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Baccalaureate Sermon;

1872.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." Ecclesiastes 9: 10.

The Law of all life is work; the purpose of all animated being is labor. Man in primitive holiness amid the unsullied beauties, and the uncorrupted glories of Eden, was not exempt from this universal Law. For even when he had been sent forth, the first created son of humanity, and when he had for his inheritance a beautiful garden,... wherein grew every Tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; with a soil fertilized as it was watered

by the four great rivers, from whose bosom
spontaneously sprang the herb, fruit and flower
to sustain, delight, and gladden life, - even
there, under these favorable circumstances,
in that untainted atmosphere of holiness
and innocence, ere as yet the curse had fallen
on earth or man; - when all basked in the
perpetual sun light of Jehovah's love, even
then when man had violated no law or
command of God, - he was placed in
that garden "to dress it and to keep it".
Nay, more; we can ascend the stream of time
to a higher antiquity in the history of the world,
and find that Jehovah has decreed that not even
from Himself shall be withholden this universal
Law of labor. For during the six days of

creation He was ceaselessly engaged in bringing into existence all that beautifies, adorns, and supports the earth we inhabit; and then to furnish us an example, and establish a new Law of equally binding importance, — the law of the Sabbath, — although his immortal energies knew no weariness, — "He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had made". Nor may we doubt for a moment, that this great Architect is still engaged in the incomprehensibly grand work of new creations, beyond our contracted sphere. So that all over the vast fields of mental speculation we find that work, — labor, — toil, is the great law of the whole, — from the God

who presides over all, to the feeblest insect that
fell from His creative hand.

Even inanimate nature works; the earth, and
the planets, all those worlds of light revolve
around their central Orb, nor ever stand
still in their eternal march; the ceaseless
ebb and flow of Ocean in its limitless
waste, never reposing, but ever in motion,
- all proclaim that the law of all
being is work.

Throughout this busy world of toil it would seem a
just inference from God's ordination of this
Law, that among all the created subjects of
His vast empire; - an empire constructed by Divine
wisdom, to be sustained and carried forward
in its great career, by work, ceaseless and active

there would be no room for idlers, or drones. But "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth" under the oppressive burden of guilt, corruption, and decay, which has crushed the earth amid the ruins of the Fall. Hence all over the curse-smitten earth, while the pressing cry,- "Strive, work, toil,"- still sounds, (and sounds more solemnly than ever,- more earnestly than ever,- because of the greater need of it,) here, there, and everywhere we find those who are born with a propensity to squander precious time, live purposeless, live without a sense of responsibility, ~~and~~ die with no suitable sense of the recreancy of their conduct in relation to this Law, and into the unknown world of final retribution are ushered; there, first, to learn the fatal conse-

-quences of their criminal indolence;- to realize for the first time, that, of which they had been repeatedly warned on this side the grave, but which they persistently refused to believe, that, in that land of eternally & changelessly fixed destiny, there is no time for reform, no opportunity for repairing infinite wrongs recklessly perpetrated upon the soul's highest interests, that there, "in that lone land of deep, dark despair," the stern order is, "he that is unjust, let him be unjust still, he that is filthy let him be filthy still!"

It were comparatively well, if this were the only charge, or, that this charge were without aggravation, to be alleged against man. For in that case, bad as it is, it would lack one element

which now intensifies its guilt, in that he, the Lord of this lower world by special appointment of Heaven, - he, - but "little lower than angels" in the wondrous attributes of the soul, - this nobly endowed creature is about the only being that does not labor earnestly and cheerfully. The ant is toiling, the bee is laying up, even the spider is weaving, insignificant in all their attributes; the flower is blooming, the herb is yielding, the tree is bearing, nay, still lower in the scale of being, the air (is breathing life into all animated being) or driving along the commerce of the world The Ocean the highway of the earth, - mere existences without sentient natures, are toiling laying up, weaving, blooming, yielding, bearing, breathing life into every animated being, and driving the Commerce of the world along the high-way of Nations, boiling up with its mighty billows to purify the atmosphere and equalize

the temperature, and germinating, each in its own sphere for the benefit of man, and for the glory of God, and yet surrounded as man is by the manifestations of active and ceaseless industry and energy, he is nevertheless content to be listless, lifeless, unenergetic, and indolent. Hence although all manner of motives have been pressed upon him to induce him to work; though it is the law of his being that there is "no excellence without labor;" and the word of God abounds with solemn warnings and exhortations to arouse him from his lethargy, sloth, and love of ease, and to urge him to put forth those exertions that are indispensable, to the securing of his highest happiness, and truest interests, the melancholy fact is

that the overwhelming majority of men are heard crying out, when the urgency amounts to a disturbance of repose:- "a little more sleep, a little more slumber; a little more folding of the hands to sleep;" until the friendly intruder upon his ill-timed indulgence, after repeated efforts,- after unsuccesful efforts to arouse him, withdraws leaving him with this sad foreboding: "So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." As though he had said, "not far in the ~~distant~~ future I behold the approach of a figure gaunt but deeply determined, ghastly but heavily armed, with hungry eye and vulture aspect, with steady ~~and~~ undeviating tread and speedily will he be upon thee with all the

horrors of his remorseless tyranny, and unrelaxing bondage; — his name is Poverty and Want." Nor is this the sleep of the physical sluggard alone; nor is this physical or earthly ~~and~~ poverty and Want alone, that comes. So while there is a slumber infinitely more profound and perilous than that of the sluggard; just so there is a poverty and a Want more sure and deadly than ~~that~~ any traveller, and more dreadful than any armed assassin. That slumber is the sleep of spiritual death; that wraps him round in folds of soft luxurious repose, deepening evermore, not to be dissolved until the sinner awakes "not only doomed, but damned!" That poverty is the foe which shall come upon him, when a naked, houseless, "unanointed, unannealed"

spirit he shall stand aghast in the presence of the Great Judge, when the poor soul is ~~xxxxxx xxxxxx~~ hurried hence to meet its awful doom, ascends to heaven, not there to dwell, but hears its doom and sinks to hell. That want will come upon him in that lone land of sorrow ineffectual, and grief unmitigated, where he, who now may possess broad acres, and lordly domain, and princely palace, luxuries innumerable & costly shall call in vain for but a drop of water to relieve his intolerable agony of unquenched and unquenchable thirst.

Perhaps there never lived a man from whom this exhortation could come with more propriety than from Solomon, the wise king

of Israel, who is the author of the words:
"Whatsoever thy hand* findeth to do, do it with
thy might; for there is no ~~device~~ work, nor device,
nor wisdom, nor knowledge, in the grave whither
thou goest." Solomon had been an intense
worker. During a long life of exalted splen-
-dor, he had operated in all the conceivable
departments of Royal Rule, and his heart
and brain had been incessantly active in
the mighty field of a Nation's affairs.
In his early youth beautified and adorned
with piety and devotion he ascended the throne
of his father the mighty Warrior-King.
He earnestly devoted himself to the great
work of his life - the erection of the mag-
nificent temple of Jerusalem, and finished

it in Splendor never before paralleled in all earth's architectural Glory. Then presenting to his assembled people the example of reverencing homage to the Mighty God of Heaven and of earth, he comes forth in the midst of the great congregation, and himself dedicates solemnly this temple to God's worship, and his people to God's service. Grand & noble inauguration! Bright promise of a pious reign!

But yet the truthful records of sacred history, which never palliate the conduct of the greatest and best, faithfully hand down to us the sad sequel; how in his old age his heart under evil influences was turned away after other Gods; that his

heart was not perfect with the Lord, his God," &c. And were this the end there would be no relief to the dismal picture. But undoubted tradition teaches us that he was healed of his backsliding; that he wrote the book of Ecclesiastes, after having been brought to true Repentance. We do no violence then to the sense of Scripture to suppose that when he reviewed his life in the quiet evening of ~~[illegible]~~ his days; when he saw that he had so often ~~[illegible]~~ yielded to the seductions of earthly joy to relax the energy which characterized his outset, saw it with shame and contrition, he was earnestly desirous of warning others - his successors in life against the relaxations.

to which the treacherous sirens were inviting them he penned the words of the text: "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, — do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest —" suggesting at once the words of our Savior uttered by Him one thousand years later: "I must work the works of Him that sent me; night cometh when none can work."

If we look carefully into these words we shall find conveyed to us lessons of deepest interest and importance, and to evolve them shall be our present task.

These lessons, ~~four in number~~, are

1. There is for every man his own appoint-

ed and appropriate work — something which his "hands will find to do"

II. This work must be done with earnestness; "do it with thy might."

III. Our mortality furnishes an argument for immediate earnestness; — "the grave whither thou goest."

IV. The utter cessation of opportunity for work of all kinds, "in the grave," is another argument to enforce the exhortation "Whatsoever, &c."

I. Every man has his appropriate & appointed work to perform. A mighty curse rests upon the age in which we live, from the fact that men are ashamed or unwilling to work. To be "clothed in purple & fine linen

every day; to fare sumptuously; to be exempt from every thing like exertion; to join the multitude at Vanity Fair; to enter the class who, privileged to consult their ease, look down from their exalted place of repose with disdain upon the toiling millions below; to enjoy with condescending graciousness the fruit of the labors of others, while their own motto is "born only to consume"; these seem to be the aims of the vast majority of our race. No provision was ever made in God's plan for any such class. They are simply & purely self-constituted, and those who subscribe to such principles and form their plans for life upon such ideas are doing violence to the very primary laws of God in His Moral Government.

Work is not <u>one</u>; it is multifold; it is infinitely diversified. That is an erroneous view which is entertained by many, that nothing is work but manual labor, the toil of the limbs, and the tension of the muscles, and the sweat of the face. There is a travail of the soul; there is a toil of the intellect; there is a struggling, throbbing of the sensibilities; there is a conflict of the will; there is a ~~a toilsome~~ tremendous laboring of thought that when ~~it~~ in action ~~is~~ even singly, individually, ~~is~~ work the most intense, and labor most wearisome & exhausting. But when all these departments of the spiritual man are in combined operation ~~that~~ such is the amazing spectacle of power in action

as to entitle it to the name of work more legitimately than the daily round of earth tillage, or the material ~~mechan-~~ task-
~~ism~~ of the skilled mechanic. So that while to one has been assigned the culti-
vation of the soil, and that is work; and
~~to another~~ the handling of the implements of the Engineer, and that is work; to an-
other the useful art of architecture, and that is work; not one of these is any more work than is that of the pale faced student who is delving ~~in~~ the soil of mind; erecting the structure of Scientific truth; or driving on the car of progress by mental labor in the fields of inven-
tion, and the mines of discovery. Nor

is
that other error less hurtful which restricts
actual work to occupations, & professions
that are palpable, and prominent before
the public eye. On the contrary, much of the
greatest work that has ever been done
in our world, was wrought for back in
the retirements of private life, and by
men & women who shrink from public
observation, and who nursed no special
ambitions, hope within their souls, that what
work they were silently doing would ever
be marked by any beneficial result to
the world. Little do we think of the source
of the great river when we stand upon
its banks, and note upon its broad bosom
the floating palace laden with the wealth

of a Nation; and yet far away amid Northern
Snows and barren cliffs wells up the
little fountain and flows out the little
rippling stream that gave its first im-
pulse to the ground, River with its tide.
So when you look out upon the broad
scene of human action, and behold
the men who are performing their several
parts, you pause to wonder, it may be at the
genius, the eloquence, the power, the
exploits, the influence of some great man
regard this great phenomenon as a fortu-
itous combination of elements that formed
him, and gave him a name among
the great of earth, and you do this be-
cause you do not reflect upon the fact

that the work this man does, he was
fitted to do by God's blessing upon
the instructions and example, and the
unceasing vigilance, and the fervent
prayers of some unknown modest ~~Christian~~
mother in the holy retirement of some
Christian home. So hers is work, no
less mighty in the impulse imparted to
the heart and to the intellect of her
boy, than is the grand life work achieved
by him when developed in after
years into the moral glory and ~~the~~ power of
Washington. We see thus that all
departments of human effort, the physical
the Mental the Moral, with the hand
or the brain, the "lofty, or the lowly"

all come under the general title of work, toil, labor, and to each his work is appointed. Your hands will find your work ready to do. It is no accidental arrangement whereby you have stumbled upon it. No; it was laid upon you by Divine Providence, + avoiding it, or performing it with only a half hearted zeal, marks you as one who sets up his judgment against the ordination of God. One more thought follows from this view, and that is, what work you are set for. "whatsoever your hand findeth to do" is to be done as work for God. Since he appointed you to do it, to Him you are responsible for the well-doing + the faithful performance of this work. Hence we have the

that injunction of the Apostle Paul, so strange and incomprehensible to the worldly minded, and unspiritual; "whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glory of God;" and that other exhortation, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men."

It may not ~~be~~ cannot be then but that all men were intended to be workers in some one of the multiplied and diversified departments of earthly effort. I know and I have already intimated that men love not to work. The idea of service, the name of servant seems to those who thus love indulgence and ease as implying something of disgrace, or of degradation at least.

But I gladly present to you the sentiments of a living educator fully and heartily indorsing every word he has uttered:

"Every man who lives as he ought is a servant, and every man was intended to be a servant. In the family the father and mother are the servants of the children; in the State, the Magistrate is the people's servant; his relation to the people being in this respect the same, whether they choose him or whether the power in the State falls to him by hereditary right; in the Church, the Pastor and teacher is the servant of the congregation, for which reason he is called Minister..... Thus no dignity, no

no height of station, no grasp of mind, takes a man out of the necessity of serving others, if he would fulfil the end for which he was made." It is a great mistake to suppose for a moment that a man's glory and honor is to be estimated by the mere fact that he has the power and the right to demand the services of others; it is, on the contrary, measured by the number of those who have been benefited by his services. "A man who <u>can</u> serve nobody is the lowest of human beings except him who can do service to his fellow beings and will not; he is the lowest of the low." So we reach

the conclusion that the degree of service rises with the number whom we can serve; and the illustration of this rule of proportion is found, it may be, first, in the characters of the Apostles who, through Paul, the chief of them, declare that themselves are "our servants for Jesus' sake;" and reaches its loftiest limit "in Christ himself, whose greatness consists in being the servant of the human race throughout all lands and ages," since he, himself declares that he, "the Son of man, came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

And we find ourselves driven inevitably to the great truth that the highest style of man

is the worker, the diligent faithful servant
of his own generation.
There is a latent form of this truth also couched in this
thing of doing the work which our "hand find-
eth to do," "the work appointed us by God,—
which, in the main, has escaped
the attention. It is that when we undertake to
serve in our appropriate and appointed sphere, we
do not meet the measure of this service, when
we regard
what we do as merely the accident of events
around us, or when we deem it becoming
+required by the position we occupy, nor
is this service rendered so as to be acceptable
to God, & beneficial to our generation, when
it is performed as the indirect result of
our selfish aims; nay, it is not [redacted] a full
satisfaction to the exactive nature of true ser-

vice, even when it is done merely as the fruit of a kind, benevolent disposition. There must be, at the basis of this service, a purity of motive and a goodness of spirit that alone can meet ~~the~~ its demands. There must be a direct reference to the will of God, and a prominent desire & determination to be useful. Hence we may feel well assured that even abortive efforts to do this service, — to do good, — honest efforts to do the work appointed us, — though pronounced ~~by~~ failures by the fallacious standard of human judgment, are accepted in that infallible Court where ~~the~~ unerring Justice is tempered by gracious mercy, as service done to God. On the other hand, it matters not at all how apparently successful one

may be in his work,— how he may apparently have done good to multitudes,— and filled the land with the monuments of his good deeds; and how his name may be ~~upon~~ on all lips as a public benefactor; yet if he may have done all this, "with the ulterior aim of benefitting himself;" then surely, whatever earthly result may have followed, no reward will be bestowed by the gracious hand of the All-wise, the All-just God.

II. The second lesson of interest and importance evolved from this injunction of the wise man is that whatsoever our "hand findeth to do," — whatever our life-work may be,— must be done with earnestness; "do it with thy might." It may not be deemed a rash or

hazardous remark, — it is indeed a well considered opinion, — that no man ever succeeded in any enterprise whose heart and soul were not enlisted in it. A man who is without moral earnestness is the veriest trifler of all. He sports with his own most serious and important interests. He is diverted from the prosecution of most noble ends by the merest passing incident. He regards no engagement however solemn, too sacred to be broken for the slightest reason, or for no reason. Nor does it palliate his criminality in the smallest degree that we may be told that he has a kindly nature and a gentle heart, and all the defects enumerated are the result of thought-

lessness, and that no malicious design was to be found in all his unfortunate ways. A master of human nature has told us that "want of thought is as bad as want of heart;" and if any modification of this sentiment were admissible, it might perhaps not be going too far to say that this want of considerateness, or earnestness, is worse than want of heart, or a cold and ordinarily selfish heart.

We have only to see the workings of this principle of Moral earnestness, where it is the controlling power, to know that it is indispensable to to success. Have you marked the earnest man in his chosen pursuit? How his days are devoted to watching its progress, removing the obstacles in its way, providing by a sort of fore-

cast or sagacity that seems more than human,
against any obstruction, sacrificing all to this
one thing; holding it up prominently above
and before all things else; wearing out his
physical frame, destroying health; thinking
speaking laboring for this alone, making every-
thing else tributary to it; the last thought at
lying down, the subject of his dreams by night,
the first thought on awaking; and finally,
yielding up his life a sacrifice to this darling
object of his thoughts and affections. When
you behold such an exhibition as this of su-
preme devotion to one object, you see
an illustration of Moral earnestness, of
concentrated, absorbing, moral earnestness;
you see a man "doing whatsoever his hand

findeth to do", — and "doing it with his might."

I know that this principle is a two-edged sword;

I know that a man may be earnest in a cause

whose successful accomplishment may result

in ruin, as well as one whose triumph may

promote the true & the good. Yet I contend that

we are so constituted as to admire and imitate

earnestness under <u>any</u> circumstances; and

we know of such a character that he is

no trifler at least; so that while we say

"his zeal is worthy of a better cause," yet

it <u>is</u> <u>zeal</u>; it is something good and worthy

of a <u>man</u>; it is not indolence; or indifference;

such as characterizes the sluggard, or the

drone, or the driveller; and of such an one we

may confidently hope & pray that the earnestness and

devotion which mark him now to be a true man, true at least to his cause though it may be bad, may be by a Gracious Spirit turned into the channel that will cause it to contribute to the Glory of God, and the good of man. Such is earnestness;— moral earnestness. This quality is stamped with a seriousness of purpose which is as far from moroseness on the one hand, as it is from levity on the other; a seriousness compounded of intense desire for success, fixed attention to all that concerns his cherished object; and a solemn determination that the effort to succeed shall cease only when it shall have been demonstrated beyond all doubt, that the man is laboring for an impossible object. Such a man may be reminded that

"'tis not in mortals to command success," but in his defeat he may be well consoled by the reflection that he has done more;— "deserved it."

All along the pathway of life here and there stand out in bold relief the grand historical characters whose records have, in all conceivable departments of human effort, illustrated the necessity and the glory of moral earnestness;— of "doing with their might whatsoever work their hands found to do."

Among those "whose lives remind us" that life may be "made sublime," by the amount which may be accomplished in a comparatively brief period, I hold that

no grander name is recorded than that of John Calvin of Genera. His whole life was spirit; in him the bodily element was wonderfully subdued. He died at the comparatively early age of 55 years, but in that short life he lived actually far longer than the vast multitudes of his fellow men, who number their three or four score years, for his life was filled with work. His literary labors were utterly amazing. "His Institutes," the work by which he is best known, was published at the early age of twenty four, and though it might be suspected that it was but the faulty result of precocious genius, the historical fact is that it remains to this day after the lapse of 300 years, and after it has been subjected to

the trying ordeal of the severest criticism,
the grandest fountain of theological truth ever
filled from the great reservoir of Divine
revelation. To this however were added
the yearly issuance of volume after volume,
and the voluminous mass of his vast corre-
spondence. But all this work was done not
by a man of elegant leisure, whose life was
devoted to the pen & the press, but it was
in progress at the time when he was daily
engaged in the business of the Courts of morals and the
Consistory, in that arising from the assembly
of the Clergy, and his connection with the
Congregation. During all this time he lectured
three days in the week on theological subjects,
and every alternate week he preached daily.

He is reported never to have forgotten anything pertaining to his office, however much disturbed on all sides, or oppressed with applications. As one of the watchmen of ~~the~~ Israel, he was in perpetual conflict with secret and open enemies, so that he was compared to a bow always strung. He carried on a correspondence that extended all over Europe, and still found time to translate most of his learned works himself. He formed and sent forth preachers. The Council charged him with numerous weighty affairs. He had frequent journeys to perform, and was consulted on all important subjects. He was never happier than when he was obliged to do many and important things. A plague invaded the city, and in the midst of its

ravages, Calvin was conspicuous in the discharge
of the offices of humanity everywhere; a
siege was threatened and he and his Colleagues
of the Faculties were found laboring at the
fortifications. Uncomplaining in regard to
the excessiveness of his labors, he was always ready
to render service wherever it was demanded.
Now let it not be imagined that all this was done
by a man whose body was in health and
vigor. On the contrary, seven different dis-
orders combined their strength to crush him at
the last; and it was at the very time when his
bodily organs were shaken as by convulsions, and
his head racked with pain, and his life-springs
were drying up with ague-and-fever, that
he accomplished such an amt. of work; and he

"ceased not dragging himself about hither & thither in order that he might fulfil his most necessary duties," notwithstanding "the host of sufferings that assailed him in his latter years. "The real greatness of the man," shown in his agony." So he worked on wearily but unrestingly, never stopping to refresh his frame, but doing with a giant's might "what his hands found to do," until his worn and attenuated frame yielded to the conqueror and he lay upon his bed of disease and death, and wielded the last weapons that he could still control, his pen and his tongue, writing, and counseling all around him, until death released him from his labors & laid him away to rest. Often have I turned my eye upon the sad & worn

face & form which hang upon the wall of my study, with amazement & self-rebuke ~~and~~ and I seem to hear from those thin and wasted lips the voice of earnest exhortation, and the warning against self-ex indulgence, and I have thought that there is the ~~l~~ embodiment of the words "whatsoever ~~thy~~ hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!" "Night cometh when none can work." ~~Acarly~~ Calvin had been preceded twenty-five years by Martin Luther who acted upon the same principle in his work, ~~pressed~~ urged forward in his course by ~~the~~ irresistible pressure of a stern sense of duty. "No one will deny that Luther was one of the mighty workers. He had an earnest and

honest Nature— a stranger alike to cowardice and dissimulation. Whatever he did, he did with his might." His own statement concerning himself is; " I was born to fight with devils and storms." whether we behold him His labors were incredible. In his early youth ~~he was~~ convicted of sin,— & before the true we see him light dawned upon his darkened spirit, ~~he~~ seeking ~~sought~~ earnestly, & it may be foolishly, for peace, in watching, fasting, praying reading and doing penance. Or When relieved, ~~he immediately began to~~ preaching with that vigor & impetuosity and eloquence which attracted immense crowds. Or Shocked by what he saw of corruption at when with his spirit Rome, on a visit to that city, and fired into an inextinguishable blaze by Tetzel's ~~the~~ sale of indulgences in Germany, he nailed to the door of

of the Castle Church his 95 theses and challenged the Commissioner to a debate, Or when summoned to appear before the Papal legate, Cardinal Cajetan, and answer for his conduct, he ~~triumphed~~ over his foes; Or when excommunicated by Papal bull, he publicly & contemptuously burnt it in presence of an immense multitude at Wittenberg, Or when warned by his timid friend Spalatin against going to Worms to be tried he exclaimed: "Though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles upon the house tops I will enter it—" in all these and thousands of similar fiery ordeals through which he passed, we find him the same earnest tireless, intrepid champion of Truth, &

righteousness,"— the same great worker, ever "doing
with his might what his hands found to do."
About 150 years after this giant of the
elder times was laid to rest from his
life labor
~~work~~, One of those mighty agents
for God's great work in this world was
ushered into existence at Epworth, England,
and during his ~~for a~~ long and ardnous ~~wordrous~~ career of
eighty-eight years, he demonstrated what
a mighty work can be done by one
man who ~~works~~ does with his might
what work he finds to do. This man was
John Wesley, and few more energetic
or successful workers have ever figured
in the world's history. And the many thousands
traveled
of miles; the many thousands of sermons

preached; the incessant care of multiplied
Chhs. of his founding; amid contumely,
and persecution; contempt and hatred;
marked him as one of the Historical
workers. His works still survive in that
mighty host of Christian followers, whose
number and influence are ever in-
creasing; whose bold pioneers everywhere
penetrate to the frontiers of Society &
there in the heart of the wilderness
unfurl the banner of a free gospel,
and "prepare the way of the Lord,
making his paths strait." So much
result could ever have followed from
the labors of any ~~one~~ but one who
"did with his might whatsoever his hand

found to do." All of these men had faults
no doubt, but assuredly want of earnestness was
not one of them. All of them had ever
before their view their great Prototype
Paul who, when compelled, by false teachers who
endeavored to undermine his influence ~~his~~
~~influence~~ with his Chhs., to defend himself exclaimed: "Are they ministers of Xt.?
~~I am~~ I am more; in labors more
abundant, in stripes above measure;
in prisons more frequent; in deaths oft;
Of the Jews five times rec'd I forty
stripes save one; thrice was I beaten
with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I
suffered shipwreck; a night & a day I
have been in the deep; In journeyings

often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers; in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." A man who can, under such an accumulation of sufferings, continue to prosecute the grand mission of his life with an undeviating purpose, an unfaltering courage, and unhesitating faith in its ultimate success, could only be one who did "with his might whatever his hand found to do."

I might point out to you another and a greater and more illustrious example of this quality of earnestness, in the Son of God, the Son of man, — Jesus of Nazareth!" But I content myself with saying that He is the fountain from whence streams of inspiration flowed into the souls of all these workers, as well as ~~he~~ the great ~~exemplar of all that~~ illustration of a Divine ~~is~~ earnestness that consumed him in His heavenly mission to fallen humanity.

Young gentlemen of the Graduating Classes:-

In the progress of your academic studies you have learned that the mathematical

definition of a line is "length without breadth."
or thickness.
This simple primary principle which to our
gross conception seems an impalpable
abstraction, difficult if not impossible of
localization, is nevertheless often realized
by us in the varied transitions and muta
tions of life. The diversified departments
of Nature; the fixed domains of life,
and death, the separate Kingdoms of
the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral
world; the distinct fields of human
effort, are all separated from each
other by just such a line — invisible
intangible, inappreciable by the senses,
yet <u>real</u>. The vicissitudes of day and
night, the transit of nature from the

cold grasp of winter to the gentle embrace of Spring; and thence on to the gorgeous and fiery reign of Summer, soon to pass under the soothing and pleasantly sad dominion of Autumn all exhibit to us a real change; but the bounding limit — the line of separation, — is itself in- visible. The parallels of latitude; the meridians of longitude — the Equatorial and Ecliptic lines, the Solstitial, the Arctic, and antarctic ~~Circles~~ Circles, are all, so far as palpable perception may take note of them, imaginary and invisible, and in a sense accepted, they are all real and fully defined. The similitude common to all these varied spheres, is that the line of

intersection is the same invisible, im-
palpable yet real and permanent "length
without breadth." At just such a line
have you arrived. As the voyager from
the Northern to the Southern hemisphere
can tell by his instruments the time,
and ascertain the place of crossing
the Equator, though he sees no line
drawn upon the surface of land or sea;
so you know by the appointments
of Academic rule, that you have reached
the place and the time, where & when
your bark of life is passing from
the bright and tranquil sea of Youth over to
the boisterous and storm-shaken deep
of Manhood, but the line is unseen, the

transition is unfelt, and ere you are a-
ware of it, the transit is made "you've
passed from what you once have been
and ne'er can be again". As sweetly
and slowly brightens in grey of summer
dawn, the light of morn through twilight's
melting medium, then bathes the earth
in golden flood of day; — so youth's morn
shining in gentle light merged now in
early manhood's day, in cloudless skies
reveals the sun of life in full-orbed
glory.

You stand before us now in changed
relations. You have heard for the last
time the signal bell summoning you
to the presence of the Professor to re-

ceive instruction. The sense of reverent
respect which has so long rested upon
you in this relation is rapidly yielding
to the more familiar feeling of friendly
regard, as you approach the level of a
common manhood. You enter now upon
a new and untried scene, and all the
endearments of Collegiate Association
are soon to be exchanged for the
sterner realities of the wide, wide world."
Your future conflicts will consist not
in the struggle for College honors with
generous rivals stimulated by a noble
emulation, and untainted by the
bitterness of malice. You go forth
now upon the broad plain of life

where Manhood's stern encounters take
place, and where the antagonists are, on
the one hand, selfishness, fraud, malice,
and treachery; and on the other, the im-
pulses of generosity, and the emotions
of purity and kindliness, under the
influences of truth, honor, and justice.
To many a rude shock of your sensi-
bilities, trained under the principles of
virtue and peace, and a confiding kind-
liness of heart are you inevitably
destined. You are not however to be
discouraged by these homely hints,
nor may you yield to the temptation,
which may even now assail you,
to shrink back and take refuge in

retirement and obscurity, from the toils of your onward way. The necessity is upon you to go on, and the stern voice of inexorable destiny, and imperious duty is heard sounding your marching order "Onward!" Life's hills are to climb; Life's work is in outline before you; Life's Sun will rapidly ascend to the Zenith, and ere it commence its declining path, beware lest you falter, or prove a laggard in the race. You need then to be reminded that you enter the world's broad stage at a most important and interesting period of its history. To live in these solemn times, is a great matter involving mighty responsibilities, and

connected with issues of vast magnitude.
A most legitimate inference from this
fact then is, that the demands of the
age are for men of a peculiar stamp
and for none others. Triflers may have
lived and flourished in their ephemeral
existence and passed into their original
nothingness, without leaving any mark
of their career behind them, during
times of less seriousness, than those
in which we are now living. But if
ever such men were before in demand
Let me use the language of another to say
they are unealled for now. "The great
want of the age is men! Men who
are not for sale, — men who are
honest, sound from center to circum-

ference, tone to the heart's core,— men who
will condemn wrong in friend or foe,
in themselves as well as others,— men
whose conscience is as steady as the
needle to the pole,— men who will
stand for the right, though the heavens
totter and the earth reel;— men who
can tell the truth, and look the world
~~right~~ and the devil right in the eye,—
men that neither brag, nor run,— men
that neither flag nor flinch;— men who
can have courage without whistling
for it, and joy without shouting to bring
it;— men in whom the current of ever-
lasting life runs still, deep, and strong;—
men too large for sectarian limits and

too strong for sectarian bands;— men
who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause
their voices to be heard in the streets,
but who will not fail nor be discour-
aged till judgment be set in the earth;—
men who know their message & tell it;—
men who know their duty and do it;—
men who know their place & fill it;—
men who mind their own business;—
men who will not lie;— men who
are not too lazy to work, nor too
proud to be poor;— men who are
willing to eat what they have
earned, and to wear what they
have paid for." ———
Now do you hold out to us the promise

that you will be such men? Such be-
lieve it — you must be if you would
fill your station worthily, honorably
gloriously for God, and for man.
III. Hear then the argument of the wise
man by which he enforces the injunc-
tion of the text: "for there is no work
nor device nor knowledge, nor wisdom
in the grave whither thou goest."
Ah, methinks if you should in the
joyous buoyancy of youth be prone
to forget this homely truth, the new
made graves of Maupin, Richard-
son, & Mitchell — whose remains you
followed so recently from this ~~place~~ Spot
to their last resting place, would

recall it to your recollection. A sad, but friendly voice comes up this day from their tombs, reechoing the words of the Savior: "Work while it is called to day: the night cometh when none can work"; and the words of my text: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—

* Prepare for labor,—royal labor: toil, honest—ceaseless toil,— work, unselfish work for others, & not for self only,— fill up life nobly with some grand mighty monumental work, and do the work that is set before you earnestly though disease, and care weigh you down, and obstacles plant themselves thick

all along your pathway; and work on,
fight on till death come to your relief!
And yet death to you will be no relief
unless life preceding be right — be a
"life hid with Christ in God." Such
life too must be the result of the Xtian
faith — no other principle can produce
it. Come, then let me entreat you each
one for the last time, Come to Jesus Xt.
and receive the boon of eternal life; —
a boon richer than earth's brightest jewels
from the mine, or "pearls from the
depths of the sea"; higher than
crowns of Kingly power, or garland's
of Earthly honor. Seek it, get it, keep
it every one! Then I will be glad to