THE OLD AND THE NEW—A LESSON.*

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Students who attend universities during the regular sessions often come to their work under the influence of various family and social traditions, so that not all of them know equally well precisely why they have come. But attendance upon the sessions of a summer school is, I suppose, a matter of individual choice, and presumably of clearly conscious choice, on the part of nearly all who are present. When we meet a friend at a summer school, we therefore first naturally ask: "For what have you come?" And just as naturally we expect a plain answer. We should often find it hard to get such an answer if we asked the same question of the average college freshman, at the beginning of the regular session. He would frequently have to say that he came because he had been advised, or urged, or commanded to come. But we of the Summer Session are here because we have ourselves chosen to come.

Moreover, at the summer school, this same question, "For what have you come?" may very fairly be asked, not only of the student, but of the visiting instructor. The regular member of any university faculty during the academic year, is taking part in the various tasks of his complex life work; and so for him, during the regular term-time, to answer the question, "Why do you teach in this place?" would generally mean to give an account of his

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whole life as a scholar. But the visiting instructor at the summer school is generally there for decidedly special reasons. He, like the student, has chosen to accept the task of the time, with some few and definite ends in view. Accordingly he, too, may well be expected to answer the question of his friend, "Why did you come here?" in some comparatively definite manner.

I am led therefore to confess at once the fact that at least one of the motives which led me to accept the kind offer of our President, and to take part in the work of this Session, has been simply the desire to contrast the present with the past of Berkeley. I have been glad to renew, even though but for a moment, my old relations to my Alma Mater. I have wished to take part with you in enjoying the new life, and the inspiring results of academic progress by which you are all to profit in this session. And so, as I stand on these heights, my own mind goes back to the days when, as a student, I first knew the University of California. I think of the differences between those days and these. While your minds are absorbed in enjoying the University as it is to-day, I am constantly setting the old times side by side in my mind with these. And I am here amongst you partly for the sake of feeling just that contrast and of thinking over its meaning. But because this contrast is, I think, full of lessons that you too will appreciate, and can apply in your own lives, I may venture to dwell for a moment, in this address, upon what memory brings before me even while I see you taking part in the hopeful life of the new days.

When I entered the University of California as a Freshman in 1871, we were still in Oakland, in the plain and homely buildings of the College of California. We were few. Our resources were narrow. Our future, and that of the institution, were for us full of hope, but also of dark problems, some of which have now been solved. The California of the golden days had early planned its State University. Even in the Constitutional Convention of 1849 the possible future of the University had been discussed. Years of toil had prepared the way for its beginning. At the time when I came to know it as a student, it was already vigorously alive with strenuous endeavor. But how narrow were its resources compared with those that now surround you! I remember well the little library, hidden away in the top story of the old Brayton Hall in Oakland—ill accessible, almost wholly uncatalogued, hastily ordered. And yet what wonders that little library already contained! One of my teachers early told me that, if I chose, I could make that library more useful for my progress as a student than my class-room work ever could become. I was impressed by the advice. I tried to follow it. As a result, I spent in the ill lighted alcoves of that garret in Brayton Hall some of the most inspiring hours of my life. There are books still on the shelves of our University Library here which I can look upon as amongst the dearest friends of my youth. Under the influence of my teacher's counsel, I sought for these books, I found them, and I found in them what I shall never forget while I have any power to study left in me.

Our lecture-rooms in Oakland were also few, small, and inconvenient. Yet there were indeed teachers amongst us. There was already, for instance, Joseph LeConte. To look forward as a freshman to the coming of his lectures, which began in the sophomore year, was to await a wisdom and an enlightenment for which the reports of upper classmen prepared us from the first. To begin work with him was to begin something like the escape of the men of the cave, in the story in Plato's Republic, from their world of shadows. The knowledge of the light grew steadily stronger, the familiarity with the true world outside the cave grew steadily more constant day by day, during all the three years in which he discoursed to us. Those three years were an invaluable training in calm thinking, in serious inquiry, in liberality of spirit, in an assurance both that the truth makes free, and that the freedom of the spirit is nevertheless and earnest and a grave privilege, to be earned only through careful work. Professor LeConte was, I suppose, the most many-sided of our early teachers of those days. But he was not alone in his power to inspire and to discipline. There were others, too, whom we shall never forget. Narrow, indeed, were the material conditions of our work. But great and beautiful was the world of learning to which we were privileged, even by means of these defective material conditions, and by the aid of the the teachers who guided us, to win our first introduction.

In 1873 we came to this place. Two halls only, the oldest on these grounds, were at first the dwelling place of the entire University. We came into them while they were still hardly finished. Their interiors were much less elaborate than they are now. The library was transferred, for the time, to the rooms in the Agricultural Building where now the administrative offices of the University are to be found. Our lecture-rooms and laboratories were now larger than they had been in Oakland. Our outlook from these heights added by its associations very greatly to our sense of the ideal beauty of the inner realm of scholarship. President Gilman, who had come to us in 1872, was with us. From him, in lectures, we heard something of the ideals of the great new academic movement that was then beginning in our country,—a movement in which, in another place, he was later to take so prominent a part. As for our student-life, it was very simple, and crude indeed it would seem to the sophisticated youth of to-day. Our classes were still small. My own class had entered in 1871 about eighty strong. Only about twenty-five of us graduated in 1875. Our general university meetings filled, in those days, a room that to-day would not suffice for any decidedly large lecture course. Before long, troubles, political and personal, arose in the path of our academic progress—troubles that were to cloud for years the relations of the University to the general public, as well as the internal life of our academic body. Long and dreary was the road that the friends of academic progress in this place had thereafter to travel, before the peace, the enthusiasm, the material prosperity, and the spiritual freedom of these present days could be attained. Bitter were the sacrifices of many servants of the University,—sacrifices needed in order that you and others should to-day enjoy the fruits.

But now when I thus recall all these things, I am unable to think of them merely as incidents of the life of this University alone. My own fortunes have called me, since my student days, and after a brief period as a young instructor here, to take part in academic work elsewhere. I have lived altogether outside of California for the whole of the last twenty years, and I have had occasion to know something of the university movement in more than one part of the country for more than twenty-five years. And therefore I think now, inevitably, of the early history of this University as an organic part of this whole academic movement in America. As I look back in memory upon our narrow beginning in this University, as I knew it in my student days, and then as I look about upon the resources that you to-day are privileged during this Summer Session to use and to enjoy, I see evidences of a process that has been going on in various degrees in all portions of our country. I wonder how much you are aware of what that process has cost its principal initiators and supporters in sacrifices, in fidelity, in patience, and in skill. And by the principal initiators and supporters of this academic movement, I mean especially the great administrators,—men like President Gilman and President Eliot, who have made this movement possible, who have taught the public what it meant, and who have shown how its undertakings could be organized. I mean also the public-spirited men who in our various communities have stood by their universities in the legislature, and in other positions of prominence and influence. I mean the benefactors, to whom the cause of education in our land has owed so much. I mean, too, the great body of teachers in all parts of this country,—a body which, as a humble co-worker, I have been privileged to know in more than one place. No other country can show, during the last quarter of a century, so much progress in academic coöperation, in the love of sound learning, in the encouragement of research, and in the opening of new opportunities to aspiring students. The academic movement in America is the most encouraging and the most wholesome of all the expressions of our national life during the period to which I refer.

But I said that the contrast between the old university life, as it was more than a quarter of a century ago, and the new life of to-day, is full of lessons that you can appreciate and apply. Let me suggest at once some of these lessons.

The first of them is the lesson of the great responsibility that rests upon the students of to-day to made adequate use of the resources with which the labors of the recent past have now provided them. You all take as a matter of course the lavish equipments for work, the attractive opportunities for study, with which the University now provides you. Yet many of those equipments and opportunities were until recently unknown anywhere in our country. You enter here into a broad world of aids to your advancement in sound learning. Remember how narrow was the world in which, but recently, we who preceded you had to move. I often envy my own sons, I envy all the young pupils of to-day, the opportunity to gain the liberal education which the modern university offers. I myself had no such opportunities. For when I was a student, short as seems to me the time that has since elapsed, the modern university, taken in the present sense of that word, did not exist. I have often said to my eldest son, as he went through college: "I wish that I, like you, could be instructed as the university to-day instructs. You can attend classes at Harvard. I cannot. I can only try to teach, and feel daily how ill I was prepared for teaching such youth as the education of to-day seems to have produced." Well, precisely so, I say now to you: From the narrow field of my own personal work, from the little corner where I am privileged haltingly to try to teach a few things, I look out upon the great world of learning and of instruction in which you are privileged to make your free choices, and I envy you. But I also remember that to you, even in this short summer course, much is given, namely all that, in the time at your disposal, a modern university can offer to you. And therefore from you much, in proportion to the time spent, shall be required. Your responsibility to make good use of the great opportunities of to-day is grave. If we who were students in the former times seem to you one-sided or ill equipped, remember how poor were our early opportunities. If the students of to-day deal justly with their opportunities, I often look forward with wonder and delight to the splendid generation of combined athletes, scholars, and investigators that the next quarter of a century will behold. Are you taking due care to become worthy members of that coming generation? I assure you, you will have no easy task to do justice to the chances that the time has opened before you.

The second lesson of the past for you lies in the proof which it affords that, in our country, the highest educational ideals are in thorough accord with the practical spirit of our people. Whoever amongst you loves sound learning, and has ability to win it, need not fear lest the world may cut off his opportunities to make use of his learning in his life's task. At the time when I first studied here it seemed as if higher learning must be a very unpractical thing. What could lead the public of this State to take serious and permanent interest in the recondite studies of the little university that had found its lonely home at the foot of Grizzly Peak? What could lead the great practical American nation to devote its wealth and its energies, so much needed in more material enterprises, to realizing the ideals of our greater college presidents, of our educational dreamers, of our scientific theorists, of our isolated men of books? Well, to-day, you know with what hearty interest the public of California supports its State University. You know how the nation has already felt the transforming power of the academic movement. You know how many of the dreams of our educational idealists have come true. And you know that this has come to pass, not because our State or our nation has grown vaguely theoretical and dreamy in its life, but because our public has learned how near scientific theory is to technical advancement in the industrial arts, how practical the applications of sound learning are, how useful to the commonwealth are men of highly trained minds. And so, I say to you, in the world of to-day you cannot be too learned to win practical success, if only you so learn that from the beginning you not merely acquire, but express your learning in your life. Nobody has a better chance of worldly success than the highly trained man or woman whose wits are not only sound, but disposed to take form in fitting deeds. Our public will never feel surfeited with any overwealth of those who know. Our public will never cease to support the institutions that supply it with wise servants, with scholarly co-workers, with men of light and effectiveness. Nor will this public be slow to find opportunities for such scholars to earn their living, and to win influence in their communities. Let the rapid growth of the University from small beginnings, let the rapid increase of the influence of her alumni in their community, let the careers of numerous scholars who in late years have found public recognition for specialties and for researches that were, but a few years since, wholly unknown in our country,—let all these things convince you that if your scholarly spirit is sincere, and your ability genuine, you may pursue fearlessly whatever department of inquiry you find to be at once intrinsically significant and to you thoroughly fascinating. The world will find a place for you to serve it by your learning whenever you have proved your power to serve through your fidelity to the cause of the truth that you love, and through your readiness to make that truth of service. Do not first ask, "In what market can I sell my wares as a scholar?" Rather ask, "How can I win the pearl of great price?" When you have the pearl, you will indeed thenceforth not part with it. But the world will be ready to buy what you will then have to sell. Pursue sound knowledge for its own sake, not forgetting indeed its applications to life, but also not worrying about its practical usefulness. It will show itself useful whenever it has entered into your life, so that it automatically and inevitably runs out of your motor organs in the form of effective expression.

In the older expositions of educational ideals much was said about the contrast between studies that tended to culture, and studies that fitted for practical life. I think that our whole modern academic movement has tended to break down that old barrier between the two sorts of studies. Professor Joseph LeConte, of whom I have spoken, was himself, of old, a partisan of this very separation between culture studies and professional or practical studies. Yet his own life work, his whole harmonious personality, in which theory and practice were so beautifully joined, his influence for years in this University,—all these things, I say, tended to show that such a contrast did not exist in his own training. A man of exquisite general cultivation, he carried that cultivation into every region of his life as a scientific thinker. But he also showed that his cultivation was itself an expression of the clearness of his thought and the breadth of his learning as a man of special science. The whole lesson of his beautiful career was: Know well what you can know, what you love to know, what charms you, and live in accordance with your knowledge. Therein you will at once find your highest culture, and the means of becoming effectively practical. The modern university has become a power in the state by following more and more just this ideal. Its technical departments have contributed to the culture of the public. Its theoretical researches have led to practical applications. The mere opposition between technical studies and those sorts of learning which tend to increased cultivation grows constantly less important in modern education. The harmonious coöperation between the studies that in the past expressed the two opposing spirits has grown more and more marked. In the modern university technical study tends to grow more and more a sort of study that is pursued in the spirit of true culture. On the other hand, theoretical branches of study, however abstruse, tend more and more to show themselves capable of practical application to the business of life. Fear not, then, to pursue ardently your specialty. If it be a genuinely significant one, life has a place for it.

But the third lesson which this retrospect may suggest to you is derived not so much from thoughts about the new University as from memories of what the old University, in all the narrowness and in all the crudity of its material conditions, already accomplished. Good work is most of all dependent not upon the wealth of the opportunities that are externally furnished to you, but upon yourselves. No summer school can pour knowledge into you. You are to be in some sense the creators of all the ideas that you can ever come to share. The older University accomplished what it did accomplish because its students were inspired to see for themselves, and to create their own world of learning. And so I say to you, beware of being merely receptive minds. Begin at once to be creative minds,—in Carlyle's words, "were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product" that you are privileged to create as you study, "produce it in God's name." There are students who trust to lecturers and to libraries, and who assume in their presence the merely receptive attitude. But a lecturer teaches you when he sets you lecturing in your own heart, by arousing you to say something for yourself,—to say it to a comrade, or in a class-discussion, or in the form of something that you write down in default of a hearer. Or again, a lecturer teaches you when he sets you looking at the facts of nature, which you then see, not as he saw them, but as your own eyes show them. Unless such influences get expressed in your deeds, your lecturer speaks in vain; he is then for you a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And, *mutatis mutandis*, similar considerations hold in regard to a library. A library helps you when great events occur within your own mind, and through your own deeds, when you use that library.

I recall an incident, utterly trivial and commonplace in itself, but valuable perhaps as a reminder,—an incident which may illustrate the well-known truth of the vanity of mere lecturing when addressed to the passively receptive mind. I lectured once to a certain large teachers' institute. The hearers of that discourse thereupon went about their business, as hearers must do, and I myself went away, well pleased, to utter yet other discourses in divers places. Some two or three years later, after some educational meeting which I attended, a very kindly gentleman, of a prosperous and optimistic aspect, approached me, and, introducing himself to me, said, most benevolently: "Ah, Professor, I want to thank you personally for that lecture which you read before our institute at ———" (mentioning the place and the occasion aforesaid). "That lecture," continued my genial friend, "was of great interest and service to me." Now these agreeable words beguiled me. I recalled the occasion in question with pleasure. But alas! memory left me at the moment a little in the dark as to certain details of this occasion. Moreover, the necessary discretion was taken away from me by my evil genius and by the hearty manner and the smile of my friend. Incautiously,—yes, absurdly—I responded by saying: "I remember the Teachers' Institute at ——— very well. But—do you know, sir, I read various papers, some of them repeatedly, at various places. It is hard to be sure now just what the topic was which I read to your Institute that day. What was my paper about that time?" The smile of my optimistic friend grew broader and more kindly still as he responded: "Well, now, since you ask, I must confess that I can't remember what the topic was. But the paper,—well, it was of great interest and service to me." And this, as you see, was the fruit of that day's work at the institute, so far as this hearer was concerned. He recalled a pleasant sensation. I did the same. Of the words spoken that day nothing beside remained in our memories. Nor do I wonder or complain at the fact. I regret only that when my friend first spoke to me he did not even know that he had forgotten. So little had the whole occasion meant. And now, my fellow-students who may be attending lectures at this Session, remember, I pray you, the lesson of this little tale. It is a perfectly commonplace and human lesson. Unless you assume other than a merely receptive attitude, your studies at this school will in a few years mean to you what that lecture of mine meant for my friend,—so much and no more. If you wish to win a permanent result from your work here, toil as we students of the seventies had to in the lecture-rooms and alcoves of the old lecture-rooms of Brayton Hall and of the College of California in Oakland. Prize your opportunities, but do not let them deceive you. Work as strenuously as if the opportunities were as narrow as they were in the old days. Remember, all the opportunities at the best are external. But the true kingdom of learning, like the kingdom of heaven, is within you.

The three watch-words of the student at the Summer Session should be: (1) in the choice of work, Concentration, so that all study should be directed to one chosen end; (2) in the pursuit of learning, Strenuousness, so that much may be accomplished in little time; (3) in the method of study, Personal Reaction, rather than mere receptivity, so that you come not so much to hear as to do, and to win independence.