

brains. But until very lately, although one heard much of the dignity of labour, it was a dignity which too many were willing to forego, and the only implement of labour which these considered proper for their hands was a pen. Their fathers did not all share this feeling. In the last generation certain pursuits began with work that is now unknown; he who entered a counting-house went there early in the morning, took down the shutters, swept the floor and lighted the fires. A student in a lawyer's office not only copied the pleadings, but all other papers, carried notes, went to bank, and did generally what was asked of him. But the sons of that generation have considered not only that customs have changed, but that work done by men's hands, no matter what, is derogatory. Hence, employment, even as a clerk, has been as much desired as any less elegant occupation has been scorned. Of course the supply soon exceeded the demand, and the unemployed crowd, educated and uneducated, is absurdly large in proportion to the community and its wants.

The reaction seems to have set in. Some young men of the present day have, it would seem, a future before them which was denied to their elders or was undreamed of by them. Many of them seem now to feel that no work can come amiss to them for which their abilities are fitted—that no life can be too hard, no privation too great, which leads to their development. It is significant—and not as matter of regret but rather as matter of pride—that graduates of our universities are found in the machine shops of our great corporations, wearing grease-proof overalls and earning five cents an hour for a working day of eight or ten hours, out of which they pay their board. Of course, these see their future; they have measured their own capacity and fore-

see their ultimate promotion, though there is none for the first years. It is also significant that schools for mechanical instruction are springing up all over the country, and that some of our colleges have themselves introduced it among their branches.

Of course, one does not mean that our college graduates are to support themselves through life by manual labour—to be blacksmiths or brakemen or chain carriers—any more than the cadet at West Point who learns to clean his musket and his boots expects to be a private soldier or an officer's servant. There are brakemen who never get to be more, and there are soldiers who never attain the rank of a corporal. But here is where the education comes in, and the mechanical instruction and practical knowledge, based as they are on college training, are, as the mathematician would say, raised by it to a higher power. There is nothing in life which a man may do, no matter who he is or what it is he does, that he will not do better with the help of training. The extent to which the world is suffering from want of the highest education applied to its modern needs suggests lines of painful thought. Those who have been accustomed to sneer at the Baconian philosophy, and to think, as did Seneca and those of his school, that the well-being of mankind was beneath the attention of a philosopher, have had forced upon them the fact that with all the growth of civilization and wealth and taste and luxury, we are, as to many things, absolutely without knowledge. There is not a man in the world to-day who can build a cathedral, and Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame stand as monuments of what has never been done since the days when scarcely a man outside a monastery could read or write. The story told by the aqueducts built thousands of years ago