

happiness, though I never heard anyone complain of knowing too much. But neither am I sure that happiness is the object of life. At all events we must look for it elsewhere—in religion, philosophy, good health, good morals, good friends. Knowledge may enoble happiness. What so pathetic as the swinish content of an Alaskan Indian? What so transcendent as the serene enjoyment of an Emerson? Experience (which is knowledge) will teach us after a while, that we must be reasonably decent in order to be reasonably happy. Civilization (which is knowledge) teaches us every day that knowledge is power.

Formerly this power was monopolized by the few. Formerly, also, this world, was one vast tyranny. Latterly, also, we have Magna Charta—have gone in for self government, have abolished slavery, poked our nose into affairs, formulated constitutions. The king these days who holds his job is careful not to give offense. He may elevate his nose, but that is not so serious as the elevation of your head.

Ignorance could never have accomplished all this. Ignorance never accomplished anything.

But, by the way, what has all this to do with the University of Nebraska?

Everything.

The University of Nebraska is the culmination of Nebraska's public school system. That system is the fulcrum of which public opinion is the lever. It will lift our little globe among the stars.

We have prisons, and lunatic asylums, and reformatories, and police courts, and alms houses, at one end of the teeter; at the other we have THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. Who shall say now that thought is not ponderable?

Plutus sends his expensive offspring to an expensive college, where he cultivates his biceps and lets his hair grow. Samson-like, the length of the hair is about the measure of the man. The Sons of the People have their University—"a place where anyone can learn anything"—and it is more to them than a hair tonic.

The people must learn. Knowledge with them is a matter of self defense. For centuries we have been groping towards liberty. But what is liberty? Its definition is becoming more complex. It seems to us now that very little learning was necessary to know that slavery was wrong, and that the way to stop it was simply—to stop it. Old wrongs were so gross, so flagrant, so palpable, so obtrusive, and, withal, so easy of redress, that we wonder how they could ever have been borne. But do the people suffer wrongs to-day? If so, what? Who inflicts them? Under what pretense of authority? Can those wrongs be righted? If so, how? Will individual rights be trampled in the process? What are individual rights? What limits shall be set to individual accomplishment and aggrandizement? What boundaries to society?

Yes, we suffer wrongs, but they are more subtle, evanescent, harder to define, and more difficult to locate, than those under which our fathers groaned. And then—after the diagnosis, what remedy? We are bewildered. We rub our eyes. We knuckle our foreheads. We heave sighs. Our hearts are troubled. Modern problems will require for their solution all that there is of knowledge and more than we have of wisdom. The University is not a luxury to the people of Nebraska, to be dispensed with or curtailed as they would an article of diet. It is a *sine quo non*; it is all the One Necessity.

As I glance over what I have written before sending it to you, I find that in my efforts to be succinct I have only been abrupt. I have an idea it will read like a staccato polka. Never mind. Just imagine that each sentence is a sub-head, which you are at liberty to expand into a thesis.

HENRY D. ESTABROOK.

Pres. Andrew V. V. Raymond of Union Theological Seminary, Schenectady, N. Y., will deliver the oration Charter Day.