

Francis Clement Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, and President Bizzell, just before the start of the academic procession into the fieldhouse Sunday, June 4, for the forty-first baccalaureate service. The Bishop is wearing the hood of Louvain university, blue and black silk trimmed in ermine. Doctor Kelley's address, which appears below, has been called one of the most scholarly and stimulating baccalaureate sermons ever delivered at the university. Immediately between the speaker and the president is Dr. O. D. Foster, the executive secretary of the North American Conference on Education and Religion

## The virtue of the scholar

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

BY FRANCIS C. KELLEY

*"A net is spread in vain before the eyes of them that have wings."—Proverbs 1-17.*

**A**LMOST every attempt to overthrow governments by popular uprisings had Equality as its slogan. I can recall no exceptions in history, whether in such short-lived rebellions as that of the slaves under Spartacus, the conquest of king and aristocracy by the first French Revolution, or the events that preceded the establishment of this, our own Republic. Even wars between nations were waged, for the greater number, to level the hills of power; and strife between individuals may be explained by the same determination. All strife is basically a testimony to the magic of the word Equality as an inspiration to action and a call to battle.

Nevertheless a wise Chinese philosopher committed himself to this proverb: "All nature makes men equal; education divides them." Was he right? I do not think so. Nature does not make men equal, for diversity is her rule and she abhors monotony. True, we are born to the heritage of a common humanity, but it is the only equality

that appears on the surface of things for us. There is, of course, our common responsibility to God and our equality before Him; but the Chinese philosopher was talking about nature, not God.

Is education a divider? Only in the sense that leadership sets one apart from his fellows. To true education man is a child of God, and, if in that light equality is understood, then education is a unifier. A Christian philosopher said, much more correctly than the Chinese savant: "Truth is diffusive of itself." There is the secret of equality. On nature rests the responsibility of maintaining life on earth. On education rests the responsibility of making it worth living—for all.

There is then no duty that falls to the lot of the young scholar more important than the duty of looking ahead, so that a proper attitude may be taken toward his world, his nation, his neighbors and himself.

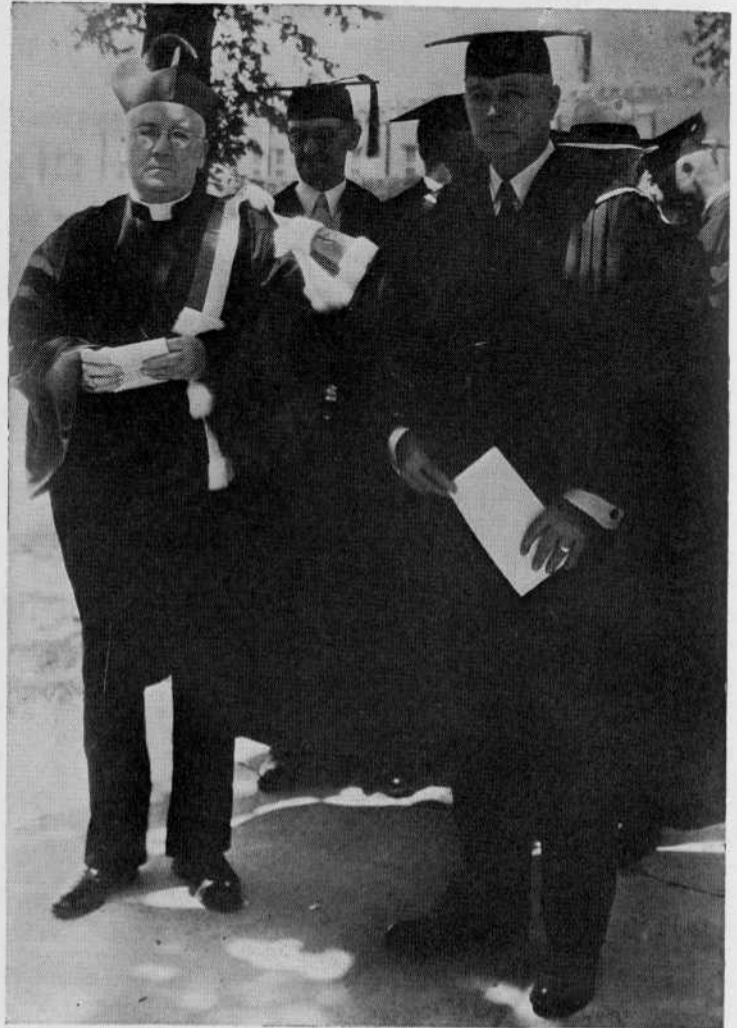
When the young scholar thus looks on life his next task is to acquire the virtues of his state. Now, virtues have the habit of selecting a king, and moral theologians call that king the predominant virtue; for that virtue has the authority to call others into service and command them in action. The predominant virtue of the parent is

devotion, of the judge prudence, of the virgin chastity, of the ruler justice, of the soldier loyalty. What must be the predominant virtue of the scholar? I have no hesitation in answering: The predominant virtue of the scholar is, or ought to be, the virtue of humility. For humility is the unifying virtue.

What a strange statement to make here in this atmosphere of triumph! Do I not see you robed and gowned? Have I not heard your music of victory? Does not the sea of young faces before me smile on this day of days with self-satisfaction and pride? What possible place could humility have at a Commencement? But out there the nets are spread. There are nets high and nets low. There are wings strong and wings weak. There are winds that blow and oceans to be crossed against them, bullets that travel faster than wings, and hunters who scorn fairness. The scholar must be forewarned and forearmed. It is the virtue of humility that forewarns and forearms him.

There are reasons then why the scholar should take the virtue of humility as his own. Not the least of them is found in the debt he owes to society, to the state and to religion.

Society has been more than tolerant with



HEFFNER

students. From the days of the old mediæval university cities, with their thousands of quarrelsome youths congregated together in student, or Latin, quarters, and always ready for the sometimes bloody disputes between Town and Gown, down to our own day when scarcely a scholastic year passes in any college without an outbreak of mistaken zeal or student pride, the attitude of society has been readily to find excuses for its future leaders, and to pardon their sins for very love of the sinners. Students have always been the spoiled children of society. The thought of that tolerance, coming at such a time as this, is no incentive to pride, but an excellent one for humility. Strength does not glory in the thought that once it was treated as a weakness. And tolerance is no great honor either to the tolerant or the tolerated.

The state goes farther than society in its consideration for its budding scholars, but nevertheless classes them with its dependents. In the case of soldiers, also dependents, the state expects a return of loyalty even unto death. But of the scholar the state expects only that he be a scholar. To make him one all must pay, even as all are laid under contribution for the care of the weak, of prisoners, of delinquents, and of the opposites of scholars—these mentally too feeble to be trusted without special guardianship. There is a paradox for you: A premium is put both on brains and on the lack of them. Frankly, I say this to humble you, as I invite you to look ahead to the life of a scholar which it is your ambition to live. My teachers in this are the dead masters of the spiritual life, men who were likewise masters of the life of the mind. I speak with an Augustine, a Bonaventure, and a Bellarmine—scholars all and saints. The thought of humility did more than make such men masters of their souls. It made them kings also, kings in the golden land of wisdom.

But of all the largesse showered on scholars the most generous came from religion. The hood I wear is from a University five centuries old. On the day I received it a King and a Queen were flattered similarly to be honored. That old University is but one of many like foundations which, growing out of the sacrifices of religious men and women, were made that higher learning might endure. Shall I call a little part of the roll of them? Oxford, Louvain, Cambridge, Paris, Rome, Salamanca, Coimbra, Cologne, Bologna, Ferrara, Alcalá, Heidelberg, Vienna, Copenhagen—and the end of the roll is still far down the page. For the two great centuries that meant most to education, since they covered the time when it was just coming into its own, in its modern form, church and churchmen were the protecting friends of the savants. In the University of Rome, 48 years before Copernicus and 139 years before Galileo, Professor Nicholas of Cusa, afterward Bishop and Cardinal, made the discovery of the movement of the earth. Copernicus himself was a Canon. The

University of Bologna received Kepler as an exile from Tubingen.

No branch of learning but received in its struggles the help of religion and religious men. When military rather than scholastic glory was the prize of greatness, they were the ones who dared point to a better. Yet those two centuries, the 13th and 14th, were not centuries of wealth. They were the age of the "poor scholars" who were also real scholars. Let it help humble you to know that so many great men and women ate the bread of poverty. Then you may proceed to take just a little pride in the fact that, by their after-triumphs, they honored in turn the bread they ate.

But from the dawn of learning, alas, it has been the sad fate of the world to be hurt by the scholar, who, fostered and developed by its charity, forgot his humility and entered on the ways of pride. The scholar who loses the predominant virtue of his calling is no longer properly centered, for he substitutes himself for the service suggested in the advice: "Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy God's, thy country's and truth's." These are the wisest words ever addressed to ambitious youth. They apply with force to the ambitious scholar. When we cast a glance back through the vista of the centuries, we see, alas, how the scholar matched ruins with the warrior. It was a scholar, Emperor Julian, who attempted to stop the march of Christian civilization. Julians of many kinds have been trying that same hopeless task ever since. We can take no pride in that part of the record of scholars, and the fact should serve to humble us.

Shall I turn to a picture more pleasant to look upon, the triumphs of scholarship? Gladly; but it teaches the same lesson, for here too are reasons found why the most learned should be the most humble. Tell me, do you find anything in literature that, using the language of exquisite simplicity, excels in directness and beauty the Mosaic account of Creation in Genesis? "The earth was void and empty and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the waters." Or, better still, do you find anywhere an exaltation of the soul translated into words that surpasses the sublimity of the Psalms? "Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night sheweth knowledge. There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard. Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth; and their words into the ends of the world."

Wait. It was scarcely given Moses and David to see all. For them, only the simple vision of the truth that God created the wonders before them, and the inspiration to utter it. But how sublime, entirely apart from the inspiration behind them, are the word pictures that make one Book stand out as the Book of Books in all the great literature of the world! Considering the little glimpse God vouchsafed to them, yet we see Moses and David rapt in ecstasy before the simplest of all the eternal truths

revealed by God to His creatures. In relation to all knowledge, even now we know only a little more than they, but how much more in comparison to what was known to them! The six days Moses saw, science now claims to have been ages and periods, during which, from a spark of life lit by God in a universe prepared through millions of years for it, and containing in itself a power of development to the limit of created perfection, grew a kingdom of life, organic and inorganic, in all of the perfection of order and harmony.

But that spark contained more than life. It contained law. That which kept it within its first limits until it was ready to break out on its mission, was so small that the eye of an eagle could not have seen it. But in it were the empires of the Pharaohs, the conquests of Alexander, the glories of the Caesars, the genius of Genghis Kahn, the wonder of the Pyramids, the beauty of the Cathedrals, the perfection of the statues of Praxitiles and Michelangelo, Raphael's Loggia, the Sistine Madonna, Homer's Iliad, Virgil's Æneid, Dante's Divine Comedy, The Tempest, Paradise Lost, the Printing Press, the Age of Steam, Volta, Galvani, Edison, Marconi, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Augustine, Pascal, Columbus, Washington, Lincoln. What David saw was only a firmament studded with stars, mountains and valleys, green fields, flowers, trees, a hurricane and a shaking earth, a resplendent sun and a kindly moon, rolling waters and blue skies above them, flocks and herds, men and the sons and daughters of men. That was all. What we see, but do not fully understand, is the planned and ordered expansion of the thought of the Divine and Eternal Artist, who drew His material from nothing, and formed it in the workshop of unexplored and unexplorable chaos.

Little scholars of a new day, pupils and friends of the science that still plays with a toy bucket and shovel on the illimitable shores of the universe, now and then digging up a planet or a comet to be the wonder of a moment, and running back in glee to find more, are you not still, like that teacher and friend, only children? If you are grown men why do you not sing greater songs than David ever sang, you who see so much more than David ever saw? Why not? Perhaps, because the growing knowledge of an aging earth diminishes the stature of the race that rules it. As learning conquers, the learner shrinks in humility before the greatness of his own discoveries. Science, by widening the scholar's vision, makes him smaller than he once appeared to those who knew no science. How true is the thought that learning should humble men.

Literature as a branch of learning should discourage pride in the scholar of today. In our wildest dreams we can see no modern Homer. If Dante rose higher than his laurel-crowned Guide, he was one of the last great steps upward in literary genius.

(TURN TO PAGE 290, PLEASE)

Hutchinson introduced him to Mary Elizabeth Fonvielle of Oklahoma City, whom he married. Mrs Harley could not come to the reunion because John, jr., was still in school in Tulsa. John was chided by the group about having but one date while in the university and he did not deny it. They said that he was elected to lead the senior prom as a joke because of the fact that he'd never had a date!

Raymond A. Tolbert, lawyer in Oklahoma City, senior member of the Tolbert dynasty of which there were Virginia who lives now in Fayetteville, Arkansas; Ruth Ann living in Amarillo, Texas; James R. "Bon," also of Amarillo; and Miles S. of Hobart, Oklahoma. Raymond, president of almost everything to which he belonged during his senior year, married an Oklahoma A. and M. girl named Irma Rapp. She attended parties on the O. U. campus and will be remembered by many of the class of '13. Doctor Hadsell said that he remembered Raymond in his argumentation class and felt a thrill of pride each time he won a case because he knew he had something to do with it. Since graduation, few Sooners have done so much for the university as Mr Tolbert.

Claude Rosenstein, lawyer of Tulsa, roomed with Raymond at Professor Reaves' home in those good old days. Claude was president of the senior class. There must have been politics in those old days when those two lawyers planned far into the night how the presidency of an organization could be secured. They certainly specialized in presidencies!

Earl Foster said the thing he remembered most vividly about O. U. was an English class under Adelaide Loomis, '06, who married "Deke" Parker, '08. Mrs Foster was Alta Sawyer who received a master's degree from the university three years ago.

A great deal of excitement was created by the late entrance of Dr. Roy "Hutch" Morter and his wife from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Doctor Morter has been making a name for himself as medical superintendent of the Kalamazoo State hospital. Graying temples and a new dignity were the only differences noticeable in a comparison of the man with his senior picture. A determined set to his jaw was perhaps a little more pronounced, but all in all it was not hard to imagine him one of the gayest young men in the medic class of 1913.

Nina Keiger Black, chairman of the reunion committee, whose major was German and whose interest was the Zetalethian society, is the same vivacious girl and most of the success of the 1913 homecoming should be attributed to her.

Conventions are inspirational groups. The Lions, Rotary, and Masonic conventions I have observed have always impressed me greatly. But no convention or reunion could have been more stirring to an observer and onlooker than the getting-together of the classes of '08 and '13 in

an attempt to show the university and its president that they were backing it with the confidence and determination always attributed to the people of the west.

The letter from Frank Long reads as follows:

TO THE CLASS OF 1908 OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY, NORMAN, OKLA.  
FELLOW CITIZENS:

For twenty five years I have planned to be with you on this day, and instead I am some six thousand miles distant. Nor can I listen in. What shall I say then about the whole matter? Just this, if my absence loses the cup, I am very sorry. I have the time, but I do not have the cash. I could fly to Norman from here in about nine days, and back in the same time, the ticket is all I lack.

In July I will have been in Brazil twenty years. They have been very happy and prosperous years. I came one, I am now seven, and one of the seven, James Alvin, sixteen in July, should enter O. U. in September. You will know him when you see him. If you get a glimpse into his head you will not think him mine, but, then, he has an intelligent mother.

There are many things I would like to say to you at this time, but I will boil it down to this:

A. Professor Cole was right, the most real things in life are the yeses and the noes.

B. Friends are worth more than millions.

C. North Americans are not the only people in the world.

D. A kind word will go farther than a gattling gun.

E. The world still moves, but one ages with one's thoughts.

Take these for what they are worth, believe it or not, I am the same guy I was twenty five years ago, only with less hair on the top of my head. I can not run quite as fast, but play one hundred per cent better tennis and basketball.

Kodak of the tribe herein.

This is trusted to Errett Newby to take to the reunion so with thanks to him and you all, I am the same old,

FRANK M. LONG.

▲ ▲ ▲

## THE VIRTUE OF THE SCHOLAR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 283)

We of the English-speaking world can see ahead no new Shakespeare. Besides, as our world's limits are drawn together by ships on land, water and air, adventure loses the charm of the far-away and the world of romance shrinks around us. The imagination that is trained on inventions is shut out of Parnassus and sees the Muses playing on typewriters. Let us not deceive ourselves. In literature we have gone back-

ward. Do we lack the courage humbly to confess the fact? It will help the mission of education if we do not.

There is a similar lesson for us in philosophy. We are nearer Thales' day than Aristotle's. Why? Because the Stagirite gave his world a sure foundation for philosophical speculation; the one that centuries later Aquinas used upon which to erect the world's greatest philosophical skyscraper. Modern philosophy has gone back to seek again a sure foundation but has not found it. A mass of personal opinions, daring guesses, and doubtful tracings of the royal line of philosophic thought is not philosophy. Here we have done even as in literature, produced only our own humiliation. I know of course, that a mechanical age will be our excuse, but can we afford to buy anything at the high cost of fundamental wisdom?

In art our humiliation is almost complete. There are critics who give us a lower place in the fundamentals of true art than they give to the Primatives. I shall throw the responsibility for one of the hardest of criticisms back on its author, by quoting from Augustine Cochin: "Academic teaching created by the Encyclopaedists, from Diderot to Condorcet, has killed popular art in one generation, a phenomenon which is perhaps unique in history. Teaching in school instead of forming in the studio, making pupils learn instead of making them do—explaining instead of pointing out and correcting—is what constitutes the reformation conceived by the philosophers and imposed by the Revolution. Isolated artists have survived, but like rocks battered by the sea of banality and ignorance, not like great trees in the forest."

Only a rare exception in an age of selfishness and such false methods of teaching can be an artist. I have tried to contrast the despair and the hope in feeble verse:

To strive and never win; to work  
and never rest;  
To seek the Beauty true, but only  
know the quest;  
To see the height and climb, but  
never touch the peak;  
To drink and yet be dry; to  
dream, but never speak;  
To see the Vision fair, but not  
the story tell;  
This is the artist's fate, his life-  
enduring hell.

To know there is a gate the fool-  
ish call a grave,  
That opens up a way to lose and  
yet to save;  
To hear the call to try re-echo  
from afar,  
And see his dream on high en-  
jewelled as a star;  
To know the Perfect lives and  
humbly toward Him grope;  
This is the artist's peace — his  
everlasting hope.

Those to whom logic is the first of the

arts—"The first principle of all human work is reason"—will find reason for humility in an age that scoffs at reason.

Plato said that the most ferocious animal is the man without education. I have lived long enough to know that the most dangerous is the man who has an education that fills his heart with pride and his soul with scorn. When Newman wrote his "Idea of a University" he justly put into it his magnificent portrait of a gentleman; for the business of a University is not only to turn out scholars but to turn out gentlemen, in that wide meaning of the word that takes the gender out of it but does not leave it a neuter. The world needs gentlemen scholars even more. And what is the sign by which these shall be known? Even the sign of the star that once led wise men from the East to a manger wherein slept a Babe in swaddling clothes who, as a Man, was the gentlest, the holiest, and the wisest amongst the children of men, the great outstanding pattern of the predominant virtue of the scholar.

That predominant virtue of the scholar is a fertile virtue and its fruit is Justice. How high and holy is Justice may be known by the fact that the mercies of God in dealing with His creatures are in Holy Writ often referred to as His "justices." This attribute of God comes to us out of His infinity, His perfections. Justice in man, however, grows out of Humility. The humble, understanding man is the one most likely to practice the virtue of Justice toward his Maker, his neighbor and himself.

I do not think that ever before, and I speak of the world as a whole, has there been more widespread unrest and misery, more spots stained with blood unnecessarily spilled, less respect in a large way for human life, more callousness before human suffering, and more determination to force dangerous theories on the whole people, with or without their consent, by minorities. It has been popular to attack dogmatism. Never were there so many theories masquerading in the world as truths as there are today. Never was there more determination to force their universal acceptance. They do not claim to be revelations from God. They will not stand the test of the logic of men. They drip with blood and the fat of sacrilege. They have proved in action that they are destructive.

The remedy is Justice. But sermons can only advertise it. It must be applied by men to men. Who shall be healers if not those who have justice in their hearts and know that, to society, they have a debt which only a lifetime of devotion can pay?

The scholar who has the sense of justice that is born of a deeper sense of humility is the hope of Christian civilization; for he alone knows what governments really are, and he alone, therefore, is competent to govern. Political leadership is not a matter of gathering votes—any clever ward-heeler can do that; indeed, he is the expert who usually does it—but a matter of de-

serving the support that the votes represent. We have not yet been chastened enough to see the truth, but it is quite sure that we shall be. Government has no reason for its existence if it is not for the welfare of all the governed. The day of the old-time politician is past, or the day of the commonwealth is past. They cannot live together, for they are mutually antagonistic. One of them is to die. Which one it is depends on the scholar who has justice and humility in his heart.

Did I say *heart*? Yes, that was the word I used. And when I used it I said more than is heard at the first sound of it. When I said *heart* I said God. I do not use the Name and at once proceed to hedge by speaking of God as a vague force in nature, a superior mind, an intangible entity, an unknown thing called conscience, a starting force, an ideal, a casual intelligence, everything, fate or law. When I say God I mean God, a Being and the source of being. I mean not only the Force that put everything into motion as well as existence, but the personal Power out of which it emanates. Without Him my words are chaff, for without Him there is no ideal, no good, no responsibility; therefore no patriotism, no justice, and certainly no humility. If there be no God you are no scholars. You are fools who have been wasting your time when you might as well have been out in the world robbing your neighbors.

Writing of the country around the famous old Abbey of Fleury in France, a famous man said: "This valley, these waters, these trees, these rocks wished to cry out unto God, but they had no voice; the Abbey gave them one." It could not be said that man, always endowed with intellect and will, ever was without an eye to see the signature of the Eternal Artist on His work, or a voice with which to express his homage. Even primitive man knew God. But as it is the trained mind that penetrates into the reasons of things, and the trained voice that chants the highest melody, so it was and is that education and culture may be said to cry out unto God. The Abbey of Fleury stands in the center of the valley of South Loire, which is in the very heart of beautiful France. It is like the conductor of a choir where all nature would sing. The perfect conductor is his choir; for the music of a perfectly trained choir seems to come from the end of the conductor's baton, or the tips of his eloquent fingers. He is a collector of hymned praises who, when he stretches out his hand to guide the last soft notes of the melody to their expressive ending, seems like a priest offering it all in beauty and unity back to the Eternal Inspiration out of which it came.

If you have gained anything worth while here it is this: the right and duty to be one who, knowing the hidden things that are beyond the grasp of untrained intellects, gathers together the unspoken and unsung hopes, faith, and aspirations of the

multitude, joins them together in beauty and unity and lifts them on the wings of the mind and the heart, even to the Throne of God. "Education is diffusive of itself." The choir gives, but loses nothing in the giving. Even so the educated man gives and keeps, empties himself, and yet has always abundance. He alone of men scatters seeds from a bag that never needs to be replenished. His word carries weight and his example is potent. In him virtue may multiply its values and goodness its charms. But with it all he has been given a responsibility that no one here on earth ever can measure.

It is with the scholar's virtue that we must face that responsibility, for knowledge is more than power; it is danger. You go out of this hall today with the strongest explosive on earth in your hands. You can use it to destroy or you can use it to save. Education can blow to pieces the finest achievement of mankind, or it can blast from off the path of human progress every rock that obstructs it.



## OUR UNIVERSITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 285)

lubricated banana peel. We have out-Frankensteined Frankenstein.

A week or so ago I took a train from New York to Washington. It was the first hot day of the season. The train was air-conditioned. But the air-conditioning apparatus wasn't working because the sudden spurt of hot weather had not been expected. The windows were sealed, there were no fans in sight, and all the ordinary forms of relief had been eliminated by the technocratic genius who had circumvented nature and defied the elements. It was therefore of little solace to me to hear from the porter that everything would be working fine "tomorrow."

The experience was symbolic. The generation that spans the first portion of the Twentieth Century has concentrated so sharply on how to devise the air-conditioning contraption that it has failed to plan how to have the contraption in operation when the contraption is really needed.

It is unnecessary that I should elaborate on all the unpleasant details that have been the result. I only want to make my point, which is this—that the opportunity for the next generation is great in precise ratio to the failure of the present generation to complete its job. You, who are the next generation, can get all the joys of perfect coolness and laundered air, hot though the day may be, if you will only take the thing over and really make it work. For you are the ones who will be riding the train tomorrow.

And one more point.

It has to do with an element that must be added to any consideration of purely material advancement. Without it, the creature comforts men set their hearts upon