"The Search for the Golden Mean"

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The Search for the Golden Mean

One great lesson has been underscored by the tragic times in which we live. We have re-learned the dangers of specialism and the duty of sanity. Once more in the lurid light of world disaster we study the value of the golden mean. Not the negative golden mean which attains the peace of neutrality and stagnation, but the positive golden mean which catches up the virility and force of the extremes into a vigorous and aggressive synthesis. For the track to the better world and the better man is not the path of brilliance but of balance. We must no longer estimate a man’s right to be heard by the angle of his aberrations. No more must authority and finality be accorded to a voice because of the brilliant sweep by which its tangent swings from the beaten track. Mr. Chesterton has called attention to the obvious when he declares that there are a thousand angles at which a man may fall, but only one at which he can remain upright. And his insight has pointed out what is less obvious but not less true, that the really wild, whirling adventure of human thought is not in going off at the tangents but in keeping on the main track. The times are calling loudly for thinkers who will leave the dull and prosy and monotonous aberrations and heresies to essay the wild adventure of straight and balanced thinking. The crowd at the circus hangs breathless in trembling expectancy as the athlete balances upon the tight rope one hundred feet in the air. The thrill is in the balance. If he falls he is only a common man like all the rest. Anybody in the crowd can fall. If he falls it is only another prosy chapter in the story of human weakness. If he keeps his balance he is a picturesque example of how “self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control, these three alone, lead life to sovereign power.” The world is calling today for the knights of a new crusade to enter by the will of God upon the glorious quest of common sanity.
This task confronts us in our estimate of life's very essence and inner meaning. If we look at it closely we find two constant factors. The one is the tendency of things to persist. The other is the tendency of things to change. The medieval thinkers saw the world largely in terms of persistency. They postulated a fixed and rigid cosmos. The modern thinker has been seeing the world perhaps too much in terms of change. To him, as to Heraclitus of old, the cosmos is a constant flux; nothing is, all is becoming.

But progress is the balanced synthesis of these two tendencies. You cannot have it without change, for that would be the deadlock of death. No more can you have it without persistence. A railroad train makes its progress as much because the track persistently refuses to move as because the engine persistently refuses to stand still. Now we have all the conditions of such progress at the present time. Behold on the one side a blind desire to change everything, and on the other side an equally blind unwillingness to change anything! In certain groups the high blood pressure of radicalism in its extremest forms, and on the other side that type of mental hardening of the arteries which proves incapable of accommodating itself to the flow of a fresh idea. And these two extremes constantly irritate and stimulate each other. Properly interacting, the tendency to persist and the tendency to change are the true basis of all progress. The thing that we lack is the synthesis,—perhaps even deeper the willingness that there should be a synthesis. Certainly the patient and thoughtful observer has not perceived of late any synthetic tendency at our national capitol.

Perhaps there might be more of an open mind toward the golden mean did we but realize how very fundamental these tendencies are. Life itself is the resultant of their interpenetration and interaction.

Theology, for instance, has defined the thought of God for us in terms of balanced persistence and change. He is immutable, the one with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning. And yet he is the God of infinite variety. He is the God of the miracle,—
that is to say, the God of the unexpected. Philosophy and revelation have united in their insistence on his essential unity. Yet both alike have worked their way, sometimes vaguely enough, toward an essential social life in the Divine. From the time that Plato dimly saw the glimmerings of the Trinity, down to the stern monotheists of the Nicene Creed, men instinctively felt that somehow God was not only individual but social. For the individual concept meant uniformity, while the social concept meant the interplay of variety. The one tended to fixity, and the other to freedom. Men somehow refused to think of God as closed up in solitary, cold, implacable, fixed uniformity like the Hindus’ Brahm. Even Lord Byron puts into the mouth of his Cain these words, “Let him sit on his vast and solitary throne, creating worlds to make eternity less burdensome to his immense existence and unparticipated solitude.”

While the unitarian must find his relief in the creation of the universe, the trinitarian in the social life of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, both alike feel that God could never be shut up to unvarying and fixed uniformity, that in Him is found the only perfect golden mean.

So in physical force we see the same balance between fixity and freedom, between persistence and change. I suppose that we are still assuming the units of the material order to be matter and motion. To a layman matter still seems hard and opaque and heavy and difficult to get into. It exhibits impenetrability, or repulsion to being put out of place, and inertia, or persistence in its condition. Now it is exceedingly difficult in these days for the physicist to give us any clean-cut definition of matter. The atom has stepped aside for his tiny but energetic friend, the electron. But I suspect that even now if we were to seek the real distinction between matter and motion we would find it in the tendency of matter to stay put and of motion to carry on. The one tries to persist in its present condition, the other to change to a new condition. Matter is a bellowing Tory, a hide-bound conservative, an apostle of the present, a worshipper of the god of things as they are. But motion
is forward-looking and experimental and progressive,—yes, even a radical red, a wild revolutionist. Matter says, “Stand pat!” Motion cries, “Move on!” And force is the synthesis of these polar opposites. Thus substance seems always to have in it the element of persistence, and cause the element of change; and the physical world moves on because it has found what we do not seem to be able to find in the moral and political life of the day, the balanced golden mean between the two.

We find the same balance in our study of the inner life and destiny of a man. There is in him a persistent individuality seemingly fixed from the very first germ cell out of which the full-grown man originated. The development of character, the unrolling of the book of destiny, seems grimly predetermined by forces precedent to and independent of his own choice. For there is a predestination far more grim than that which ever came out of old Geneva. Natural selection is a harder doctrine than divine election. Says the recent Ernst Haeckel, “The will is the habit of molecular action; the will is never free. It depends upon the natural processes in the nervous system.” And even so humanistic a writer as Professor James, in his “Dilemma of Determinism,” says, “I disclaim openly on the threshold all pretension to prove to you that the freedom of the will is true. The most I hope is to induce some of you to follow my own example in assuming it true and acting as if it were true.” But in those very words Professor James has intimated his conviction that the only way in which a man can meet the pragmatic demands of life is by assuming that through this apparent inborn fixity there runs the golden thread of a real and substantial human freedom. And we must assume that if the universe is honest and science possible we can only postulate a freedom which is genuine, bona fide, and rooted into the very nature of things. So that any attempt to shut up the human will to materialistic predetermination simply runs up against an instinct deeper than all argument, an instinct that is fundamental and unescapable. Undoubtedly there is a tremendous persistent tendency in man out of certain fixed
conditions in heredity and environment. But this must not be allowed to exclude the corollary fact that the individual may rise in the might of his free personality, may erect himself over against his heredity and his environment, and lo—there is something new under the sun. And it is because of this glorious, divine capability to change, that man has been able in the progress of the ages to "arise and fly the reeling faun, the sensual feast," and to "move upward, working out the beast, and let the ape and tiger die." The myriad-minded Shakespeare expressed it once for all when Edmund, in King Lear, said, "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!" And thus in briefer form when Cassius cries to Brutus, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." What Professor Haeckel needed was a thorough course in Shakespeare.

Of this interaction between fixed persistence and progressive change we cannot of course know the method, but we do know and can use the fact. There is an interaction of polar opposites in electricity. This polarity we do not understand. At least I am quite sure that it has never been clearly understood since my own college days, and unfortunately the insensate world of the later years has never accepted the clean-cut explanations with which we regaled our professors in my Junior year. But we have not hesitated to adapt ourselves to the known facts of electricity, and to master its utilities, even though we cannot find out how the positive and negative poles act and interact. And what we have called the controversy between foreordination and free agency has been largely an attempt to understand a method rather than to utilize a result. The ex-
treme Calvinist dealt with one pole of the problem, and the extreme Armenian with the other pole. And the supreme difficulty was that each man tried to explain the workings of the other pole in the terms of his own. Happily we have fallen upon better times. Somebody has said that we are all Calvinists when we pray and all Armenians when we work. At all events there has come to the Christian churches that better mind and heart in which men have tacitly agreed to bring about at least one change by the practice of praying together and arguing apart. And we have been brought to that happy working agreement of the quarreling husband and wife in Will Carleton's old poem, "that she won't argue on free-will if I let alone the decrees."

But we are only beginning to realize how these two principles interpenetrate and interact, and how much the one depends upon the other. After all, essentially there could not be a plan for personalities which did not work by freedom, because freedom is of the essence of personality, nor could there be any real freedom except the freedom that coheres with a plan. Just as the freedom of an engine is on the track and not off the track, so the freedom of a human personality is in the plan, not out of it. I am not particularly concerned or disturbed by the failure to arrive at an intellectual synthesis. The totality of the human race has shared with me in that failure. No one has ever worked out the metaphysics of foreordination and free agency; possibly no one ever will. Something surely must be left for discussion in glory. But there is a working synthesis at which we are arriving when we can use this polarity like that of electricity, even though we cannot explain it. A certain brilliant engineer constructed a bridge, and after long months, the two spans from the opposite banks approached each other more and more closely, until the day came when the last rivets were to be put in place, joining the structure into one solid whole. It was found, to the dismay of the workmen, that the two spans approached, but did not fit. Between them was a little space, slight enough, and yet so large as to make the joining of the two sections seemingly impossible. They wired the
engineer their dilemma and called for instructions. His answering telegram contained but one word, "Wait." And they waited until the warmth of the noonday sun expanded that mighty steel structure so that the intervening space was exactly filled up, the rivets fell into their places and the structure was complete. It is in the noonday heat of service that the apparently irreconcilable conditions of fixity and freedom find their real unity. So many things that cannot be so in theory are so in practice. And the golden mean between fixity and freedom in the human soul is not that in which these two factors deadlock, neutralize, and nullify each other; but rather that in which one believes as though all depended on God and works as though all depended on himself; which has all the comfort of a divine plan and all the stimulus of human responsibility; which works out its own salvation with fear and trembling because it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

As we have the golden mean in life's essence, so do we confront it in life's expression. "Art," said Michael Angelo, "is the imitation of God." As we found God fixed and free, so we shall find in art there is a fixed element and a free element, a tendency to persist and a tendency to change. For want of a better name let us call these tendencies form and color. Form, the fixed and persistent factor, is intellectual and logical. Color, the free and varying factor, is emotional, warm, imaginative, intuitive. Form is a constant restraint. Color is a constant expansion. Form holds to the type. Color swings out into new types. Form is always circumscribed by time and space and mental categories. Color is of the spirit that ranges the infinite. Form is the ballast and color the sail.

Great art blends these two factors in a liaison that is complete, unforced, serene, divinely beautiful. Every good picture has been painted in obedience to the canons of form. It is good drawing as well as good painting. It involves geometry, symmetry, proportion, pure mathematics;—in a word, the great fixed, persistent laws of the human mind and of the universe. These things it must have. But with
these alone,—without color,—it would be “faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,”—a poor, dull, hard thing, like jagged mountain peaks after the winter sun goes down. A great artist must not only thus meet the intellectual tests of clear thinking and analysis. He must also feel deeply, must glow with imagination that transcends logic, must swing out on the lifting tide of ideas that break the backs of words, of “thoughts that do lie too deep for tears.” He must, in a word, have free color as well as fixed form. Always the Promethean fires will be too hot for the freezing reason’s colder part. Always the lava of passion will burst over the mountain top of sheer logic. Always the majesty which grips him is greater than any concrete expression of it which he can grasp and analyze.

“Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden; Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden; Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

“Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater; Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator; Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving; Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

“Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing; The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing; And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine, Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.”

Whenever art has swung either too far toward intellectual form or too far toward imaginative warmth it has fallen short of that masterful perfection with which we associate the great names of history. So the medieval art, enslaved to pedantic forms, lost its glow and glory; but the pendulum swung back, and modern art in its freedom and color has sometimes run riot in revolt against all form.
Thus we have had impressionism and unrelieved emotional colorings such as the late Mr. W. S. Gilbert wittily characterized by his lines from the old opera about the “greenery, yallery, Grosvenor gallery; foot-in-the-grave, young man.” Later still we have had the cubist, representing, I venture to hope, the vanishing point of form; the artistic bolshevist to whom imagination was everything and intellectual restraints were nothing. It is peculiarly characteristic of sin that it is a formless thing, without rationale or capacity of constructive analysis. In its very essence sin is lawless, formless, shapeless. And the cubist is to the rational mind literally ugly as sin, because he represents that degenerated art which has lost all form, which has no standards, which, artistically speaking, fears not God nor regards man.

So the literary artist. In this unhappy time we are deluged with free verse, though why so called no thoughtful man can imagine. It surely is not verse, and it is not free,—unless anarchy is freedom. It illustrates, too, the peculiar fact that when form is defied or forgotten the very coloring goes too, because free verse consists largely of muddy prose arranged by the printer in lines of blank verse.

The great masters of music knew the balance of the golden mean. There is a classical school whose first devotion, perhaps, was to the intellectual forms. And there is a romantic school whose first devotion was to the emotional coloring. But the great masters of music have been both classical and romantic. A symphony is as fixed in its form as a logical syllogism, yet the great symphonies of Beethoven are probably the medium by which the highest possible emotional expression of human life has ever been produced. Bach balances his color by the fine restraints of classic form. The great Russian, Tschaikowsky,—wild, Slavic, temperamental, full of color,—was nevertheless no musical bolshevist. His emotion was enhanced by the restraints of form.

But it was the Greek, the glorious Greek, who had the mastery and the mystery of the artistic golden mean. It was always the fine Greek reserve, the devotion to form,
that lent power and beauty to his glorious colorings. The most poignant tragedies never ran away with themselves. Pathos never became bathos. In the very “torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion” he knew how to “acquire and beget a temperance that would give it smoothness.” While Aristotle gave us the fixed forms of logic, Plato with his free sweep of vision contemplated God. While Socrates pondered his problems, Aristophanes echoed the laughter of the gods under the rose-banneed garden walls where poets sang their songs. Aeschylus and Sophocles grappled with fate, like Job; but all the while Theocritus, out in the fields among the sheep, with his shepherd’s pipe, was singing of youth and love.

“Storms—and trembles the tree,
Drought—and withers the grass,
Nets—and the wild beasts flee,
Snares—and the birds take wing;
But the love of a delicate maid for a man is the dangerous thing.”

While Pericles and Solon grappled with a statesman’s problems, for those who had eyes to see and ears to hear the wood nymphs and dryads and satyrs sported in every forest glade, the pipes of Pan sounded high and shrill through every reedy valley, and on the slopes of high Parnassus the gods and goddesses talked and drank and loved and crowned themselves with flowers, and the music of great Homer was in the air, and all the world was young. By and by, alas, the color faded and only the form of the Greek art remained. The color faded, and as the ages passed dull, hard pedantry reigned in its stead. We called these the Dark Ages, and Richard Wagner has satirized the art of that age by the fussy and pedantic and ridiculous Meister-singers. And then the fresh airs of the Renaissance began to blow across Europe. The great Italian men, Leonardo and Michael, Del Sarto and Titian, looked with fresh eyes back to the classics and caught again that splendid symmetry of form and color. And still later, in the literary world, Milton, with his sonorous forms and exquisite beauty; Wordsworth, compressing into the most
artificial of poetic forms,—the sonnet,—the burning passion of a Promethean spirit; Tennyson, with his exquisite music that never faltered in rhythm nor dulled in beauty; Browning, attempting every known poetic form, and singing like an angel when the pipes of Pan were properly in tune,—all these caught again the splendor of the Greek golden mean.

"From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers glide,
As once they floated on the Teian tide;
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again
On Alba's cliffs as o'er Achaia's plain."

We have thus far studied the golden mean in the essential aspect of life and in the expressional aspect of life. We are now to study it in the educational aspect of life. Let us narrow our thought. We have had the cosmic range. Let us now come back home. Let us plant our feet in our own back lot. Let us seek the acres of diamonds at our own back door.

What is the real significance of the College of Wooster? As I want to interpret it to you today, it is the search after the golden mean in the educational ideals of America. It is a search that must never forget form. It dares not neglect the fixed principles of the intellectual life. It must always deal with truth in the persistent, unchanging forms that come to us through logic, through pure mathematics, under the white light of science and philosophy. We are a religious institution. But this is all the more reason why we should seek that stern intellectual discipline without which religion degenerates into mawkish and morbid sentimentalism. I once heard the President of the United States say that the chief function of an education was to keep as many people as possible from falling into the hands of the politicians. If so, this objective has certainly proved a failure; but I sometimes think it ought to be to keep as many people as possible from falling into the hands of the isms and cults and religious fanatics. Religion has always been a favorite field of aberrations, where you have too much color for your form. This is not to its discredit.
A watch is more likely to get out of order than a wheelbarrow, not because it is less valuable, but because it is more valuable. Since religion is infinitely delicate in its adjustments it has crying need of trained thinkers, capable of straight, vigorous intellectual process. Henry Adams declared that he turned from the church and left the ministry of those brilliant Boston Unitarians,—Channing and Everett and Walker and Emerson,—because to them religion seemed to be only sweetness and light and kindness, without any essential grappling with the profound problems of human life. There is, when all is said and done, a real value to a creed, because its formulation and use does involve clear intellectual processes. It means form and structure and clarity. Religion has suffered irretrievably from the “infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge,” from that pious sentimentalism to which Professor Bowne refers, as expressed by the dear lady who received such great spiritual comfort out of “that most blessed word, ‘Mesopotamia’.” There is even, I think, a certain religion in pure mathematics. It is the morality of the skies, of the “dome fretted with golden starfire.” To it might be applied the fine lines of Wordsworth:

“Thou dost withhold the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens by Thee are fresh and strong.”

Indeed, a professor of mathematics in an eastern university has written, I think, the most striking recent book upon the Trinity. This of course is higher mathematics; in that rarefied mountain air to which most of us have never climbed, where we have long since passed the snowline of the axioms, where the sixth sense and the fourth dimension become our native atmosphere, and where one dizzily works his way around to infinity by the back side of zero. We receive far more religious inspiration by the way of sheer, hard, intellectual thinking than we realize.

The peculiar task of Wooster, however, is not training in fixed intellectual forms. If this were all we would be attempting the same task as the state institution, with fewer resources. But there is a definite reason for our existence.
We must not neglect the form, yet it is peculiarly our function to lay on the color. The state school is quite frank in admitting the necessity of laying on the color, but is equally frank in leaving at least part of the task to outside agencies, to the Church and the Christian College, because it is a work upon which the secular school cannot engage with the advantage of the religious institution. The best men in our state universities will tell you that sheer intellectual training ought to be balanced by the emotional, inspirational and imaginative development of the human heart under the influence of religion, but that they must rely on the Church and the Church School to do that work. And, mind you, this is liberal education. Intellectual form, as we have seen, is always conservative; it tends to persistence rather than change. It is the vision of the heart, rather than the logic of the head, which is progressive. Somebody has said that he wanted to be as conservative as pure mathematics and as progressive as modern science. But as we have seen, pure mathematics, when the axioms go glimmering, is not always conservative. In the nature of things physical science, in spite of its discoveries, is always conservative, fundamentally because it is dealing with fixed laws, tested relationships and standards circumscribed by the physical senses. The vision of faith, however, is never thus circumscribed. It steps far beyond the limits of logic and the tests of the senses; it deals with the things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It is therefore the essence of liberalism. Is it not a curious reversal by which the old physical positivist called himself a liberal and the man of faith a conservative? However learned a materialistic agnostic may be the last thing in the world he may lay claim to is liberalism in the right sense. Jesus was speaking about spiritual vision when he said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Accordingly religion has always been the handmaid of democracy. John Fiske, speaking of Calvinism, perhaps the hardest and grimmest intellectual form in which religion was ever cast, has said that John Calvin was more despotic than any Middle Age pope, yet the promulgation of his
theology was one of the longest steps mankind has taken toward personal freedom. And it is literally true in the great conflict just closing, against autocracies, for the rights of the little peoples and for the common man, that, man for man the country over, the students in the church schools stood at the top of the honor list. Six hundred and ninety-two stars and sixteen gold stars from this comparatively small church institution will abundantly witness that shining fact. No, it is ours to give men a liberal education,—to put the color and warmth and glow and splendor of the religious life into the stern and rigorous forms of mental discipline. And at the center of it all we shall put the blood-red color of the Cross of Calvary. The red rays are the heat rays, and teachers across the country are beginning to see and realize that if we are not to go the way of Prussia we must get the heat rays as well as the chemical rays into the educational systems of America. Not less form, but more color!

This is our difficult, glorious, wild, whirling adventure in the golden mean. To preserve that fine balance we must have the personal touch. For this particular work can never be done in an institution where the numbers pass beyond the point of personal contact between teachers and pupils, and between the scholars themselves. It can never be done where, substantially speaking, the Faculty cannot know the whole student body; and where, substantially speaking, every student does not have more or less vital contact with all the others. Hence I suspect that if in Wooster during the next five years we shall reach eight hundred or a thousand students we shall have gone practically to the point of safety so far as our particular function is concerned. I should like to see about that many,—with a waiting list. Regardless of exact numbers, our particular task here is to train the picked leaders who shall touch the lives and hearts of men in a thousand communities, and our first aim should be the quality of this leadership rather than the numerical quantity of our output.

It will be necessary, too, that an institution doing this work should have a certain willingness to be unique. If
we are striving after form we shall of course be likely to conform to the cast and custom of the average school. But if we are seeking after color, after individuality, we shall strive not so much to imitate as to differentiate between our own and institutions doing different work by different methods. All this, I trust, without either criticism or egotism. But we are, and I hope shall be, unique as the greatest missionary center of Presbyterianism in the country. We are striving, and I hope shall strive, for simplicity and for an after-the-war reconstruction program of Christian democracy. We have been, and I hope shall be, frankly Christian in every phase of college life; meeting the needs, not of an indiscriminate patronage, but of a choice constituency attracted by just such a program; and granting our blessing and benediction to those who, attracted by different programs, may seek to go elsewhere. That the golden mean between piety and true manhood can be found is, I think, assured by our record. And if anyone has lingering doubts as to whether a school can be at once definitely religious and virile in clean sportsmanship I would respectfully refer that one to those various gentlemen who have met Wooster football teams upon the field of combat in recent months!

For the performance of this great task, too, we must steadily keep in mind the peculiar complexity of our relationships. We must be aligned with the great academic institutions and customs of the country. At the same time we must be aligned with the great ecclesiastical organization to which we owe our faith and allegiance. This is always a task of peculiar delicacy, and it calls upon each friend of the College for the utmost patience, the utmost consideration, and the utmost willingness to sacrifice his personal views if need be for the good of the whole. If you ask me whether any existing features of college life could be changed or improved I reply "Undoubtedly yes!" If you ask me whether they should be changed or improved at the expense of discord and upheaval I reply "No!" Our first and crying need is for the ability and willingness to see eye to eye and to play the team for the good of the
whole. Whatever the experiences of the past have been may we not now launch upon a great adventure of balance? —of Christian brotherly balance?

And last comes what I fear you will think the anti-climax. The search for the golden mean can never be successful here without the search for the golden means. The state institution commands its taxes, which men must pay whether they will or no. The church school can levy no taxes, but can only lay tribute upon consecrated hands and hearts and pocketbooks. The state institution cries, “Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s.” The church school must echo, “And unto God the things that are God’s.” To meet adequately the present task of the College, without even anticipating new and amplified programs, to do fully and finely the work which you have set us to do here, will mean two millions more than our present resources. An anti-climax? Not at all. “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoved, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.” “Now concerning the collection!” Will not our great, warm-hearted, liberal-handed constituency fill in that context?

On this quest then we have entered. To seek this Holy Grail of our dreams I dedicate my life. It is a great, impossible undertaking, and that is why we must do it. The golden mean, the noble elevation of the scholar, the high thoughts seated in the soul of courtesy, the noblesse oblige of the Christian gentleman, the passion and romance of the missionary, the glowing fervor of the reformer, the practical business judgment of the son of Martha on the street, the mystical visions of the son of Mary in the prayer closet,—let us realize them all. Yes, let us find them sanely and wholly in the spirit of the Man, that august, imperial teacher who left behind him, not an influence, but an activity, and who marked for us the shining path to the golden mean when He said, “Learn of me.”