1821

An Address Delivered Before the Maine Charitable Mechanic Association, for the Benefit of the Apprentices Library, Thursday Evening, 8th Nov. 1821

Grenville Mellen
AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MAINE CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

APPRENTICES LIBRARY,

Thursday Evening, 8th Nov. 1821.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

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SIR,

We are directed, by a vote of the Maine Charitable Mechanic Association, to present you their thanks for the eloquent Address delivered before them last evening, and to request a copy for publication.

NATHANIEL MITCHELL,
Chairman Com. of M. C. M. A.

GRENVILLE MELLEN, Esq.

It is with great satisfaction that the following Address is submitted to the hands of the Committee—and it is done only through a belief that the most indifferent attempts towards the support of an Institution like that of which they are members, may not be without their good effect, by their preservation.
ADDRESS.

Education is the great secret of our nature. Perhaps there is no subject about which men have speculated so widely, and on which they have exhausted so much ingenuity. From the infancy of time, when mind first began to break into being, and shine from out the mists of superstition and ignorance, there has been one continued attempt to form, and fashion, and improve the spirit of man, to suit the caprice of some philosophic individual, or adapt it to the circumstances and genius of an age. At almost all periods of the world, the training up of youth, however, has been that which the time seemed to demand, rather than what it would bear, and it is not till these latter days, that we are compelled to look upon education as a system of experiment, and to hear mind talked about, as something that will be made wonderful in coming years. In ancient times, the world knew too little, to be indifferent concerning the art of education; now, it knows too much, not to hazard many steps into the field of improvement—so that what was a stumbling-block to the Hebrews of old, has become but little better than foolishness to us modern Greeks. Education, with them, seems to have been but a system of belief; handed down from father to son, with no addition, and only fortified by the faithfulness of parental preservation, and the solemnity of parental transmission; or it was taught by the philosophers in the schools as something divine—and enforced with all the sober energy of Platonic eloquence: it was memory, called on to hold what was delivered to it, and not mind led on to investigate; it was a kind of mechanical learning—the mere persuasion or information which their fathers
had before them, which kept alive the force and activity of their national principle, without begetting any of the refinement of extended knowledge.

To say nothing of the advantage which may be derived from it, there is certainly a great deal of pleasure in looking back into the shade of a thousand years, and observing the character of mind and manner which each successive age might boast of; and how well adapted were their different modes of instruction, and belief to the existence of general information. It serves to show us, in a clear light, that the march of intellect must be, as it has been, gradual and slow; and it seems to whisper, that it is at least uncertain, whether we are advanced more than half way on the road to wisdom. We confess, for instance the propriety of that system of education which obtained among the primitive Greeks and Romans—which taught them to train their minds to the observance of certain great principles, which, they were told, were as high and as lasting as the stars—founded upon an* innate sense which God seems to have put into the human soul from its creation—something which seems to have given a certain moral grandeur to character. It was no direct and regular moulding of the faculties to the attainment of what we call an education; it was a rough outline of duty; and though it might have shown men how to live with honor and glory to themselves, it did not show them how to live to the use and benefit of the world. We admire to hear of Plato, delivering an almost inspired doctrine to his young followers on the promontory of Sunium, but had a modern theorist on the subject of modern education begged them to lend him their ears, they would

*With regard to innate ideas, M. Chateaubriand seems to have discarded Locke's system without much ceremony; and at the same time to have made a rapid climax to the immortality of the soul. "Mathematical truths" says he, "are innate in us for the very reason, that they are eternal, unalterable. If then these truths be eternal, they can only be emenations from a fountain of truth, which exists somewhere; and the fountain of Truth can only be God. The idea of God then in its turn, is an innate idea in the human mind; and our soul, which contains these eternal truths must be an immortal essence."
have rejected him as a vain babbler, to broach a plan so inconsistent and strange; and had one of their own time fallen on any system like those which obtain among us, either with regard to philosophy or the arts, they would have shaken their heads and wondered at the hypothetical lunacy of one who had stepped so far beyond his age. A Newton, with his suns, and all his sublime philosophy of the spheres, might have astonished the astronomers upon the temple of Belus; but it may be doubted, whether the learning, and exactness, and beauty of his science would alone have made them the oracles they were. It was the beginning of all these great things in them, that made them wonder and be wondered at; and the age would not have borne, nor have listened to, the deeper and more splendid speculations of modern genius. The Spartan was educated to war—and he looked upon his shield as his safeguard and his grave; he was taught to steal; but he learnt at the same time the infamy of detection, and the certainty of punishment. Yet this was enough for him to know; it was well enough he was educated so; for he lived in an age of war and rapine; society knew no such lines and boundaries as it does now; and it was enough for him that he saw the form and constitution of human nature, without caring for the polish and regularity to which it might be brought. His education, indeed, was like his religion, simple and elementary; in fact his education was his religion.

On a subject like this, we must speak in comprehensive language; and in tracing the state and character of understanding from times of old, we must form our judgment about it, from the impression it has left upon the page of history. We mean to say then, that education among the ancients might have had a two-fold nature; it might have been both physical and moral; but it was not strictly intellectual. They were trained to a sort of physical sensibility, that was their pride and their strength in an unsettled world, amid enemies, and military commotion; and they had as it were, continually growing up with them, a stern moral sensibility, which led them to refer every thing to the great gods which were above them, and which
constituted the very essence of their mental philosophy, the very spirit of their education. The body and the heart were the objects of cultivation; but mind was left to spring up between them.

It was not till more extensive views opened upon the eye of man, that a direct intellectual system of education was conceived, and propagated. The comparative infancy of the spirit had past by; the accidental education of old was heard of no more; understanding seemed to rise up and assert its claim to notice; knowledge began to peep from beneath the cowl of priesthood; the night of ignorance fled at the breaking of the intellectual morning; information came in with conquest; books became the companions of men, and the sybil and the tripod were forgotten; Kings advanced the cause of learning, and thought it an honor to found a library; printing was invented; the horn-book was thrown aside; man was regenerated; education was made a system, and the philosophy of mind found its purest fountain in the alcoves of the universities.

I have given this hurried history of education from the earliest times, to show that there is perhaps no word in our language more indefinite, or less understood—it can be defined only, as it has been, by the successive periods, and successive characters, of ages that are gone, and ages that are to come; or rather, its definition is so fleeting, it cannot be caught at—it is as changeable as language itself. The literature, and style of conception and writing that we may boast of at any particular moment is formed of that shifting language which lives with us and among us under its thousand forms; and strange as it may appear, though we are effecting the revolution ourselves, we do not wonder, because we are not conscious of what we are doing. This it is that stamps even thought with mortality, and which adds force to that beautiful conceit of Johnson,*—“Words are the daughters of earth, things the sons of heaven.” I have said that education has become more and more a system of experiment, since the capability of mental improvement has been discovered:

*Preface to Dictionary.
and shall go on to show indirectly, in general observation, the advantages which modern instruction and information may have brought with them, claiming as I hope all that allowance which the latitude of the subject seems to require.

We assume, as an undeniable truth, that the foundation of a true and comprehensive system of education, must be laid in right views as to the laws of the human mind. When we speak without the pale of childhood, indeed, mind has the precedence to the claim of instruction; the heart lies open to the influence of intellect; and so far as this is true, there is a perfect transposition of the constituents of our nature, in modern times, from the necessary order of the ancients. We can readily conceive to what a state of mental negativeness we should be reduced, were our plans of education conducted in direct contrariety to the known principles of the understanding; and we should think that teacher ill calculated to mould the faculties of the growing generation, who called his pupils to the contemplation and study of what mature, and even philosophical years might despair at. The noble spirit of man must be seen playing around on the surface of existence, in its infancy; coming years will see it striking upward to higher things; the oak, in the littleness of its strength, puts forth its leaves almost upon the earth; but time will see it waving in a purer atmosphere, while it grasps with a firmer hold, the great element which first supported it. And yet, were we to bring one observation nearly home, we shall find that what we wondered at as absurd, has been, and in many cases, still is, the practical notion, through all the diversities of our school education. In the beginning, there could not have been a more mistaken sentiment, and how a mode of education that has often times come so near defeating itself, should have been continued, appears almost unaccountable. We have often seen the ill effects of this forced instruction. Sometimes a genius of lofty tone, has been perverted and deadened by some well meant attempt to urge in upon the brain a whole system, that was as discordant with its original endowments, as the principal of Paganism would be to the full grown child of a Christian. Sometimes
there has been told the boy, the necessity of engrafting, as it were, a science in upon his soul; with the prospect of many long years before the taking, until the tree is ready to die, by some natural impossibility of its living: the child throws away his book, when his peculiar talent dawns upon him, and then compulsion is only compulsion on to ruin. This is setting up a kind of mental standard, under which every species of understanding must come and range itself, and which is little better than that state education, of whose imperfections we shall soon have occasion to speak. The infliction of corporal punishment takes up wide space in the survey of education, and appears to have been a subject of almost as much speculation and dispute, as the comparative merits of public and private instruction. In our day, the voice of men, is undeniably against it, and we may esteem ourselves as living in a happy age, that we can look back, and see to what mischief, and idleness, and misery, the majority of youth arrived under the hand of a merciless tutor—and we can improve by the retrospect. It was, indeed, the extreme of pedantic delusion in the civilized schools, to hope for improvement at a tribunal from which there was no appeal, and before a despot who recognized punishment as the only definition of government; who looked not to see the bent, and character of the mind, and cared not to put genius in its way rejoicing; who heard not the appeal of a distinct and energetic ambition, and who would not listen to any plan of amelioration, because he believed none half so effectual and plausible as that of his lash.

We are not sure but there may be instances of this coercive method, even now, at the bottom of all these complaints which we have heard rung in the public ear, and if so, we are ready to believe them relics of that favorite superstition, of the danger and folly of which experience is every day fortifying our conviction.* But this magisterial tyranny has almost gone from among

*We would not be understood to mean here that force and punishment are not oftentimes necessary in the schools; the remarks apply only to the evil of driving young minds to studies wholly incompatible with their endowments, disregarding meanwhile those on which it would expand and improve.
us; and we have learned to blush and grow indignant at a course of monarchical cruelty, exercised with a temper little less sanguinary and unyielding than that of a Turkish schoolmaster. This high-handed, unrelenting plan was first reprobated in the countries of Europe; how much more necessary is it that it should be annihilated here. There is something in the genius of our Institutions that must destroy it in time, but is it not better that it should be put to death? Say what we will, there seems to be an inspiring of the republican spirit in our very children, that brooks this unnatural control, they seem to be taught in the cradle that there is freedom of mind with a freedom of soil; and 'tis well they think so: were they to grow up with this horror of the school, this dread of punishment, this certainty of forced education and perverted genius, what would our young men be, and how would our old men die. There would be no growing up of that beautiful and redeeming principle of liberty, which we love to boast of, for all sense of it would be crushed in the beginning; a fearful, trembling, cowardly soul would be the inheritance of our children, and they would die without one glistening of that divine spark which is to animate those that come after them. It is better for us to live with a sense of dignity, even if it must be associated with something imposing and bold, than that we should advance into being with a continual cringing of our nature; with a consciousness that we must be driven to the fulfilment of the greater offices of life, as we have been to our lessons. There is no reason why we should not be compelled to play out a very tragedy of existence, when nature seems to have destined us for a living comedy, as well as to scowl over mathematics in the schools, when heaven has made us only for the circle of poetry and the muses. There is then but little philosophy in specific education.

State interference, on the other hand is calculated to do no good, and not a little evil to the cause of general information. This was peculiarly the case with the countries of the old time. Where the infant minds of a whole people are moulded and bent
down to a particular system, which has its efficacy and authority only from the constitution of the land, that people will be left to boast only a kind of selfishness of learning, which may be as narrow as it is superficial; and more, it makes but a creed of education, which has not even the solitary advantage of the thousand doctrines in religion, that of bearing along the mind in a march of investigation. Let the state have an interest so far only as to insure the privilege of instruction to all, but let it not fetter the human understanding, in the greenness and strength of its existence, to one pursuit, exclusively, though such a measure be dictated by prejudice, or even by policy; so far as it does so, it is but sinking community into stagnation. Let mind then be as excursive as air, and there will be a rich and varied harvest in the autumn of a nation's intellect; as its ships, which fling their white sails over all the oceans, tell, at once the resources of an empire, and return only to add to its wealth and its power.

It is but within a few years that the art of education has engaged so great a share of speculative attention, and within but a few centuries that it has been written about at all. If we look farther, we must go back into the Roman age of Quinctilian. That great philosopher who conceived a constitution for our own republic, (the ingenious Locke) gave birth to a system, which, although it did much in awakening a regard to the science, did not fully accomplish its objects, nor perhaps crown the author with so much glory and success as his deep and unwearied researches into the human understanding. Many others, who were not philosophers, have followed in the footsteps of the masters, but their plans have been but painted hypotheses; founded on a supposition of a sort of mental legerdemain, rather than upon correct views of the intellectual nature.

But there has been no day like our own for the contagion of theory. Genius, and talent, and learning, and wit, have each brought forward their constitutions, and each have supported them with manful enthusiasm. Ingenuity seems to have been tortured, experience to have been dissatisfied, and experiment to
have come up with the forlorn hope of invention. Still we are
told that education is a system of imperfection, and many a How-
ard in the cause of learning, is now laboring to advance its
improvement. Yet it is more than probable that time has done,
and is doing, more than any thing else. The peculiar genius of
the age and of our country, does more than all their endeavors.
It is absurd—it is impossible to believe that in these times of mental
illumination the cramped and unbending ceremonial of antique
education should be countenanced or borne. There is a deeper
insight into humanity now; and it is known as well to the pupil
as to the teacher: a wider survey of the world, of intellectual
machinery, of the reality of things, has brought the tutors of our
schools and our universities nearer to a level with the young men
who frequent them, and while it has done so, given a modern
dignity and beauty and polish to education. It has advanced it,
for it has made it no longer a mystery; and it has certainly
developed one of its great secrets, when it shows us that the
instructers of old did not come down and enter into the interests
and feelings of their disciples; that they moved in the lone and
distant sphere of their own austerity; an austerity which it was
little better than death to approach, but which was derided and
forgotten in its absence.

It would be foreign to our purpose, as well as trespassing upon
time to touch upon the disputed question of public and private
schools, or to review the fields of argument which have been held
by the advocates of both. Instruction of the public mind alone
is the object of the association in whose behalf I address you this
evening, and without entering at all into the discussion of this
much litigated problem, we leave it with the consolatory assur-
ance, that let them enter by which portal they may, the oaken
and the myrtle wreaths are twining for all the worthies, in the
temple of Minerva.

Much has been said about the evil of multiplying books. Be
that as it may, it is at least a necessary evil; and, on the whole
we are safe in asserting that the founding of Libraries was a
memorable era in the annals of education. The manuscript collections of old, indeed, were not so favorable to the cause, as to the philosophers and priests and wise men, who in those days seemed to be the reservoirs of learning; and it was not till the art of printing did so much for the world, that any thing was done for the reading mass of mankind. In the alphabet of the human mind, there was no need of books, but in these days of its experience and maturity, they are the great ministers to its information.

After the period of infancy or boyhood has gone by, and the early, mechanical application of rules to the understanding is no longer relied on, observation comes to usurp the place of passive obedience; and on this observation rests the superstructure of all that is valuable and practical in human knowledge. All that education which is to fit a man for the world, its dispositions, and its revolutions, and its passions, lies hid in the mysteries of the human character; and there is a call upon boldness and perseverance to unfold them. Let us go out into the busy places of life, where not only the faculties but the ruling divinities of men stand forth in their strongest relief; can you question for a moment, which is the happiest, and the greatest, and the best, that man whose principle lifts him above the littleness of all this mass of mind which is around him, and whose study of it has carried him with Ædaelian accuracy through all the intricacies of its labyrinth; whose information has taught him how it was made, and whose experience has showed him how it acts, or that man, who stands there, in utter ignorance of its hopes and fears; of its practical tendencies, and its practical effects; who believes it is a living picture of his favorite theory, and who, in his unprepared ambition stoops to court it, only to be disappointed! There is no hesitation for an answer. The knowledge of this singular nature, is the finish of education; without it, it is only good for the cloister, and will come to almost nothing in its application. Let reading be regulated by judgment, and the principles of the heart, and of the passions, and of the intellect,
as developed in books and in study, will sink in upon the understanding, and fasten upon the memory; and when we go abroad into the world, we shall go in a march of experiment, and bring all we have read about, up to the standard of reality. This is coming out into the light of information; and the manners, and the heart, and the whole nature are softened and made better, while the spirit grows eager in feeding upon the knowledge of human society. Hence that love of foreign travel which has grown up within our own observation, and which in the bosoms of genius and literary patriotism, has done much for individual accomplishment, and much for the character and learning of our country.

In expatiating thus widely, I have purposely kept aloof from the great object for which we are assembled here, because there is no better mode of recommending the advantages of a peculiar system, than by observing the modifications of the grand principle upon which it is founded, as they have been successively presented to our observation. Among the Institutions of our country, the proudest are those where Economy and Information are standing upon the threshold. Such institutions are as deserving of our support, as they are of our praises. Surely there is none more noble in its object, or beneficial in its consequences, than that which is dedicated to the improvement of the human mind; whose aim is to collect the wisdom and knowledge of many years, not to set it up as a show and fear to humble and distant spirits, but to bring it near to the mental eye: to send it out as the herald of instruction; to constitute it the guardian of morality: not to keep it like holy water in some unapproachable place, but to open it as a fountain where all may drink deeply if they will. Such was the object of the "Mechanic Association," under whose auspices a Library was established in this town. The founding of such a Library, with all the wise and philanthropic motives which influenced those who undertook it, should be looked upon by those whom misfortune or circumstance have denied the privilege of a finished education, and who, therefore have become subjects of its charita-
ble blessings, with an eye of gratitude, and a mind full of pleasing anticipations. They, all of us, may look upon this Institution as a substitute for the school; as possessing many of its advantages with a total absence of its evils. Here we have a part of that very freedom which we have been advocating; the understanding is not fettered to what it hates; the mental powers are not tortured till ambition grows stupid and exertion tires, and genius is not set to struggle against nature. The faculties of the mind are brought to their bearings, and every one finds what may brighten his talents into action. There is nothing here that will poison the soul; for the very spirit of the society excludes every volume that can impart the least moral contagion, and every page of that dangerous amusement, which may creep upon the young heart under an apology for science. Here is a system of education lying upon the shelves; and it may be examined and understood at leisure, without the chance of school compulsion, or the room for school idleness. Thus far, it stands above the education of our seminaries. Then if we look further on, we shall find the end answered with almost mathematical certainty, by that very constitution of our nature, which we mentioned before. Since the revival of mind there has been a continued thirst for information. Now when it can be obtained in its purity, under such advantages, it is more than probable that exertion will be proportioned to a sense of the value of such an institution; and if it be so, there will go forth from it a most glorious light upon Society. The support of an Institution like this, is the best tribute which public patronage can render to genius; for on public patronage it must depend. If the mind can here find speculations with which it feels a congeniality, it will find its occupation there; and the arts and the sciences may improve and expand under the influences of some modern genius. The mechanic will find his knowledge extended, his theories starting into life, his invention breaking away from his fears, and coming upon the public, to their astonishment and his own fame. Then should not such genius be encouraged? Should not such an Institution be upheld?
It is an Institution in which society must feel an active interest. We must all do something for the information as well as for the Religion of our country. Some there are, we know, who want no call upon their philanthrophy; whose charity is as beneficent as it is unostentatious; and which, like the fountain that plays in solitude, sends forth a stream to gladden and make verdant the surface of humanity. Go then, and lay upon its shelves, those volumes over which art loves to ponder, and feels the first kindling of its young existence. Be all of us its friends, and we shall bring there, what will do more good than a thousand precepts, or a thousand instructions; be all of us its friends, and we shall bear a part in the noble charity of enriching the national intellect: be all of us its friends, and we shall have the grateful remembrance that we added to the order and strength and wholesomeness of the common body: be all of us its friends, and we shall have a proud remuneration in the science and morality of the land.

But above all this, there is a most powerful argument for the support of this Institution. It has at least the negative virtue of being a check upon idleness. There is not a word in our language, in its most contracted, or its most fearful import, that falls with such a leaden accent upon the ear of a good man. There cannot be a more prophetic one whispered in the ear of a country's destiny. Idleness! it is worse than ill-directed genius; for it can hope for nothing but oblivion; it is worse than giddy ambition—for it has not the redemption of one high and active principle; it is worse than the immediate perpetration of a single crime; for it leads to the consequent perpetration of a thousand. With the young, its baneful effects are equalled only by those it realizes among the poor; and there can be no more dreadful picture than that of an idle and uneducated poor. Look into any country, and there is misery and desolation always in its train. We have heard of these things too often not to remember them. Look into Scotland, before parliament proved the efficacy of even a national instruction for the poor, and we need no commentary;
and when we hear the great Fletcher of Saltoun telling us that in the days of their indigence and degeneracy,* "no magistrate could discover that they had even been baptized, or in what way one in a hundred went out of the world," and that "in times of plenty many thousands of them met together in the mountains, where they would feast and riot many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials and other public occasions, they were to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming and fighting together"—we want no more solemn appeal to beware of national idleness, and promote national industry.

Will it not then be gaining every thing for Society, if all this mass of wandering and unsettled mind be brought to an effective and valuable concentration! and will ye not feel proud that such a mental store-house should be built up; and shall not your coffers therefore be uncovered, and the mite thrown in, that it may be well filled with food for the great moral body of our land! Let it be remembered—and all other motives sink to nothing—that this Institution looks to the best preservation of the Commonwealth; that it looks to the heart as well as the mind of the people—and to the young heart and to the young mind—that it helps on the spirit of our liberty, while it helps on information; and beyond all that it annihilates idleness, which is the very necessity of the Law!

But it may be said, in this inundation of the press, any man may have his own books by him if he will, and if he do not, it is the obstinacy of ignorance. Whence then the necessity of a Library? But can all men, without it have a choice of their reading, or the books they want? True it is, some happy volume may be a treasure to some happy individual; but will he not want another to see its principles expanded—and will not others want it too. The Bible is in itself a library, but was it the Bible alone that has done so much for Religion?

But the art of Education stops not here. There is much to be done for the cause, by the conduct of those, upon whom rest

*Vide Ency Art. Educa. et Dr. Currie, Life Burns.
more of the responsibilities, and respectabilities of life. There is
a fashion of the intellect and of the affections, which captivates
and commands, as well as the physical fashions of our outward
nature. We hope for the best instruction of those who are gath-
ering up around us, and let us remember that there is an instruc-
tion growing out of our feelings and our actions, and that there
are the eyes of a generation upon us to catch the manners as they
rise. We hope much for the regulation of the heart, with the
improvement of the understanding; and we must remember that
both are ordered by what they see and experience in the world;
we hope that the souls of our children will aspire to the true honor
and dignity of their country; and we must remember that their
fathers must show them how to do it. We must recollect there
is the education of example, and that it spurns the precepts of
books—and I had almost said of Bibles!—we must remember
that vice must be thrown out of society; and that it cannot stand
with the eternal majesty of morality; that there must be no des-
pising of all that is honorable and high in a community in our
youth, and leave that community for its character, only to its grey
heads, and its venerable years; we must go into the very depths
of our nature, and bring out from its mines that pure gold of in-
tellect and heart, which alone is valuable, and alone worthy of
exertion to obtain. Let us, who are in the opening of life do honor
to the beneficent institutions of our country, by cherishing a strong
and practical belief of their dearness and their political purity.
This is the noblest consecration we can make—this is the most
enduring light we can throw upon their memory. And think not
to see them lift themselves in the atmosphere of immorality and
indolence. No; the Temple of Knowledge never looks so beau-
tiful and grand as in the sunshine of virtue. Let the youngest
among us feel that it is indeed a good thing to help educate, and
to be educated, and we shall have our best praise from the lips of
those who have grown wise in the experience of it; let those who
have come up to manhood look to it, and they will find it is a
good thing, when they think where they might have been with-
out it; let our old men look to it and they will feel it is a good thing, when they think what their sons might have been without it.

And what is the spirit that will lead to all these things? It is Industry, that industry which is the very genius of Education. To promote it, is the hope and object of this Institution, and without it there is no such thing as Education. There must be a constantly abiding recollection that man must labor here for eminence and a good name; that he cannot arrive at either by indifference; and this it is that makes the very selfishness of the world a providence in itself, for it leads us to call up the energies of our minds to struggle for greatness, and not to trust to obtaining it gratuitously from mankind.

Industry then must be the foundation on which we are to build. Industry must be our only hope in the school, and out of the school; in life and through life to the tomb—and he is hardly prepared for the tomb, who has not found it accompanying him there. It is this alone which brings a man to an honorable mediocrity, or lifts him to the true exaltation; without it, a throne is but a dream, and on either side of it, forgetfulness and a grave. To the being of an honorable ambition, we say, Industry alone will win the high place; and to him of humbler and perhaps happier aspirations, we can only say, remember that "Time is money." The sentence is in itself a sermon, and armed by our Franklin with all his own electricity.

*Franklin's Miscellanies.