

on trust much affects the folly—and shall I say superstition—of accepting generalizations on authority. He who believes that the *radii vectores* of the planets sweep out equal areas in equal times, because he has read that Newton says so, is much on a par with the man who believes that cucumber seed should be sown on St. Laurence's day, because he has been told so, and is as an astronomer incalculably below the intelligent hind, who says the new moon returns every twenty-eight days, for I have counted, and I know; even though the latter has discovered an approximation to truth only, and the former may have learned his truth in the slightly modified form which would make it exact. And as for the Latin quotation, appalling enough if met in a lonely lane on a dark night, it will scarcely affright us here in broad daylight. In respect of science, no man can know *multum* who does not know *multa*. There is no eminent scientist who is not conversant with many sciences as well as great in one. A man may be a Latinist, and nothing else, a Grecian, and nothing else, but he cannot be an astronomer, a biologist, a psychologist, and nothing else. Surely those who speak of *multum non multa* as the guiding principle of a boy's education forget what is the obvious method of nature. She assails our ears at once with multitudinous voices. She unrolls before our eyes her brilliant scroll, written over with characters a thousand fold more diverse than the logographs of Chinese literature, a thousand fold more mysterious than the hieroglyphics of Memphis and Thebes, a thousand fold more gorgeously illuminated than any mediæval psalter. On all our senses, and on all at once, myriad-formed external nature pours her odors, her sights, her sounds. Nor is this all. As when one rolls a rock into some dim abyss we hear uprising the clash and rumble and roar of the far-descending stone, so when nature drops a sensation into the depths of our being, instantly uprise the murmuring voices of reason, of judgment, of imagination, sounding ever nearer and ever louder the mysterious burden of the universe. Then, too, awakes all the strange inner world of emotion and of will that never, never can be lulled to sleep again. Surely nature does not say *non multa*. Again, the knowledge of many things, not much of one thing, constitutes the true preparation for life. If you can, teach a boy one thing only, and turn him adrift in the world. No matter how thoroughly he knows that one thing he will be found altogether unfit to play any useful or successful part amid the activities of this many-sided life. The maxim quoted is the result of an imperfect conception of life. While preparation for duty is general, many things must be taught. When the general preparation is complete, and a definite course of life is chosen, one line of study must be steadily and engrossingly pursued. Permit me to amend the maxim, and say *post multa multum*. And permit me, as my last word, to say, let him who aims at an education that shall be eminently practical not neglect to make diligent and wise use of Object Lessons, as of a most valuable and efficient means of intellectual culture.