

# All that is within me

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

BY BURRIS ATKINS JENKINS

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name."  
—*Psalms ciii: 1.*

IT is a refreshing thing, in a world of half-heartedness, to find now and then a man who calls upon all that is within him to sing the song, to do the task, to lead the life that is given him. So much of the work of the world, and the singing of the world, is lackadaisical, half-souled, that it is a genuine joy when we listen to one who throws all his being into the message of his life.

Herein lies the difference between great singers and ordinary, mediocre singers, that the former sing with what we call "soul," "temperament," "spirit;" and herein lies the difference between the great work of the world and the cheap, ordinary work of the world, that those who do the former cast into it all that they have of heart, of will, of spirit, and of power.

There are capabilities, there are powers, there are possibilities in all of us of which we seldom dream—capacities, depths that we seldom reach and sound. There is much of undeveloped raw material; much of fallow ground into which plowshare never yet has struck; much of rich, deep soil; and living, springing waters, into which the drill never yet has pierced; much latent force and capability, which have never been called in to play.

The great teachers of the world realize this fact, and that is why they are the great teachers. They look upon the ordinary level of common men and women as divine possibilities that lie sleeping and dormant, as yet unawakened; and they do not for a moment dream that they put anything into humanity—these great teachers—they simply lead out what is already within them. So Garfield was able to say that Mark Hopkins at one end of the log and a student at the other, constituted a university. That great genius, Mark Hopkins, never put any power into a stu-

dent's head or heart—he simply developed what was already lying sleeping within; he so poured his own soul into the task, with a great joy he so threw himself into the purpose, that the student could not but respond. The young lad's own inner nature was drawn out of him—"educated," as we say, in the strictest etymological sense of the word.

I suppose that one of the greatest modern teachers in America was the late Dr. William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago. At Yale, twenty years ago, you could have heard the echoes of his teaching amongst the students who were still in the institution. They said that that great, strong, powerful, enthusiastic spirit would lift them up out of themselves, and in spite of themselves, though he had the driest subject that any man was ever called upon to teach to a company of his fellows—the Hebrew language. He would draw upon the board a few of those ugly, scrawly characters, and then he would point to them, and say, "Look at those gentlemen! Aren't they beautiful! Aren't they beautiful!" and they would lean over in their seats, and they would work for him four hours out of the twenty four, until all the other professors in the institution were jealous of the amount of time that Harper took. And he did not give those men anything—he simply educated those men—drew out of them the latent capacities and powers that were already in the humblest and the slowest of them.

Thus also Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest teacher of them all, recognizing the latent capacities in men, had only to come into their presence, and with His great, throbbing, magnetic soul, touch them at a remote corner, or boundary line, and He could quicken them into new life; they responded to Him, in spite of themselves; and what lay sleeping and dormant and unexplored within them was immediately opened up to the light.

He comes into the home of Zacchaeus, and His mere presence is stimulating enough for that hard, cold, practical,

greedy man of the world to cry out, "Master, from this time forth I give half my goods to feed the poor; and if I have wrongfully exacted of any man, I will restore him four-fold!"

He has only to come into contact with the woman of Samaria, and speak with her for a short time, until she runs enthusiastically into the city and calls all her friends, and says, "Come, see a man that told me all things ever I did! Is not this the Christ?"

He has only to hold a few moments' conversation with the polished, refined Pharisee, until he instills into Nicodemus a desire to be born again, made over, the lower vast riches of his unexplored nature expanded and brought out to the light.

The great leaders and the great statesmen have been those who realized the power and capacity of the common people. Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson are great characters in American history because, with their ears to the ground, they have heard the heart-beat of the great common people, have responded to it, have vocalized it, have put it into action and into statute, because they believed in the power and the capacity of the ordinary common man.

Now, the greatest desire, I take it, of almost all men, is the fullest personal development, the utilization of all the force and all the capacity that they possess. The first question of the catechism used to read, "What is the chief end of man?" The answer was, "To glorify God, and enjoy Him forever." I do not interpret that answer to mean that the chief end of man is to tell God how great He is, though that is worth while; to sing praises constantly to His name, though that also is worth while; but I take it that this phrase, "To glorify God," means what Jesus meant when he said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." The way in which we can best praise God and glorify Him best, is to bear most fruit, and so be the disciples of the Christ. In other words, to develop all the powers and capacities that we possess; until they become valuable and working in the world; to see that all the sap that is in our natures comes outward into bud and blossom and fruit; to make the most of one's self, and the finest of one's self, and, changing the figure, to polish and refine one's own personality, until it shines with all the glory that it was intended to shine with when it was made to reflect the glory of the Lord, from glory unto glory.

As it is with individuals, so is it also with peoples and churches. How they yearn for spiritual expansion, for a closer

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Library *Alice in Wonderland* (Wollcott is the dramatic critic who occasionally goes so far as to dare his own criticism by acting himself in a play or two, just to show how easy it really is, when you know how), and found this: "One discrepancy between them (the two selves of the author of *Alice*, one known as the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, Oxford mathematician, and the other as Lewis Carroll) has always been a subject of amused reflection—a discrepancy not unfamiliar to a generation which knows that one of its own hilarious clowns is (in what is sometimes confusedly called real life) the professor of political economy at McGill university."

It is not hard to deduce that Stephen Leacock has a dual nature. Only in this way can I explain a literary humorist teaching economics. The analogy between Leacock and Carroll is not far fetched, although it is a fancy of mine that I would go to hear Leacock on economics before I would have gone to Carroll on mathematics.

I have a good friend who was a student at Oxford when Leacock visited there a little more than a decade ago. I have found out that this friend of mine hasn't as yet read the *Oxford As I See It* that Leacock wrote after the visit and included in his volume, *My Discovery of England*. Before long I'm going to take this hilarious, and withal acute, essay to my good friend Oxon., and I want to be sitting near him when he reads it, so I can enjoy his chuckles. Unless I have a poor estimate of both my friend and the essay, the chuckles will develop into chortles and then snorts and then hoots of laughter. (By the way, the word "chortle" was coined by Lewis Carroll, so Webster's says, to signify a combination of chuckle and snort). The lure of the essay is dangled in the first paragraph:

Arriving one afternoon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre hotel and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great university. When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907 and spent a Sunday at All Souls with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

No less than twenty-one pages of the illuminating and inimitable "observations" follow thereupon.

And if my friend lives up to expectations (he can't help but do so) I'll take him my carefully preserved copy of *The Forum* for April, 1931, in which Leacock writes upon the subject, "Americans Are Queer, And They Don't Give a Damn." Only two pages this time, but they will be good for a dozen laughs. And what is to be desired more in life than a good, loud, boisterous

laugh, or the privilege of watching some one of one's good friends, always artists in laughter before they can be called tried and true, rock and shake and cry with glee? Just wait until I lend him (now there's a mark of genuine regard) Leacock's aforementioned *Nonsense Novels*, which is a tonic in every page, and which contains that marvelous (more imaginative than funny) "Allegory of the Future."

And now, with all the fun to be had in reading and in converse with friends, and even in talking to oneself, how can the gloomy Mr Krutch continue to say "Ours is a lost cause, and there is no place for us in the natural universe." Maybe he has been disappointed in love, or maybe, which is more probable, he just hasn't yet realized that in the chemistry of the gods there is a reaction: Existence+Laughter>Living.

But if conversation, even to oneself, must ramble in order to be lively and good, it also must not hang on too long, ere freshness and spontaneity ebb away, like the taste of a good meal or a good pipe, for being too long continued.



### ALL THAT IS WITHIN ME

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walk with God! Concerned about treasuries and church buildings, about controversies and orthodoxies? Yes, but only superficially, I am assured. Deep down in their souls, where the clear pure waters flow, they are concerned about nothing so much as close contact with the Holy Spirit of God. Already may we claim the beatitude of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Ah, great are the unfilled, unexplored depths of immortal souls!

Out in Colorado somewhere, I am told, there is a little lake, the surface of which is scarcely ever fanned by passing breezes, so is it sheltered by crag and cliff and mountain top. Still as glass, it mirrors back the overhanging pine and hemlock and the yellow and green and blue of the sandstone rocks. It seems a very shallow little lake—you can see the bottom of it at any place, you think, in the clear, crystal depths. You think you can reach down and pick up pebbles all over the basin that holds that water; but to the bottom of that little lake, plummet line never yet has gone! Is that not a picture of the human soul? So deep, and so profound that nobody ever yet has stirred its depths!

"But," you say, "that is not a picture of my soul. I am shallow, as that lake appeared to be. You can pick up the stones over the depth of my nature anywhere. I am not naturally religious,

and I am not deep and profound. I am very ordinary and very shallow." My friend, that is the only heresy in life, not to believe in one's self, one's kinship to God, and one's inherent and yet unfolded and undeveloped capacities. That is not to believe in God who made us. Oliver Wendell Holmes says there are one-story intellects, and two-story intellects, and three-story intellects with skylights; and so there are; but there are none but three-story souls, and all of them open to the light of God! We are by nature religious.

"Well," says one, "if there are capacities and powers in me yet unsounded and undeveloped, I should like to know how to reach them—how to unfold them—how to expand them."

Life does this for us. There are two means at least by which we may develop the unsounded depths of our natures, or two kinds of means. These are voluntary and involuntary. Whether we will or no, the inevitable experiences of life deepen and enrich the soil of our souls. To go up against life, which for no one is smooth and even and easy, against the hardnesses and obstinacies of life, the difficulties, the perplexities, the trials and the sufferings of life, is to expand our capacities, to toughen our sinews, to develop our souls!

And here we have at least a glimpse into the purposes of the creator in putting so much of hardness and of suffering into the world. We cannot see his ultimate purpose, but we can at least see the immediate result. It creates men and women. It makes them better, stronger, more heroic, than they ever could be without. Once, when lying upon a bed of intense pain, a friend of mine came to me, and standing by my side, took my hand and said, "Sometimes we do not look up until we are flat on our backs!" I never have forgotten that word. I never could forget it. Sometimes God has to send the iron down, down, down, deep into our souls before the strata are pierced where the living waters are.

Doctor Gunsaulus of Chicago, who after weeks and months of excruciating pain, lost his hip joint, is reported to have said that if he could have the same high thoughts and exalted aspirations that he had upon his hospital cot during the days of agony he would be willing to go through it all again—yes, to walk to that distant city in which he had undergone his operation, to pass once more under the rod.

It is in the exquisite agonies of life that oftentimes we slough off the mortal, material existence and look up into the sky, into the face of God, even as he scourges us, and cry out, "Though he

slays me, yet will I trust Him!" It is a brave word of Browning's:

"Then welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough;  
That bids nor sit nor stand, but Go!  
Be our joys three parts pain, strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang! Dare, never grudge the throe!"

Sometimes over the sodded mound, and under the weeping willow, under the suffering and the loss against which one's soul rebels, and yet which is inevitable and irreparable, the soil of our hearts is mellowed, deepened, softened. The rain of tribulation fructifies the fig tree that otherwise might be cursed!

And then, sometimes, on the other hand, in the greatest joys, men's inherent latent powers are called into play.

Phillips Brooks is right, I think, when he says that in our highest moments, whether of sorrow or of joy, we naturally call upon God. In moments of stress and grief, we cry out involuntarily, "God help me!" In moments of relief and joy and prosperity, we cry, "Thank God!" Perfectly natural is it that our souls should come up to Him in times of greatest exaltation. I have seen men, I think, humbled by great good fortune, men made hungry and thirsty for righteousness, through prosperity. I know that is rare. For the most part prosperity hardens a man, or a nation—adversity softens and refines. But there are those who have found in their very good fortune, and their joy, the presence of God, and the feeling and the sense of God.

Once again, involuntarily, the latent heroism and capacity of man is oftentimes brought about by his very sinfulness. I shall have to speak carefully here, but I am confident that many a man has been brought nearer to God by his sins, by his failures, by his attempts to realize the absurd—for after all, that is what sin is—by his desire to do the thing that, in the nature of things, cannot be done; by his striving to get satisfaction through that which, in the nature of things cannot and does not satisfy. I have seen a man brought broad awake by the shock of the thing he has done, and reclaimed, made over, liberated, set free, by his own slavery. I speak that word, though many a time I have been told it is a dangerous word—I speak it because I believe it brings hope to sinning men.

"The bird with a broken pinion never soars so high again," was the old evangelistic song that we used to sing, and that I do not believe! Where would be our John B. Goughs? Where would be our General Booths? Where would be our Dwight L. Moodys? Where

would be our St. Augustines? Our Dantes? Our heroes of the past? Birds with broken pinions, every one of them. I think there is hope for any man, no matter what he has done, or how he has fallen; and I believe he can fly just as high!

Now, that is not saying that it is a good thing to sow wild oats. That is not saying, "Let us do sin, that grace may abound." God forbid! But it is saying that sin, itself, sometimes electrifies a man awake, and brings him to himself.

Jesus would not have put it into his parable, if it had not been true. The lost son, the prodigal, says Jesus, so significantly, "when he came to himself, said, I will arise, and go unto my father," "When he came to himself!" His best self. His real self. His profoundest self. His undeveloped self. When, at last, he called upon all that was within him, then he said, "I will arise and go home to my father."

But there are certain voluntary things that we may do, and experiences that we may undergo, which will develop, refine, unfold us, increase the fruitage of the trees of our lives. First, our associations, our comradeships, the character of the people with whom we have to do. Is there anybody in your acquaintance who, by his very presence, brings out the best that is within you? Anybody before whom you want to be at your best? Anybody with whom, in spite of yourself, you are at your best? Whose personality quickens mind, heart, will; tunes, intensifies? If there is such, lock him to your bosom with bands of steel. Never let him go. Follow him about, day in, day out. Take up your boardinghouse across the street from him. Never let him out of your sight if you can help it. Make him your own.

"But," says one, "I have no such friend. The nature of my environment is such, or the natural reserve of my own character is such that I have no such friend. I cannot find him, and if I found him I could not make use of him." Well, Ruskin tells us that there are certain kings and princes waiting to associate with us, all the time, if we care to come into their company. They are gathering dust upon our shelves, and yet are ready to give us the best and the finest that is in their nature—not the ordinary table talk, or made-conversation of the day—kings and princes of the soul, waiting to speak to us! Seek them out, and avoid the lesser lights. Above all, there is the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Prince of Princes, the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely, who is ready to be a friend to every friendless man or any man. That same great Teacher

and leader of men that could understand the secrets of men's hearts, and draw them out to their best self-expression—He is ready to stand beside every one of us, to take each one of us by the hand, and talk to us even as He talked to those two on the way to Emmaus.

"Well," you say, "that is mystical, unreal. Jesus died two thousand years ago. I don't see how I can make a friend and a companion of Him." Jesus Christ is alive in the world today, more really than he was two thousand years ago! Do we not know that a man can live long, long after his apparent death? Is not then the Son of Man and Son of God alive, increasingly alive, almightily alive in the world today? There never was nor is anybody quite so much in evidence as He! He is here, ready to associate with all sorts and conditions of men, to be a friend, to be a comrade, to be a saviour, to be a redeemer, to anybody that will meet Him half-the-way. That companionship is open to us all!

The meditation upon Him that this busy age seems to have lost, the moments before the fire, in the deep silence of the woods or the field, the moments when we withdraw from the touch of humanity and turn our eyes upward, consciously and voluntarily to God; meditation which Ian Maclaren calls one of the lost arts, will deepen the soil of our souls.

Be alone. You have the right to be alone. The world has no license to invade your privacy twenty four hours out of the day. Be alone, and think upon God.

And then, pray. Our age needs, as no other age has ever needed, to follow the example of the bewildered hesitating, half-crazed Hamlet, when he said, "As for me, look you, I'll go pray." You see, here are the old, old exercises that humanity has found necessary in the expansion and development and the training of one's powers. Prayer to God—unceasing prayer to God. Consciousness of His presence—not petitions to Him, but association with Him, talking with Him, on the streets, in the shops, in the stores, in the home, in the busy social circle,—that is what we need. Everywhere conscious of and talking to God, we shall deepen the soil of our souls. One of the sages and saints of this western country of ours often used to say to me: "I sit here under the trees, on the grass and talk to God, while He talks to me!" He seldom said "I pray" but I knew, as everybody who really was acquainted with Alexander Proctor knew, that it was so. The path is open before any one of us, and it shines brighter even unto the perfect day.

"Oh, that I might develop all that is within me! Oh, that I might realize the end of man, to glorify God, and en-

joy Him forever! Oh, that the unexplored, unclaimed, arid lands of my soul might be conserved and utilized, and given back to Him who made them!"

There is the instinctive thirst of humanity. And it is the thirst that can be adequately quenched in Christ, and Christ alone.



## THE REVIVAL OF PERSONALITY

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faction in the achievement of youth, but a victory of a human spirit, of human personality and daring, over Nature. It was celebrated around the world as a victory for personality.

And there is Mussolini. Italy, desolated by the war, poverty-stricken, drifting, responded to the call of a man who knew where he was going. David Starr Jordan once said, "The world gets out of the way of a man who knows where he is going." And I am informed that Italy is a new Italy. Clean, industrious, wealthy, proud of itself and of what they call their manifest destiny. Because one masterful personality stepped into the breach.

And over in Czechoslovakia a little while ago they celebrated the birthday of their president, Marsaryk. And they think in Czechoslovakia that their new life as a nation today is due to one person, under the fire of whose inspiration their souls, conflicting and warring, have melted and flowed together into a new unity of national life.

Then just at this period came the flood of new biographies. Why be interested in biography if man does not count? Strachey led the way with his *Queen Victoria*, a critical realistic picture of a woman who ruled Britain for sixty years. Critical! He painted in the wrinkles where they were.

Then came the flood of less significant biographies, less critical, some of them sensational, many fictional, many of them frankly debunking, and they had a curious effect. First of all, people read them. And as a result, we have a new hero worship. We have rediscovered our great men.

George Washington can stand scrutiny, but the trouble with the Washington that you and I knew was that he was a steel engraving. Pastor Weems, and the early biographers had embedded the hatchet story so thoroughly into the tradition of Washington that every little boy who wished to be like Washington read that story of the paragon who could not tell a lie—this little modern wholesome boy, who wanted to be as good as he could under all the circumstances, to whom a lie might be "an abomination in the sight of the Lord,

but a very present help in trouble,"—this little boy was in despair at Weems's counsel of perfection. He could not worship a steel engraving, an impossibly perfect boy. But here come the biographers, stripping away all these encrustations of legend and letting us know what sort of man Washington actually was. And somehow he was flesh and blood and no harm done to his essential greatness. Mr Coolidge said, you remember, when a certain critical biography of Washington was called to his attention, as he looked out of his window at the White House, toward the Washington Monument, "I see the monument still stands."

Great men can stand scrutiny, and there is a contagion through contact with them if we can see them in the flesh. And therefore one of the great services of these fictional biographies, some designed to belittle the great man, had precisely the effect of magnifying the leaders of our race. So today there is a revival of personality and a new hope.

Some personalities indeed are in Hollywood: twelve million people a day go to see certain of these so-called personalities on the film, on the level of a certain kind of appeal which probably has not guaranteed any valuable kind of immortality. But it is "it."

There is today in business a tremendous emphasis on all of those background qualities, personal qualities, a great premium now paid for distinction not merely of intellect, not merely of executive ability, but distinction of individual excellence saturated with these magnetic qualities which make the individual's personality effective.

There never was a time in human history when so large a premium, perhaps, is being offered for personality in the workaday world as now.

Mr Stuart Chase has spoken of leisure, and I don't need to remind you that foremost, the hours of leisure are the golden opportunity for the enrichment of personal life. That is true even of students. Outside the class room, what happens between five p. m. and eight o'clock the next morning, is quite as important as anything that happens in the school room.

What of the university in all this?

Twenty five years span the chief period of the attempt to measure human ability and human achievement, and methods of teaching, and the like. This movement is of incalculable value to education. But no discriminating person has for a moment believed that these measurements were mass measurements for the sake of mass judgments; rather these measurements are to enable one to better understand the individual and

deal with him more intensively and intelligently. Such studies re-emphasize the transcendent importance of individuals.

Now what of higher education? Released from a good many bondages of the old physics, mechanistic and behavioristic trends, it is turning unmistakably to the intensive cultivation of the individual as never before. The Oxford plan, the honor courses, program, a host of other devices, and included, orientation, separate housing even where the Oxford plan in its completeness cannot be carried out—all of these are responses to the democratic conception, the new conception of leadership and of individuality.

Furthermore, the old aristocratic theory of leadership was that we have a very few voices and all the rest are echoes—just a few sulphides and all the rest of us bromides. A few universal geniuses,—Caesar, Napoleon, Washington,—and all the rest of us, followers.

Today we have the conception of specialized leadership. In the intricate life, social, industrial, commercial, that with its specialization of fields of activity, with more than 13,000 ways in which men may more or less honestly earn a living, the opportunity for leadership is as multiple as, not merely these vocations, but as the kinds of excellence that men find effective within these various fields, for their own lives and for the lives of others.

In studies of leadership made years ago by Terman he found that in a group of four or six children doing a certain sort of task would be one leader, and he would find leaders in other groups. He would shuffle those leaders and in the new circumstances and with the new task you have a new leadership. Contagion of example. And out of it grew the view that everybody has influence in some respect, and that somehow everybody must find an opportunity to lead and have unique success. And the qualities of great leadership carry with them the ability to follow faithfully and loyally those who excel in other lines. A great leader is always a great follower.

The university cannot define personality completely as yet. It is as elusive as the odor of grapes and yet we know through historic practice and the like that under certain conditions individuality and personality flourish.

There is no great development of personal life without rich personal life of teachers in the teaching—no other way but in the Incarnation—personality as reflected in the schoolroom or in the extra-curricular contacts of the student.

Today another great movement, that I must mention before closing, is the comprehension, the attempt to weave in-