

merchandise and perishable. For it appears as if no really equitable adjustment could ever be made between the thoughts of the brain and the toil of the hand. It is, as I have already said, only when these thoughts of the brain find expression through the labor of the hand, that the products stand on a common platform where values can be rightly appraised. Where is the economist who would venture to *prior*, in perishable gold, those high ministries which directly contribute to spiritual culture? Does it not seem that the higher and more powerful the ministry, the further it is removed, by that very circumstance, from the comparatively mean measure of earthly values? Therefore, although it is within reason that they who minister about holy things should live off the things of the temple, it is not the less true that carnal things reaped can never be the measure of spiritual things sown. For things spiritual can only be reckoned in terms spiritual. It was not the bit of money cast into the treasury which gave it the value: it was that which lay behind which made the very small gift a very large gift in the eye of Him who seeth not as man seeth. Why should the spirit of earthly ambition or gain annoy us with either its computations, its callings, or its lamentations, when we choose to break our alabaster box? And herein lies a truth for all workers, whether in the pulpit or the pew, who would forget self in their efforts after the good of their fellow creatures, and who desire to live superior to those low-born motives, which, it is to be feared, too often impel men of great talent and power to sell themselves to "the highest bidder." Let earnest and thoughtful men ever keep before them this high ideal, and they shall not fail to leave a lasting impression for good on their own and succeeding generations. The men who have laid the world under the greatest charges have themselves been "chargeable to no man." Christianity itself would have been strangled in its cradle by a modern endowment. It must ever be so. For there does seem, after all, to be a kingly sphere, into which things sordid may not enter—where the baubles of earth and the babblings of commerce are alike out of place—a quiet and humble sanctuary consecrated by the great travail of the mind, and where mightier bolts are being forged than have ever rung to the workman's hammer.

I confess that the condition of industry in this our boasted age of civilization lies like a heavy burden on my soul. I cannot shake it off. It haunts me night and day. I have no faith that the therapeutics of modern commerce will ever heal its wounds, or cause life and health to course through its veins. In patient study and painstaking investigation lies much of the renovating power. It may be that we will have to build the wall in troublous times. Surely industry expects of us that we expound the principles of political economy in such a way as to secure to it the fruits of its own toil. The science itself has been handed over to the dominion of mob law, and has become the sport of every scatterbrain who imagines that he has a call to pronounce, at first sight, upon the subject. In this western world we are at this moment flooded with a literature which gives but too certain and sickening evidence of the truth of what I have just stated. I need not waste words in urging upon the cultured men who read these pages the vast importance of the matters I have brought under review. I have but endeavored, according to my humble ability, to open a door here and there to the great temple of economic truth. How inviting is