graduate period. The opportunity would be greater because the number would be less, and the teaching not only more thorough but more vivifying through the more intimate relation of teacher and pupil. Under those conditions the voluntary system will not only be possible, but will come of itself, for every student will know what he wants and where he may get it, and learning will be loved as it should be, for its own sake as well as for what it gives.

The friends of university training can do nothing that

would forward it more than the founding of post-graduate fellowships and the building and endowing of a hall where the holders of them might be commensals, remembering that when Cardinal Wolsey built Christ Church at Oxford his first care was the kitchen. Nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties or so likely to prevent their being narrowed to a single groove as the frequent social commingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths: If you would have really great scholars, and our life offers no prize for such, it would be well if the university could offer them. I have often been struck with the many-sided versatility of the fellows of the English colleges who have kept their wits in training by continual fencing with one another.

During the first two centuries of her existence it may be affirmed that Harvard did sufficiently well the only work she was called on to do, perhaps the only work it was possible for her to do. She gave to Boston her scholarly impress, to the Commonwealth her scholastic impulse. To the clergy of her training was mainly intrusted the oversight of the public schools; these were, as I have said, though indirectly, feeders of the college, for their teaching was the plainest.

But if a boy in any country village showed uncommon parts the clergyman was sure to hear of it. He and the squire and the doctor, if there was one, talked it over and the boy was sure to be helped onward to college, for next to the five points of Calvinism, our ancestors believed in a college education; that is, in the best education that was to be had. The system, if system it should be called, was a good one, a practical application of the doctrine of natural selection. Ah! how the parents, nay, the whole family toiled and pinched that this boy might have the chance denied to them.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that in contemporary

France, which seems doomed to try every theory of enlightenment by which the fingers may be burned or the house set on fire, the children of the public schools are taught in answer to the question, "Who gives you all these fine things?" to say, "The State."

Ill fares the State in which the parental image is replaced by an abstraction. The answer of the boy of whom I have been speaking would have been in a spirit better for the State and for the hope of his own future life: "I owe them under God to my own industry, to the sacrifices of my father and mother and to the sympathy of good men." Nor was the boy's self-respect lessened, for the aid was given by loans to be repaid when possible. The times have changed, and it is no longer the ambition of a promising boy to go to college. They are taught to think that a common school education is good enough for all practical purposes; and so perhaps it is, but not for all ideal purposes. Our public schools teach too little or too much; too little, if education is to go no further; too many things if what is taught is to be taught thoroughly. And the more they seem to teach the less likely is education to go further, for it is one of the prime weaknesses of a democracy to be satisfied with the second best if it appear to answer the purpose tolerably well, and to be cheaper—as it never is in the long run.

Harvard has done much, by raising its standard, to force upward that also of the preparatory schools. The leaven thus infused will, let us hope, filter gradually downward till it raise a ferment in the lower grades as well. What we need more than anything else is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds, for these, wherever they go, are sure to carry with them, consciously or not, the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher

ideals. The only way in which our civilization can be maintained, even at the level it has reached; the only way in which that level can be made more general and be raised higher, is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and directness on the less cultivated and by opening more inlets to those indirect influences which make for refinement of mind and body.

Democracy must show its capacity for producing, not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure. Unless it know how to make itself gracious and winning, it is a failure. Has it done this? Is it doing this? Or trying to do it?

Not yet, I think, if one may judge by that commonplace of our newspapers that an American who stays long enough in Europe is sure to find his own country unendurable when he comes back. This is not true, if I may judge from some little experience, but it is interesting as implying a certain consciousness, which is of the most hopeful augury. But we must not be impatient; it is a far cry from the dwellers in caves to even such civilization as we have achieved. I am conscious that life has been trying to civilize me for now nearly seventy years with what seem to me very inadequate results. We cannot afford to wait but the race can. And when I speak of civilization I mean those things that tend to develop the moral forces of man and not merely to quicken his æsthetic sensibility, though there is often a nearer relation between the two than is popularly believed.

The tendency of a prosperous democracy—and hitherto

we have had little to do but prosper—is toward an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an overestimate of material success and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind. The popular ideal of success seems to be more than ever before the accumulation of riches. I say “seems,” for it may be only because the opportunities are greater.

I am not ignorant that wealth is the great fertilizer of civilization and of the arts that beautify it. The very names of civilization and politeness show that the refinement of manners which made the arts possible is the birth of cities where wealth earliest accumulated because it found itself secure. Wealth may be an excellent thing, for it means power, it means leisure, it means liberty.

But these, divorced from culture, that is, from intelligent purpose, become the very mockery of their own essence, not goods but evils fatal to their possessor, and bring with them like the Nibelung hoard a doom instead of a blessing. I am saddened when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage or of bushels of wheat exported, for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicately than the balance of trade. The gardens of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger tip, and neither of them figures in the prices current, but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And if we go back a century, where was Germany unless in Weimar?

Material success is good but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The measure of a nation's true suc-

cess is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind. There is no other, let our candidates flatter us as they may. We still make a confusion between huge and great. I know that I am repeating truisms but they are truisms that need to be repeated in season and out of season.

The most precious property of culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain high ideals of life and its purpose, to keep trimmed and burning the lamps of that Pharos built by wiser than we which warps from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine. In proportion as there are more thoroughly cultivated persons in a community will the finer uses of prosperity be taught and the vulgar uses of it become disreputable.

And it is such persons that we are commissioned to send out with such consciousness of their fortunate vocation and such devotion to it as we may. We are confronted with unexpected problems. First of all is democracy, and that under conditions in great part novel, with its hitherto imperfectly tabulated results, whether we consider its effects upon national character, on popular thought, or on the functions of law and government.

We have to deal with a time when the belief seems to be spreading that truth not only can but should be settled by a show of hands rather than by a count of heads, and that one man is as good as another for all purposes—as indeed he is till a real man is needed; with a time when the press is more potent for good or for evil than ever any human agency was before, and yet is controlled more than ever before by its interests as a business than by its sense of duty as a teacher, giving news instead of intelligence; with a time when divers

and strange doctrines touching the greatest human interests are allowed to run about unmuzzled in greater number and variety than ever before since the Reformation passed into its stage of putrefactive fermentation; with a time when the idols of the market-place are more devoutly worshipped than ever Diana of the Ephesians was; when the electric telegraph by making public opinion simultaneous is also making it liable to those delusions, panics, and gregarious impulses which transform otherwise reasonable men into a mob, and when above all the better mind of the country is said to be growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services, the government of it.

I have drawn up a dreary catalogue and the moral it points is this—that the college in so far as it continues to be still a college, as in great part it does and must, is and should be limited by pre-existing conditions, and must consider first what the more general objects of education are without neglecting special aptitudes more than cannot be helped.

That more general purpose is, I take it, to set free, to supple and train the faculties in such wise as shall make them most effective for whatever task life may afterward set them, for the duties of life rather than for its business, and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent it. Let our aim be as hitherto to give a good all-round education, fitted to cope with as many exigencies of the day as possible. I had rather the college should turn out one of Aristotle's four-square men, capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast, than a score of lop-sided ones developed abnormally in one direction.

Our scheme should be adapted to the wants of the majority of undergraduates, to the objects that drew them hither, and to such training as will make the most of them after they

come. Special aptitudes are sure to take care of themselves, but the latent possibilities of the average mind can only be discovered by experiment in many directions.

When I speak of the average mind I do not mean that the courses of study should be adapted to the average level of intelligence but to the highest, for in these matters it is wiser to grade upward than downward since the best is the only thing that is good enough. To keep the wing-footed down to the pace of the leaden-soled disheartens the one without in the least encouraging the other.

"Brains," says Machiavelli, are "of three generations, those that understand of themselves, those that understand when another shows them, and those that understand neither of themselves nor by the showing of others."

It is the first class that should set the stint; the second will get on better than if they had set it themselves, and the third will at least have the pleasure of seeing the others show their paces.

In the college proper I repeat, for it is the birthday of the college that we are celebrating, it is the college that we love and of which we are proud—let it continue to give such a training as will fit the rich to be trusted with riches and the poor to withstand the temptations of poverty. Give to history, give to political economy, the ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past nor have lost the skill to form them.

Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge, not a conventional gentleman but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the

good taste of the soul. This we have tried to do in the past; this let us try to do in the future. We cannot do this for all at best; perhaps only for the few; but the influence for good of a highly trained intelligence and a harmoniously developed character is incalculable, for though it be subtle and gradual in its operation, it is as pervasive as it is subtle. There may be few of these—there must be few—but

“That few is all the world which with a few  
Doth ever live and move and work and stirre.”

They who, on a tiny clearing pared from the edge of the woods built here, most probably from the timber hewed from the trees they felled, our earliest hall, with the solitude of ocean behind them, the mystery of forest before them, and all about them a desolation, must surely (*si quis animis celestibus locus*) share our gladness and our gratitude at the splendid fulfilment of their vision. If we could have but preserved the humble roof which housed so great a future, Mr. Ruskin himself would almost have admitted that no castle or cathedral was ever richer in sacred associations, in pathos of the past and in moral significance.

They who reared it had the sublime presence of that courage which fears only God, and could say confidently, in the face of all discouragement and doubt, “He hath led us forth into a large place; because he delighted in me he hath delivered me.” We cannot honor them too much; we can repay them only by showing, as occasions rise, that we do not undervalue the worth of their example.

Brethren of the alumni, it now becomes my duty to welcome in your name the guests who have come, some of them so far, to share our congratulations and hopes to-day. I cannot name them all and give to each his fitting phrase. Thrice welcome to them all, and as is fitting, first to those

from abroad, representatives of illustrious universities that were old in usefulness and fame when ours was in its cradle, and next, to those of our own land from colleges and universities which, if not daughters of Harvard are young enough to be so, and are one with her in heart and hope. I said that I should single out none by name, but I should not represent you fitly if I gave no special greeting to the gentleman who brings the message of John Harvard's College Emmanuel. The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer to his colleagues, but we cannot help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively closes a little more tightly as with a sense of nearer kindred. There is also one other name of which it would be indecorous not to make an exception. You all know that I can mean only the President of our country. His presence is a signal honor to us all, and to us all I may say a personal gratification. We have no politics here, but the sons of Harvard all belong to the party which admires courage, strength of purpose and fidelity to duty, and which respects, wherever he may be found, the—

“Justum et tenacem propositi virum,”<sup>1</sup>

who knows how to withstand the

“Civium ardor prava jubentium.”<sup>2</sup>

He has left the helm of State to be with us here, and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's pilot, “O, Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true.”

<sup>1</sup> The man who is upright and tenacious of his purpose.

<sup>2</sup> The evil zeal of clamorous citizens.