

And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, fiercer than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,—that we manufacture everything there except *men*; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way: not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a *right understanding*, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a *determined sacrifice* of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workmen; and by equally *determined demand* for the products and *results* of healthy and ennobling labour.

JOHN RUSKIN:
Stones of Venice, II, ch. 6.