Baccalaureate Sermon,

1872.

Whatever 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 creature of humanity, and when he had for his inheritance a beautiful garden... wherein grew every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and as it was good for food; with a soil fertilized...
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 withheld 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 Ort, never stand stille in their eternal march; the ceaseless ebb and flow of Ocean in its limitless waste, never repose, 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, to die with no suitable sense of the recompense 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 and 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 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 quiet, 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, the bee, even the spider insignificant in all their attributes; the flower blooming, yielding, bearing, the herb, the tree, the way, still lower in the scale of being, the air, the Ocean, the earth—mere existences without sentient natures are toiling, laying up, wearing, 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 herd crying out, when the urgency amounts to a dis-
trance of repose:—"a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep;" until the friendly in-
troducer upon his ill-timed indulgence, after re-
peated efforts,—after unsuccessful efforts to 
arouse him, withdraws leaving him with this 
bad foreboding: "So shall thy poverty come 
as one that travelles, 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 so gaunt but deeply determined, ghastly 
but heavily armed, with hungry eye and wulent
aspect, with steady eye undercarriage trens 
and speedily will be upon thee with all the
horrors of his remorseless tyranny, and un-relaxing bondage:—his name is Poverty and Want." Nor is this the sleep of the physical sluggard alone; nor is this physical or earthly poverty and Want alone. So while that comes, there is a slumber infinitely more profound and perilous than that of the sluggard; there is a poverty and a Want more sure and deadly than 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 winter awakes "not only doomed, but damned!" That poverty is the foe which shall come upon him, when a naked, houseless, "unanointed, unanointed."
Spirit be still and stand aghast in the presence of the Great Judge, when the poor sinner is 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 ineffable, and grief unmitigated, where he, who now may possess broad acres, and lordly domain, and princely palace, luxuries innumerable and 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: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor deed, nor devise, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, in the grave whither thou goest." Solomon had been an intense worker. During a long life of exalted splendor, 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 magnificent 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 render-
ing 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 and noble
inauguration! Bright promise of a pious
reign!

But yet the faithful 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; and were this the end there would be no relief to the dismal picture. But undoubtedly 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 life his days, when he saw that he had so often yielded to the seductions of earthly joys 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 rivers 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."

This work must be done with earnestness.
"Do it with thy might."

III. Our mortality furnishes an argument
for immediate earnestness: "The grave whither
throw goest."

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

1. 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..."
every day; to fare sumptuously; to be exempt from every thing like exertion; to form the multitude at Vanity Fair; to enter the class who are privileged to consult down from their exalted place of repose their ease, lost 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 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 a 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 one; 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 struggles, throbbing of the sensibilities; there is a conflict of the will; there is laboring of thought that when in action even when it is work the most intense, and labor exhausting and most wearisome. 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 task of the skilled mechanic. So that while to one has been assigned the cultivation of the soil, and that is work; and to another the handling of the implements of the engineer, and that is work; to another the useful art of architecture, and that is work; not one of these is any more work than is that of the pale face student who is delving into the soil of mind; erecting the structure of scientific truth; or driving on the car of progress by mental labor in the fields of invention, and the mines of discovery. Nor
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 retirement, of private life, and by men & women who shrank from public observation, and who nursed no special ambitions 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 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 life to the river, with its pulse to the ground and rushing waves.

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 at the genius, the eloquence, the power. The great man,...

...regard this great phenomenon as a fortuitous combination of elements that formed him, and gave him a name among the great of earth, and you...
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 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 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; avoid 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: "whatever your hand finds to do" is to be done as work for God. Since he appoints you to do it, to Him you are responsible for the well-doing and the faithful performance of this work. Hence 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 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 endorsing 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, later a man out of the necessity of serving others, if he would fulfill 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 can 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 through all lands and ages," since he 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 truth also couched in this thing of doing the work which our "hand findeth to do," 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 accidental evidences 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, nor beneficial to our generation, when it is performed as the indirect result of our selfish aims; nay, it is not a full satisfaction to the exacte 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 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 failures by the fallacious standard of human judgment, are accepted in that infallible Court where the exercising Justice gracious is tempered by 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 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 merest 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.
lessons, 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 capacity that seems more than human, against any obstacle, 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 supreme devotion to one object, you see an illustration of moral earnestness, of concentrated, absorbing, moral earnestness; you see a man "doing whatever his hand
findest 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 truest good. Yet I contend that we are so constituted as to admire and imitate earnestness under any 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 is zeal; it is something good and worthy of a man; it is not indolence, or indifference, such as characterizes the sluggard, or the drone, or the dawdler; and of such an one we may confidently hope and pray that 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, paid 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 he is laboring for an impossible object. Such a man may be reminded that
"It is not in mortals to command success," but in his defeat he may be well consoled by the reflection that he has done more; "deserves 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 what is accomplished by men by moral earnestness: of "doing with their might whatsoever work their hands find 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 Geneva. His whole life was for it; 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 thefaculty result of precocious genius, the historical fact is that it remains to this day after the lapse of 320 years, and after it has been subjected to
the trying ordeal of the severest criticism, the grandest fountain of theological truth ever fed from the great reservoir of divine revelation. To this however were added the yearly issuance of volume after volume and the voluminuous mass of his vast correspondence. But all this work was done not by a man of elegant leisure, whose life was devoted to the pen and the press, but it was in progress at the time when he was daily engaged in the business of the Courts 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 strong.

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 disorders 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 spring were drying up with afever, that he accomplished such an amount of work, and he
ceased not dragging himself about hither and thither in order that he might fulfill 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 unwearingly; 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 labor and laid him away to rest. Often have I turned my eye upon the sad and worn...
face & form which hung upon the wall of
my study, with amazement & self-rebuke
and I seem to hear from those thin
and wasted lips the voice of earnest ex-
hortation, and the warning against self-
indulgence, and I have thought that there
is the living embodiment of the words "whatso-
ever they bid fiesteth to do, do it with thy
might!" "Right come eth when none
can work." Nearly had been preceded
by twenty-five years by Martin Luther
who acted upon the same principle in
his work, pressed 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 confessed of sin, and before the time we seek him light dawned upon his darkened spirit, seeking earnestly, if it may be foolishly, for peace, in watching, fasting, praying, reading and doing penance. When relieved, he immediately began to preach with that vigour, impetuosity and eloquence which attracted immense crowds. Or shocked by what he saw of corruption at Rome, on a visit to that city and fired into an inextinguishable blaze by 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 fear. Or when excommunicated by Papal bull, he publicly and contemptuously burnt it in presence of an immense multitude at Wittenberg, or when warned by his friend Prince 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 clear types was laid to rest from his life labor, One of those mighty agents for God's great work in this world was ushered into existence at Epworth, England, during his and for a long and arduous 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 of miles in the many thousands of sermons
preached: the incessant care of multiplied Chr. 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 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 straight." So such
result could ever have followed from
the labor of any one but one who
did with his might whatsoever his hand
found to do." All of these men had faults, assuredly, but 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, influenced with his Chrs. to defend himself exclaimed: "Are they ministers of Christ? So am I more; in labor more abundant in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent; in sicknesses off the Jews five times ree; I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and 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 fasting 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 unshaken 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, an illustration of a Divine 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.”

This simple primary principle which to our gross conception seems an insubstantial abstraction, difficult if not impossible of localization, is nevertheless often realized by us in the various transitions and mutations 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 real. 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 invisible. The parallels of latitude; the meridians of longitude—the Equatorial and Ecliptic lines, the Solstice, the Arctic, and antarctic lines—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 time-latitude 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
over the bright and tranquil sea of Youth to
the boisterous and storm-shaken deep
of Manhood, but the line is unseen, the
transition is unfelt, and ere you are aware of it, the transit is made "you've passed from what you once have been and never can be again." As swiftly and slowly brightens in grey of summer dawn, the light of morn through twilight's meeting mediums 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 untired 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 in
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 kin-
dness of heart are you inevitably
destined. You are not however to be
discouraged by these homely hints,
or 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 "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 commences 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 uncalled for now. The great want of the age is men! Men who are not for sale—men who are honest, sound from center to circumference.
fervent tone to the heart 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 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 discouraged 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 and 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. " —

how do you hold out to us the promise
that you will be such men? Such believe it you must be if you would fill your station worthily, honorably gloriously for God, and for man.

I hear then the argument of the wise man by which he enforces the innovation of the text: “for there is no work nor device nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whether thou goest.” Ah, methinks if you shone in the joyous bionovancy of youth be prone to forget this homely truth, the new made graves of Maupeau, Richardson, & Mitchell—whose remains you followed so recently from this place to their last resting place, would
recall it to your recollection. A sad, but friendly voice comes up this day from their tomb, 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 true faith—no other principle can produce it. Come, then let me entreat you each one for the last time, Come to Jesus! 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 garlands of earthly honor. Seek it, get it, keep it every one! Then I will be glad to