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Beautiful Thoughts.

FROM

John Ruskin

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JANUARY





*January 1st.*

You ask for freedom of thought ; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think ; and if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to think wrong. Only one thought is possible to you if you are wise—your liberty is geometrically proportionate to your folly.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*January 2d.*

It has been said — it ought always to be said, for it is true,— that a better and more honorable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge

of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so : woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these !

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*January 3d.*

Let the reader consider seriously what he would give at any moment to have the power of arresting the fairest scenes, those which so often rise before him only to vanish ; to stay the cloud in its fading, the leaf in its trembling, and the shadows in their changing ; to bid the fitful foam be fixed upon the river, and the ripples be everlasting upon the lake ;

and then to bear away with him no darkness or feeble sun-stain (though even that is beautiful), but a counter-type, in allegory, simile, or personification, which deeply enforce them.

—*Frondees Agrestes.*

### *January 4th.*

The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

### *January 5th.*

For I do not speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselyting temper, as desiring to persuade any one to believe anything; but whom-

soever I venture to address, I take for the time his creed as I find it, and endeavor to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*January 6th.*

Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eyes or the pride of life, were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colors of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them, that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults, that one day shall fill the vault of heaven,—“He shall return, to do judgment and justice.” The strength of Venice was given her, so long as

she remembered this ; her destruction found her when she had forgotten this ; and it found her irrevocably, because she forgot it without excuse.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*January 7th.*

No one ever gets wiser by doing wrong, nor stronger. You will get wiser and stronger only by doing right, whether forced or not ; the prime, the one need is to do *that*, under whatever compulsion, until you can do it without compulsion. And then you are a Man.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*January 8th.*

Of all that they have, His tithe must be rendered to Him, or in so far and in so much He is forgotten :

of the skill and of the treasure, of the strength and of the mind, of the time and of the toil, offering must be made reverently ; and if there be any difference between the Levitical and the Christian offering, it is that the latter may be just so much the wider in its range as it is less typical in its meaning, as it is thankful instead of sacrificial.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*January 9th.*

He who habituates himself in his daily life to seek for the stern facts in whatever he hears or sees, will have these facts again brought before him by the involuntary imaginative power, in their noblest associations ; and he who seeks for frivolities and fallacies, will have frivolities and fal-

lacies again presented to him in his dreams.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*January 10th.*

Without venturing to pronounce—since on such a matter human judgment is by no means conclusive—what is or is not the noblest of God's works, we may yet admit so much of Pope's assertion as that an honest man is among his best works presently visible, and, as such things stand, a somewhat rare one; but not an incredible or miraculous work; still less an abnormal one.

—*Unto this Last.*

*January 11th.*

And shall we not look with changed temper down the long perspective of



St. Mark's Place towards the seven-fold gates and glowing domes of its temple, when we know with what solemn purpose the shafts of it were lifted above the pavement of the populous square? Men met there from all countries of the earth, for traffic or for pleasure; but, above the crowd swaying for ever to and fro in the restlessness of avarice or thirst of delight, was seen perpetually the glory of the temple, attesting to them, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear, that there was one treasure which the merchantmen might buy without a price, and one delight better than all others, in the word and the statutes of God.

—*Stones of Venice.*

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*January 12th.*

Imitation is like charity. When it is done for love it is lovely ; when it is done for show, hateful.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*January 13th.*

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions ; but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*January 14th.*

It can never be shown generally either that the interests of master and

laborer are alike, or that they are opposed ; for, according to circumstances, they may be either. It is, indeed, always the interest of both that the work should be rightly done, and a just price obtained for it ; but, in the division of profits, the gain of the one may or may not be the loss of the other. It is not the master's interest to pay wages so low as to leave the men sickly and depressed, nor the workman's interest to be paid high wages if the smallness of the master's profit hinders him from enlarging his business, or conducting it in a safe and liberal way.

—*Unto this Last.*

*January 15th.*

The Greek race was not at all one of exalted beauty, but only of general

and healthy completeness of form. They were only, and could be only, beautiful in body to the degree that they were beautiful in soul (for you will find, when you read deeply into the matter, that the body is only the soul made visible).

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*January 16th.*

It will be seen, that I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicing of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such; things which have become

foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appli-  
ance hang whole trades, to which there  
never yet belonged the blessing of giv-  
ing one ray of real pleasure, or becom-  
ing of the remotest or most contempt-  
ible use—things which cause half the  
expense of life, and destroy more than  
half its comfort, manliness, respecta-  
bility, freshness and facility.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*January 17th.*

All great men not only know their  
business, but usually know that they  
know it: and are not only right in  
their main opinions, but they usually  
know that they are right in them; only  
they do not think much of themselves  
on that account.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

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*January 18th.*

For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour and bad ones for all time.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*January 19th.*

Our eyes are now familiar and wearied with writing; and if an inscription is put upon a building, unless it be large and clear, it is ten to one whether we ever trouble ourselves

to decipher it. But the old architect was sure of readers. He knew that every one would be glad to decipher all that he wrote; that they would rejoice in possessing the vaulted leaves of his stone manuscript; and that the more he gave them, the more grateful would the people be. We must take some pains, therefore, when we enter St. Mark's, to read all that is inscribed, or we shall not penetrate into the feeling either of the builder or of his times.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*January 20th.*

I have always found that the less we speak of our intentions, the more chance there is of our realizing them.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*January 21st.*

God never forgets any work or labor of love; and whatever it may be of which the first and best portions or powers have been presented to Him, He will multiply and increase sevenfold.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*January 22d.*

Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*January 23d.*

The natural and right system respecting all labor is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good



workmen employed, and the bad workmen unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.

—*Unto this Last.*

*January 24th.*

Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? but how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold? But who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them? Look into the history of any civil-

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ized nations ; analyze, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this ; pride, and lust, and envy, and anger all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ, but they sell Him.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*January 25th.*

We are none of us so good architects as to be able to work habitually beneath our strength ; and yet there is not a building that I know of, lately raised, wherein it is not suffi-

ciently evident that neither architect nor builder has done his best. It is the especial characteristic of modern work. All old work nearly has been hard work. It may be the hard work of children, of barbarians, of rustics; but it is always their utmost. Ours has as constantly the look of money's worth, of a stopping short wherever and whenever we can, of a lazy compliance with low conditions; never of a fair putting forth of our strength.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*January 26th.*

So natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that

there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promises of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by fancy pictured or pursued.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*January 27th.*

Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you

jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time?

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*January 28th.*

I have above spoken of the whole church as a great Book of Common Prayer; the mosaics were its illuminations, and the common people of the time were taught their Scripture history by means of them, more impressively perhaps, though far less fully, than ours are now by Scripture reading. They had no other Bible,

and—Protestants do not often enough consider this—*could* have no other. We find it somewhat difficult to furnish our poor with printed Bibles; consider what the difficulty must have been when they could be given only in manuscript. The walls of the church necessarily became the poor man's Bible, and a picture was more easily read upon the walls than a chapter.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*January 29th.*

Covetousness is not natural to man—generosity is; but covetousness must be excited by a special cause, as a given disease by a given miasma; and the essential nature of a material for the excitement of covetousness, is

that it shall be a beautiful thing which can be retained *without a use*.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*January 30th.*

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him—than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*January 31st.*

Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavored to prove it unreason-

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able) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

—*Unto this Last.*





FEBRUARY



### *February 1st.*

If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it? The heathen, in their saddest hours, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contests.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

### *February 2d.*

The practical, immediate office of the earthquake and pestilence is to slay us, like moths; and, as moths, we shall be wise to live out of their

way. So the practical, immediate office of gold and diamonds is the multiplied destruction of souls (in whatever sense you have been taught to understand that phrase); and the paralysis of wholesome human effort and thought on the face of God's earth: and a wise nation will live out of the way of them. The money which the English habitually spend in cutting diamonds would, in ten years, if it were applied to cutting rocks instead, leave no dangerous reef nor difficult harbor round the whole island coast.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*February 3d.*

But so it is, that, while precious materials may, with a certain profu-

sion and negligence, be employed for the magnificence of what is seldom seen, the work of man cannot be carelessly and idly bestowed, without an immediate sense of wrong; as if the strength of the living creature were never intended by its Maker to be sacrificed in vain, though it is well for us sometimes to part with what we esteem precious of substance, as showing that in such service it becomes but dross and dust.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*February 4th.*

Very ready we are to say of a book, “How good this is—that’s exactly what I think!” But the right feeling is, “How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet

I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*February 5th.*

Twenty years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandel, and including the low moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pool and streams. No clearer or diviner wa-

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ters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which "giveth rain from heaven;" no pastures ever lightened in springtime with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness—fain-hidden—yet full-confessed.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*February 6th.*

It is impossible to calculate the enormous loss of power in modern days, owing to the imperative requirement that art shall be methodical and learned: for as long as the constitution of this world remains unaltered, there will be more intellect in it than there can be education; there will be many men capable of just sensation



and vivid invention, who never will have time to cultivate or polish their natural powers. And all unpolished power is in the present state of society lost ; in other things as well as in the arts, but in the arts especially : nay, in nine cases out of ten, people mistake the polish for the power.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*February 7th.*

All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time. But there must be no hurry.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*February 8th.*

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave the ship in case of wreck, and to share

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his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with the men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, ship-wreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

—*Unto this Last.*

*February 9th.*

I think that every rightly constituted mind ought to rejoice, not so much in knowing anything clearly, as in feeling that there is infinitely more which it cannot know. None but proud or weak men would mourn over this, for we may always know more, if we choose, by working on; but the

pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible,—watching the cloud still march before them with its summitless pillar, and being sure that, to the end of time, and to the length of eternity, the mysteries of its infinity will open farther and farther, their dimness being the sign and necessary adjunct of their inexhaustibility.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*February 10th.*

People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude ; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude,—and the rarest, too. I know twenty persevering girls for one patient one ; but it is only

that twenty-first who can do her work out and out, or enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when Impatience companions her.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*February 11th.*

All else for which the builders sacrificed, has passed away—all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. We know not for what they labored, and we see no evidence of their reward. Victory, wealth, authority, happiness—all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them, and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in

those gray heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honors, and their errors ; but they have left us their adoration.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*February 12th.*

As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him ; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place : “ Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne ; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool ! ” And all those passings to and fro of fruitful showers and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the hori-

zon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dear-ness of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*February 13th.*

Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do the work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*February 14th.*

What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end, of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we *do*: and for man, woman or child, the first point of education is to make them do their best. It is the law of good economy to make the best of everything. How much more to make the best of every creature!

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*February 15th.*

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of

which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

—*The King of the Golden River.*



*February 16th.*

Let every man who wishes well to his country, render it yearly an account of his income, and of the main heads of his expenditure ; or, if he is ashamed to do so, let him no more impute to the poor their poverty as a crime, nor set them to break stones in order to frighten them from committing it. To lose money ill is indeed often a crime ; but to get it ill is a worse one, and to spend it ill, worst of all.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*February 17th.*

For as religious faith renders emotion facile, so also it generally renders expression simple ; that is to say a truly religious painter will very often

be ruder, quainter, simpler, and more faulty in his manner of working, than a great irreligious one. And it was in this artless utterance, and simple acceptance, on the part of both the workman and the beholder, that all noble schools of art have been cradled; it is in them that they *must* be cradled to the end of time.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*February 18th.*

You ought to be glad in thinking how much more beauty God has made, than human eyes can ever see; but not glad in thinking how much more evil man has made, than his own soul can ever conceive, much more than his hands can ever heal.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*February 19th.*

What is really desired, under the name of riches, is, essentially, power over men; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage the labor of servant, tradesman, and artist; in wider sense, authority of directing large masses of the nation to various ends (good, trivial, or hurtful, according to the mind of the rich person).

*—Unto this Last.*

*February 20th.*

Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance and combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen

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in clouds,—then, as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace;—then, as in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen;—then, as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river;—finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea;—what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and

beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling?

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*February 21st.*

✓ It is only the fool who does wrong, and says he "did it for the best." And if there's one sort of person in the world that the Bible speaks harder of than another, it is fools. Their particular and chief way of saying "There is no God" is this, of declaring that whatever their "public opinion" may be, is right, and that God's opinion is of no consequence.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*February 22d.*

How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it

has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of man, has also to restrain the disorders of his best—which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law! There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*February 23d.*

The hills, which, as compared with living beings, seem “everlasting,” are in truth as perishing as they; its veins of flowing fountain weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does

ours; the natural force of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*February 24th*

We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

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*February 25th.*

No teacher can truly promote the cause of education, until he knows the mode of life for which that education is to prepare his pupil.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*February 26th.*

The likeness to a beloved friend, the correspondence with a habitual conception, the freedom from any strange or offensive particularity, and, above all, an interesting choice of incident, will win admiration for a picture when the noblest efforts of religious imagination would otherwise fail of power. How much more, when to the quick capacity of emotion is joined a childish trust that the picture does indeed represent a fact!



It matters little whether the fact be well or ill told ; the moment we believe the picture to be true, we complain little of its being ill-painted.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*February 27th.*

No one can be forced to do a wrong thing, for the guilt is in the will ; but you may any day be forced to do a fatal thing, as you might be forced to take poison ; the remarkable law of nature in such cases being, that it is always unfortunate *you* who are poisoned, and not the person who gives you the dose. It is a very strange law, but it *is* a law. Nature merely sees to the carrying out of the normal operation of arsenic. She

never troubles herself to ask who gave it you. So also you may be starved to death, morally as well as physically, by other people's faults.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*February 28th.*

It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*February 29th.*

There is also a confused notion in the minds of many persons, that the gathering of the property of the poor into the hands of the rich does no ultimate harm; since, in whosoever hands it may be, it must be spent at last, and thus, they think, return to the poor again. This fallacy has been again and again exposed; but granting the plea true the same apology may, of course, be made for blackmail, or any other form of robbery. It might be (though practically it never is) as advantageous for the nation that the robber should have the spending of the money he extorts, as that the person robbed should have spent it.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

MARCH



*March 1st.*

Men must either hereafter live, or hereafter die ; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation ; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope, and unfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold himself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable ; and will have all things ended in order for his sleep, or left in order for his awakening.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*March 2d.*

When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass ap-

peared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

—*The King of the Golden River.*

### *March 3d.*

Thus, it is a creed with a great part of the existing English people, that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do, and need to know. I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years; and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavor has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do; trust it, not in their own favorite



verses only, but in the sum of all; trust it not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of; but as Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*March 4th.*

Do you think that your goodness comes all by your own contriving? or that you are gentle and kind because your dispositions are naturally more angelic than those of the poor girls who are playing, with wild eyes, on the dust-heaps in the alleys of our great towns; and who will one day fill their prisons, or, better, their graves? Heaven only knows where they, and we who have cast them

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there, shall stand at last. But the main judgment question will be, I suppose, for all of us, "Did you keep a good heart through it?" What you were, others may answer for; what you tried to be, you must answer for yourself. Was the heart pure and true? tell us that.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*March 5th.*

We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take

the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it ; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

### *March 6th.*

We take our idea of fearlessness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea ; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible ; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy ; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism :

“Thy *righteousness* is like the great mountains ;

“Thy *judgments* are a great deep.”

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 7th.*

Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity ; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy ; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men

deed find yourself to be in any wise any of these. Take steady means to check yourself in whatever fault you have ascertained, and justly accused yourself of. And as soon as you are in active way of mending, you will be no more inclined to moan over an undefined corruption.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*March 10th.*

Mountains are to the rest of the body of the earth what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower

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hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty,—yet ruling those lines in their every undulation.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 11th.*

I have been long accustomed, as all men engaged in work of investigation must be, to hear my statements laughed at for years before they are examined or believed; and I am generally content to wait the public's time. But it has not been without displeased surprise that I have found myself totally unable, as yet, by any repetition, or illustration,

to force this plain thought into my readers' heads,—that the wealth of nations, as of men, consists in substance, not in ciphers; and that the real good of all work, and of all commerce, depends on the final intrinsic worth of the thing you make, or get by it.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*March 12th.*

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

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*March 13th.*

I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity ; yet it seems to me, that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled unregarded and unchastised with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside : they may be light and accidental ; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that ; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over care as to which is largest or blackest.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*



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— *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*March 14th.*

The greater part of the profitable investment of capital, in the present day, is in operations of this kind, in which the public is persuaded to buy something of no use to it, on production or sale of which the capitalist may charge percentage; the said public remaining all the while under the persuasion that the percentages thus obtained are real national gains, whereas, they are merely filchings out of partially light pockets, to swell heavy ones.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*March 15th.*

There are no natural objects out of which more can be learned than out

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of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in nature can be seen to some extent without patience, and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has, for carelessness, nothing in it but stumbling; no pleasure is languidly to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart, and the unfatherly gift. And yet, do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is bread of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 16th.*

The more I have examined the subject the more dangerous I have found it to dogmatize respecting the character of the art which is likely, at a given period, to be most useful to the cause of religion. One great fact first meets me. I cannot answer for the experience of others, but I never yet met with a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment could pronounce, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*March 17th.*

If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree

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stem ; still, never mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of honeyed fruit at top. And even if you cannot find much good in yourself at last, think that it does not much matter to the universe either what you were, or are ; think how many people are noble, if you cannot be, and rejoice in *their* nobleness.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

### *March 18th.*

As we pass between the hills which have been shaken by earthquake and torn by convulsion, we find that periods of perfect repose succeed those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie clear beneath their fallen rocks, the water-lilies gleam,

and the reeds whisper among their shadows ; the village rises again over the forgotten graves, and its church tower, white through the storm-light, proclaims a renewed appeal to His protection in whose hand "are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also." There is no loveliness of Alpine valley that does not teach the same lesson. It is just where "the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place," that in process of years the fairest meadows bloom between the fragments, the clearest rivulets murmur from between their crevices among the flowers, and the clustered cottages, each sheltered beneath some strength of mossy stone, now to be

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removed no more, and with their pastured flocks around them, safe from the eagle's stoop and the wolf's ravin, have written upon their fronts, in simple words, the mountain's faith in the ancient promise,—“Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction, when it cometh; for thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.”

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 19th.*

You can know what you are only by looking *out* of yourself. Measure your own powers with those of others; compare your own interests with those of others; try to understand what you appear to them, as



well as what they appear to you ; and judge of yourselves, in all things, relatively and sub-ordinately, not positively ; starting always with a wholesome conviction of the probability that there is nothing particular about you.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*March 20th.*

To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty ; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*March 21st.*

Wonderful, in universal adaptation to man's need, desire, and discipline, God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First, a carpet, to make it soft for him; then a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 22d.*

I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least, if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for

the fact that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercan-

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tile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor.

—*Unto this Last.*

*March 23d.*

Thus the Renaissance manner of building is a convenient style for dwelling-houses, but the natural sense of all religious men causes them to turn from it with pain when it has been used in churches; and this has given rise to the popular idea that the Roman style is good for houses and the Gothic for churches. This is not so; the Roman style is essentially base, and we can bear with it only so long as it gives us convenient windows and spacious rooms; the moment the question of convenience

is set aside, and the expression or beauty of the style is tried by its being used in a church, we find it fails. But because the Gothic and Byzantine styles are fit for churches they are not therefore less fit for dwellings.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*March 24th.*

So, something which befalls you may seem a great misfortune; you meditate over its effects on you personally, and begin to think that it is a chastisement, or a warning, or a this or that or the other of profound significance, and that all the angels in heaven have left their business for a little while that they may watch its effects on your mind. But give up this egotistic indulgence of your

fancy ; examine a little what misfortunes, greater a thousandfold, are happening every second to twenty times worthier persons, and your self-consciousness will change into pity and humility, and you will know yourself, so far as to understand that “there hath nothing taken thee but what is common to man.”

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

### *March 25th.*

If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us, as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! so stately,—so eternal; the joy

of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth,—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example : that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 26th.*

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much* ; nor is it servicable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again ; and marked, so that you can refer to passages you

want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*March 27th.*

And for all of us, the question is not at all to ascertain how much or how little corruption there is in human nature, but to ascertain whether, out of all the mass of that nature, we are of the sheep or the goat breed; whether we are people of upright heart, being shot at, or people of crooked heart, shooting. And of all the texts bearing on the subject, this, which is a quite simple and practical order, is the one you have chiefly to hold in mind. “Keep thy heart with



all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.”

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*March 28th.*

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice ; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*March 29th.*

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity : children love them ; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow ; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice

in them gathered ; they are the cottager's treasure ; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*March 30th.*

Inequalities of wealth, unjustly established, have assuredly injured the nation in which they exist during their establishment ; and, unjustly directed, injure it yet more during their existence. But inequalities of wealth, justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment ; and, nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence.

—*Unto this Last.*

*March 31st.*

Bread of flour is good : but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book ; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries !

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

APRIL



*April 1st.*

Just as there are many principles which will bear the light of the world's opinion, yet will not bear the light of God's word, while all principles which will bear the test of Scripture will also bear that of practice, so in architecture there are many forms which expediency and convenience may apparently justify, or at least render endurable, in daily use, which will yet be found offensive the moment they are used for church service ; but there are none good for church service, which cannot bear daily use.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*April 2d.*

I mean, and always have meant, simply this,—that the will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness and life, not by each other's misery or death. I made you read that verse which so shocked you just now, because the relations of parent and child are typical of all beautiful human help. A child may have to die for its parents; but the purpose of Heaven is that it shall live for them; that, not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its joy, its force of being, it shall be to them renewal of strength, and as the arrow in the hand of the giant.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

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*April 3d.*

Perhaps few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they consider, they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately gradated state, the loveliest of all pure colors ; and, secondly, that in the rose there is *no shadow*, except what is composed of color. All its shadows are fuller in color than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of the leaves.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*April 4th.*

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a



fruitful flower ;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*April 5th.*

Wilful error is limited by the will, but what limit is there to that of which we are unconscious?

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*April 6th.*

Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves

for each other. And among the many apparently beautiful things which turn, through mistaken use, to utter evil, I am not sure but that the thoughtlessly meek and self-sacrificing spirit of good men must be named as one of the fatalest. They have so often been taught that there is a virtue in mere suffering, as such, and foolishly to hope that good may be brought by Heaven out of all on which Heaven itself has set the stamp of evil, that we may avoid it, that they accept pain and defeat as if these were their appointed portion; never understanding that their defeat is not the less to be mourned because it is more fatal to their enemies than to them.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*April 7th.*

It is necessary to our rank as spiritual creatures, that we should be able to invent and to behold what is not ; and to our rank as moral creatures, that we should know and confess at the same time that it is not.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*April 8th.*

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of

which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it.

—*Unto this Last.*

*April 9th.*

For indeed the fact is, that there are idle poor and idle rich ; and there are busy poor and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year ; and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand-boy, and never would think of stopping in the street to play marbles. So that, in a large view, the distinction between workers and idlers, as between knaves and honest men, runs through

the very heart and innermost nature of men of all ranks and in all positions.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*April 10th.*

There is no sacredness in round arches, nor in pointed; none in pinnacles, nor in buttresses; none in pillars, nor traceries. Churches were larger than most other buildings, because they had to hold more people; they were more adorned than most other buildings, because they were safer from violence, and were the fitting subjects of devotional offering: but they were never built in any separate, mystical, and religious style; they were built in the manner

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that was common and familiar to everybody at the time.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*April 11th.*

The one thing that a good man has to do, and to see done, is justice; he is neither to slay himself nor others carelessly: so far from denying himself, since he is pleased by good, he is to do his utmost to get his pleasure accomplished.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*April 12th.*

There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and

valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So do we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will, little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

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*April 13th.*

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven,—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam



in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*April 14th.*

In the daily course and discipline of right life, we must continually and reciprocally submit and surrender in all kind and courteous and affectionate ways; and these submissions and ministries to each other, of which you all know (none better) the practice and the preciousness, are as good for

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the yielder as the receiver; they strengthen and perfect as much as they soften and refine.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*April 15th.*

In recalling the impressions we have received from the works of man, after a lapse of time long enough to involve in obscurity all but the most vivid, it often happens that we find a strange pre-eminence and durability in many upon whose strength we had little calculated, and that points of character which had escaped the detection of the judgment, become developed under the waste of memory; as veins of harder rock, whose places could not at first have been dis-

covered by the eye, are left salient under the action of frosts and streams.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*April 16th.*

Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities : or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain ; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.

—*Unto this Last.*

*April 17th.*

He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood

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warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*April 18th.*

There is a working class—strong and happy,—among both rich and poor; there is an idle class—weak, wicked, and miserable,—among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class [how little wise in this!] habitually contemplate the foolish of the *other*. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right

among *them*: and if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right among *them*. But each looks for the faults of the other.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*April 19th.*

We have destroyed the goodly architecture of our cities; we have substituted one wholly devoid of beauty or meaning; and then we reason respecting the strange effect upon our minds of the fragments which, fortunately, we have left in our churches, as if those churches had always been designed to stand out in strong relief from all the buildings around them, and Gothic

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architecture had always been, what it is now, a religious language, like Monkish Latin.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*April 20th.*

Briefly, the constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others. Do you think Titian would have helped the world better by denying himself, and not painting; or Casella by denying himself, and not singing!

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*April 21st.*

Go out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the

shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians, and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain path, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He ma-

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keth grass to grow upon the mountains.”

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*April 22d.*

I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*April 23d.*

You ladies like to lead the fashion:—by all means lead it—lead it thoroughly,—lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress



everybody else nicely. Lead the *fashions for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*April 24th.*

There is but one way in which man can ever help God—that is, by letting God help him; and there is no way in which His name is more guiltily taken in vain, than by calling the abandonment of our own work the performance of His.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*April 25th.*

All building, therefore, shows man either as gathering or governing; and

the secrets of his success are his knowing what to gather, and how to rule. These are the two great intellectual Lamps of Architecture; the one consisting in a just and humble veneration for the works of God upon the earth, and the other in an understanding of the dominion over those works which has been vested in man.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*April 26th.*

The most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how “to better themselves,” but how to “satisfy themselves.” It is the curse of every evil

nature and evil creature to eat and *not* be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied ; and as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger—the bread of justice or righteousness ; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven ; but hungering after the bread or wages of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*April 27th.*

So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the

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modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day: was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more; or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to

a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

—*Unto this Last.*

*April 28th.*

We attach, in modern days, a kind of sacredness to the pointed arch and the groined roof, because, while we look habitually out of square windows and live under flat ceilings, we meet with the more beautiful forms in the ruins of our abbeys. But when those abbeys were built, the pointed arch was used for every shop door, as well as for that of the cloister, and the feudal baron and freebooter feasted, as the monk sang, under vaulted roofs; not because the vaulting was

thought especially appropriate to either the revel or psalm, but because it was then the form in which a strong roof was easiest built.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*April 29th.*

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always

be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him, if we are not happy ourselves.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*April 30th.*

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

MAY





*May 1st.*

Men will be taught that an existence of play, sustained by the blood of other creatures, is a good existence for gnats and jelly-fish; but not for men: that neither days, nor lives, can be made holy or noble by doing nothing in them: that the best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat, the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*May 2d.*

All the world is but as one orphanage, so long as its children know not

God their Father; and all wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darkness, so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord.

—*Fors Clavigera.*

*May 3d.*

The essential idea of real virtue is that of a vital human strength, which instinctively, constantly, and without motive does what is right. You must train men to this by habit, as you would the branch of a tree; and give them instincts and manners (or morals) of purity, justice, kindness, and courage. Once rightly trained, they act as they should, irrespectively of all motive, of fear, or of reward. It is the blackest sign

of putrescence in a national religion when men speak as if it were the only safeguard of conduct, and assume that, but for the fear of being burned, or for the hope of being rewarded, everybody would pass their lives in lying, stealing, and murdering.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*May 4th.*

In the edifices of Man there should be found reverent worship and following, not only of the spirit which rounds the pillars of the forest, and arches the vault of the avenue—which gives veining to the leaf, and polish to the shell, and grace to every pulse that agitates animal organization,—but of that also which reproves the

pillars of the earth, and builds up her barren precipices into the coldness of the clouds, and lifts her shadowy cones of mountain purple into the pale arch of the sky.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*May 5th.*

To any person who has all his senses about him, a quiet walk, over not more than ten or twelve miles of road a day, is the most amusing of all travelling; and all travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity.

Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all; it is merely "being sent" to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

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*May 6th.*

Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

—*Unto this Last.*

*May 7th.*

The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man ;— as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong.

And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*May 8th.*

It would be easier to illustrate a crest of Scottish mountain, with its purple heather and pale harebells at their fullest and fairest, or a glade of Jura forest, with its floor of anemone and moss, than a single portico of St. Mark's.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*May 9th.*

There is always a considerable quantity of pride, to begin with, in what is called "giving one's self to God." As if one had ever belonged to anybody else!

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*May 10th.*

It does not need much to humiliate a mountain. A hut will sometimes do it; I never look up to the Col de Balme from Chamouni, without a violent feeling of provocation against its hospitable little cabin, whose bright white walls form a visibly four-square spot on the green ridge, and entirely destroy all idea of its elevation. A single villa will often mar a whole landscape, and dethrone a dynasty of



hills; and the Acropolis of Athens, Parthenon and all, has, I believe, been dwarfed into a model by the palace lately built beneath it. The fact is, that hills are not so high as we fancy them, and, when to the actual impression of no mean comparative size, is added the sense of the toil of manly hand and thought, a sublimity is reached, which nothing but gross error in arrangement of its parts can destroy.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*May 11th.*

It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where that true faith

and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be ; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honorable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy ; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it *is* impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*May 12th.*

The power of enjoying Music is like the power of distinguishing tastes

in food, a naturally implanted faculty ; the power of being gratified by Painting is either the acquired taste of a cultivated mind, or the peculiar gift of an elevated intellect.

—*Præterita.*

*May 13th.*

Now, it is quite true that a person of beautiful mind, dwelling on whatever appears to them most desirable and lovely in a possible future, will not only pass their time pleasantly, but will even acquire, at last, a vague and wildly gentle charm of manner and feature, which will give them an air of peculiar sanctity.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*May 14th.*

The Romanesque arch is beautiful as an abstract line. Its type is al-

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ways before us in that of the apparent vault of heaven, and horizon of the earth. The cylindrical pillar is always beautiful, for God has so moulded the stem of every tree that is pleasant to the eyes. The pointed arch is beautiful; it is the termination of every leaf that shakes in summer wind, and its most fortunate associations are directly borrowed from the trefoiled grass of the field, or from the stars of its flowers. Farther than this, man's invention could not reach without frank imitation. His next step was to gather the flowers themselves, and wreath them in his capitals.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*May 15th.*

I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavoring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily exert in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*May 16th.*

A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion.

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This invisible gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending.

—*Unto this Last.*

*May 17th.*

You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*May 18th.*

Of the various schools of painting, examples are accessible to every one,

and reference to the works themselves is found sufficient for all purposes of criticism; but there is nothing like St. Mark's or the Ducal Palace to be referred to in the National Gallery, and no faithful illustration of them is possible on the scale of such a volume as this. And it is exceedingly difficult on any scale. Nothing is so rare in art, as far as my own experience goes, as a fair illustration of architecture; *perfect* illustration of it does not exist. For all good architecture depends upon the adaptation of its chiselling to the effect at a certain distance from the eye; and to render the peculiar confusion in the midst of order, and uncertainty in the midst of decision, and mystery in the midst of trenchant

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lines, which are the result of distance, together with perfect expression of the peculiarities of the design, requires the skill of the most admirable artist, devoted to the work with the most severe conscientiousness, neither the skill nor the determination having as yet been given to the subject.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*May 19th.*

The hope of attaining a higher religious position, which induces us to encounter, for its exalted alternative, the risk of unhealthy error, is often, as I said, founded more on pride than piety; and those who, in modest usefulness, have accepted what



seemed to them here the lowliest place in the kingdom of their Father, are not, I believe, the least likely to receive hereafter the command, then unmistakable, "Friend, go up higher."

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*May 20th.*

I think I am justified in considering those forms to be *most* natural which are most frequent; or, rather, that on the shapes which in the every-day world are familiar to the eyes of men, God has stamped those characters of beauty which He has made it man's nature to love; while in certain exceptional forms He has shown that the adoption of the others was not a matter of necessity,

but part of the adjusted harmony of creation.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*May 21st.*

The great purpose of Music, which is to say a thing you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way.

—*Fors Clavigera.*

*May 22d.*

The fact is, we are all, and always, asleep through our lives; and it is only by pinching ourselves very hard that we ever come to see, or understand, anything. At least it is not always we who pinch ourselves; sometimes other people pinch us; which I suppose is very good of them,—or

other things, which I suppose is very proper of them. But it is a sad life, made up chiefly of naps and pinches.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*May 23d.*

So then while Nature is at all times pleasant to us, and while the sight and sense of her work may mingle happily with all our thoughts, and labors, and times of existence, that image of her which the architect carries away represents what we can only perceive in her by direct intellectual exertion, and demands from us, wherever it appears, an intellectual exertion of a similar kind in order to understand it and feel it. It is the written or sealed impression of a thing sought out; it is

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the shaped result of inquiry and bodily expression of thought.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*May 24th.*

A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*May 25th.*

The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for

adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*May 26th.*

Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the ap-

parent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all.

—*Unto this Last.*

*May 27th.*

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars;

and here and there a ray or two from some far away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*May 28th.*

God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*May 29th.*

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*May 30th.*

People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or advisablest to do, or profitablest to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is *just*.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*



*May 31st.*

It is popularly supposed that it benefits a nation to invent a want. But the fact is, that the true benefit is in extinguishing a want—in living with as few wants as possible.

*—Time and Tide.*

JUNE



*June 1st.*

We know no higher or more energetic life than our own ; but there seems to me this great good in the idea of gradation of life,—it admits the idea of a life above us, in other creatures, as much nobler than ours, as ours is nobler than that of the dust.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*June 2d.*

Now let us consider for an instant what would be the effect of continually repeating an expression of a beautiful thought to any other of the senses at times when the mind could not address that sense to the understanding of it. Suppose that in time

of serious occupation, of stern business, a companion should repeat in our ears continually some favorite passage of poetry, over and over again all day long. We should not only soon be utterly sick and weary of the sound of it, but that sound would at the end of the day have so sunk into the habit of the ear that the entire meaning of the passage would be dead to us, and it would ever thenceforward require some effort to fix and recover it.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*June 3d.*

He who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet, nor the creatures

which live not for his uses, filling those spaces in the universe which he needs not: while, on the other hand, none can love God, nor his human brother, without loving all things which his Father loves; nor without looking upon them every one as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if, in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*June 4th.*

Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common

money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, did not understand Christ;— could not make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He never thought He would be killed. He was horror struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed?

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*June 5th.*

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at

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last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one?

—*Unto this Last.*

*June 6th.*

I believe that from the beginning of the world there has never been a true or fine school of art in which color was despised. It has often been imperfectly attained and injudicially applied, but I believe it to be one of the essential signs of life in a school of art, that it loves color; and I know it to be one of the first signs of death in the Renaissance schools, that they despised color.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*June 7th.*

Make either your belief or your difficulty definite; but do not go on,



all through your life, believing nothing intelligently, and yet supposing that your having read the words of a divine book must give you the right to despise every religion but your own.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*June 8th.*

Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails: nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of

doing so? Even so; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*June 9th.*

We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all glorious; not like the King's daughter, all glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold. We pursue him

frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us. Our crowning success at three-score and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.

—*Unto this Last.*

*June 10th.*

If you are singing, and sing false notes, it does not matter how true the words are. If you sing at all, you must sing sweetly, if you color at all, you must color rightly.

—*Elements of Drawing.*

*June 11th.*

I assure you, strange as it may seem, our scorn of Greek tradition depends, not on our belief, but our

disbelief, of our own traditions. We have, as yet, no sufficient clew to the meaning of either; but you will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases; and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*June 12th.*

Another of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railroad station. Now, if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived

of that portion of temper and discretion which is necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. It is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. The whole system of railroad travelling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are therefore, for the time being, miserable. No one would travel in that manner who could help it—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks: at least those who would, have no sense of beauty so acute as that we need consult it at the station.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*June 13th.*

The love of the human race is increased by their individual differences, and the unity of the creature, made perfect by each having something to bestow and to receive, bound to the rest by a thousand various necessities and various gratitudes; humility in each rejoicing to admire in his fellow that which he finds not in himself, and each being in some respect the complement of his race.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*June 14th.*

Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts

of affection or effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*June 15th.*

Both the truth and the lie agree in hiding themselves at first, but the lie continues to hide itself with effort, as we approach to examine it; and leads us, if undiscovered, into deeper lies; the truth reveals itself in proportion to our patience and knowledge, discovers itself kindly to our pleading, and leads us, as it is discovered, into deeper truths.

—*Stones of Venice.*

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*June 16th.*

We owe to the Greeks every noble discipline in literature, every radical principle of art, and every form of convenient beauty in our household furniture and daily occupations of life. We are unable ourselves to make rational use of half that we have received from them; and, of our own, we have nothing but discoveries in science, and fine mechanical adaptations of the discovered physical powers.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*June 17th.*

The railroad is in all its relations a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveller



into a living parcel. For the time he has parted with the nobler characteristics of his humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything. You might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon: he will thank you for nothing else. All attempts to please him in any other way are mere mockery, and insults to the things by which you endeavor to do so.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*June 18th.*

The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work; and that if he does not choose to spend it to-day, he should have free leave to keep it,

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and spend it to-morrow. Thus, an industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possession of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession, and dissolute in moral habit; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other, and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good conduct; and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore the first necessity of social life is the

clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has JUSTLY EARNED.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*June 19th.*

The best part of every great work is always inexplicable: it is good because it is good.

—*Elements of Drawing.*

*June 20th.*

The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become; and no error is so conclusively fatal as the

idea that God will not allow *us* to err, though He has allowed all other men to do so.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*June 21st.*

The man who has eye and intellect will invent beautiful proportions, and cannot help it; but he can no more tell *us* how to do it than Wordsworth could tell us how to write a sonnet, or that Scott could have told us how to plan a romance.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*June 22d.*

Among the children of God, there is always that fearful and bowed ap-

prehension of His majesty, and that sacred dread of all offence to Him which is called the Fear of God ; yet of real and essential fear there is not any, but clinging of confidence to Him as their Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer ; and perfect love, and casting out of fear ; so that it is not possible that, while the mind is rightly bent on Him, there should be dread of anything earthly or supernatural ; and the more dreadful seems the height of His majesty, the less fear they feel that dwell in the shadow of it. “ Of whom shall I be afraid ? ”

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*June 23d.*

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that

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majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records ; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise ;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*June 24th.*

The mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient

or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice.

—*Unto this Last.*

*June 25th.*

There are perhaps no great or noble truths, from those of religion downwards, which present no mistakable aspect to casual or ignorant contemplation.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*June 26th.*

But if, indeed, there be a nobler life in us than in the strangely moving atoms; if, indeed, there is an eternal difference between the fire which inhabits them, and that which animates us,—it must be shown, by

each of us in his appointed place, not merely in the patience, but in the activity of our hope; not merely by our desire, but our labor, for the time when the dust of the generations of men shall be confirmed for foundations of the gates of the city of God.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*June 27th.*

Things in other respects alike, as in their substance, or uses, or outward forms, are noble or ignoble in proportion to the fullness of the life which either they themselves enjoy, or of whose action they bear the evidence, as sea sands are made beautiful by their bearing the seal of the motion of the waters.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*



*June 28th.*

Now, roughly, not with vain subtlety of definition, but for plain use of the words, "play" is an exertion of body or mind, made to please ourselves, and with no determined end; and work is a thing done because it ought to be done, and with a determined end. You play, as you call it, at cricket, for instance. That is as hard work as anything else; but it amuses you, and it has no result but the amusement. If it were done as an ordered form of exercise, for health's sake, it would become work directly. So, in like manner, whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is "play," the "pleasing thing," not the useful

thing. Play may be useful in a secondary sense (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary); but the use of it depends on its being spontaneous.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*June 29th.*

After learning to reason, you will learn to sing; for you will want to. There is so much reason for singing in this sweet world, when one thinks rightly of it.

—*The Strait Gate.*

*June 30th.*

The human clay, now trampled and despised, will not be, cannot be, knit into strength and light by accident or ordinances of unassisted fate. By hu-

man cruelty and iniquity it has been afflicted ; by human mercy and justice it must be raised ; and, in all fear or questioning of what is or is not the real message of creation or of revelation, you may assuredly find perfect peace, if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required, —and content that He should indeed require no more of you, than to do Justice, to love Mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

JULY



*July 1st.*

Among the countless analogies by which the nature and relations of the human soul are illustrated in the material creation, none are more striking than the impressions inseparably connected with the active and dormant states of matter. I have elsewhere endeavored to show, that no inconsiderable part of the essential characters of Beauty depended on the expression of vital energy in organic things, or on the subjection to such energy, of things naturally passive and powerless.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*July 2d.*

He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent, there, are the wild love, and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit, for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*July 3d.*

There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial

knowledge—between a firm beginning, and a feeble smattering. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*July 4th.*

Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing, depends upon man's labor, and administering intelligence.

—*Unto this Last.*



*July 5th.*

But be it remembered, that in all things, ignorance is liable to be deceived, and has no right to accuse anything but itself as the source of the deception. The style and the words are dishonest, not which are liable to be misunderstood if subjected to no inquiry, but which are deliberately calculated to lead inquiry astray.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*July 6th.*

But when we begin to be concerned with the energies of man, we find ourselves instantly dealing with a double creature. Most part of his being seems to have a fictitious counterpart, which it is at his peril if he do not cast off and deny. Thus he has a

true and false (otherwise called a living and dead, or a feigned or unfeigned) faith. He has a true and a false hope, a true and a false charity, and, finally, a true and a false lie.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*July 7th.*

For there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and de-

file her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*July 8th.*

Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth.

—*Unto this Last.*

*July 9th.*

The end of art is as serious as that of other beautiful things—of the blue

sky, and the green grass, and the clouds, and the dew. They are either useless, or they are of much deeper function than giving amusement.

—*Cestus of Aglaia.*

*July 10th.*

What we carelessly call False hope, or False charity, is only mistaken hope and mistaken charity. The real question is only—are we dead or alive?—for, if dead at heart and having only a name to live in all our actions, we are sowing seeds of death.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*July 11th.*

The desire of rest planted in the heart is no sensual, no unworthy

one; but a longing for renovation, and for escape from a state whose every phase is mere preparation for another equally transitory, to one in which permanence shall have become possible through perfection. Hence the great call of Christ to men, that call on which St. Augustine fixed as the essential expression of Christian hope, is accompanied by the promise of rest; and the death bequest of Christ to men, is peace.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*July 12th.*

There are few bargains in which the buyer can ascertain with anything like precision that the seller would have taken no less; or the

seller acquire more than a comfortable faith that the purchaser would have given no more. This impossibility of precise knowledge prevents neither from striving to attain the desired point of greatest vexation and injury to the other, nor from accepting it for a scientific principle that he is to buy for the least and sell for the most possible, though what the real least or most may be he cannot tell. In like manner, a just person lays it down for a scientific principle that he is to pay a just price, and, without being able precisely to ascertain the limits of such a price, will nevertheless strive to attain the closest possible approximation to them.

—*Unto this Last.*

*July 13th.*

There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and more or less cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily-minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is

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not money; it is something better than money.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*July 14th.*

It often happens that the beauty of the veining in some varieties of alabaster is so great, that it becomes desirable to exhibit it by dividing the stone, not merely to economize its substance, but to display the changes in the disposition of its fantastic lines. By reversing one of two thin plates successively taken from the stone, and placing their corresponding edges in contact, a perfectly symmetrical figure may be obtained, which will enable the eye to comprehend more thoroughly the



position of the veins. And this is actually the method in which, for the most part, the alabasters of St. Mark are employed; thus accomplishing a double good,—directing the spectator, in the first place, to close observation of the nature of the stone employed, and in the second, giving him a farther proof of the honesty of intention in the builder: for wherever similar veining is discovered in two pieces, the fact is declared that they have been cut from the same stone.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*July 15th.*

The life of a nation is usually, like the flow of a lava stream, first bright and fierce, then languid and

covered, at last advancing only by the tumbling over and over of its frozen blocks. And that last condition is a sad one to look upon.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*July 16th.*

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*July 17th.*

It is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books or ink, but not without wishing to sing when we are happy, nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others.

—*Rock Honeycomb.*

*July 18th.*

For it is on its value as a piece of perfect and unchangeable coloring, that the claims of this edifice to our respect are finally rested; and a deaf man might as well pretend to pronounce judgment on the merits of a full orchestra, as an architect trained

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in the composition of form only, to discern the beauty of St. Mark's.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*July 19th.*

We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*July 20th.*

And least of all whatever may have been the eagerness of our passions, or the height of our pride, are we

able to understand in its depth the third and most solemn character in which our life is like those clouds of heaven; that to it belongs not only their transience, not only their mystery, but also their power; that in the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*July 21st.*

A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but, as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know few Christians so convinced of the splendor of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if

the Queen had sent for them to live at court: nor has the Church's most ardent "desire to depart, and be with Christ," ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons, and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with either purity of character, or energy of hand.

— *The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*July 22d.*

Joy and love are not arts, nor are they limited to humanity. But the love song becomes art when, by rea-

son and discipline, the singer has become conscious of the ravishment in its divisions to the lute.

—*Laws of Fesolé.*

*July 23d.*

It will be asked, How is imitation to be rendered healthy and vital? Unhappily, while it is easy to enumerate the signs of life, it is impossible to define or to communicate life; and while every intelligent writer on Art has insisted on the difference between the copying found in an advancing or recedent period, none have been able to communicate, in the slightest degree, the force of vitality to the copyist over whom they might have influence.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*July 24th.*

And our definition of Wealth, expanded, becomes: "The possession of useful articles, *which we can use.*" This is a very serious change. For wealth, instead of depending merely on a "have," is thus seen to depend on a "can." And what we reasoned of only as accumulation of material is seen to demand also accumulation of capacity.

—*Unto this Last.*

*July 25th.*

Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeline, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought



Him in vain, all through the night ;—  
sought Him in vain at the gate of  
that old garden where the fiery sword  
is set? He is never there ; but at  
the gate of *this* garden He is waiting  
always—waiting to take your hand—  
ready to go down to see the fruits of  
the valley, to see whether the vine  
has flourished, and the pomegranate  
budded. There you shall see with  
Him the little tendrils of the vines  
that His hand is guiding—there you  
shall see the pomegranate springing  
where His hand cast the sanguine  
seed ;—more : you shall see the  
troops of the angel keepers that, with  
their wings, wave away the hungry  
birds from the pathsides where he  
has sown, and call to each other be-  
tween the vineyard rows, “ Take us

the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.”

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*July 26th.*

None of us, or very few of us, do either hard or soft work because we think we ought; but because we have chanced to fall into the way of it, and cannot help ourselves. Now, nobody does anything well that they cannot help doing: work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*July 27th.*

Perhaps the great monotone gray of Nature and of Time is a better color than any that the human hand can give; but that is nothing to our present business. The simple fact is, that the builders of those cathedrals laid upon them the brightest colors they could obtain, and that there is not, as far as I am aware, in Europe, any monument of a truly noble school which has not been either painted all over, or vigorously touched with paint, mosaic, and gilding in its prominent parts. Thus far Egyptians, Greeks, Goths, Arabs, and mediæval Christians all agree: none of them, when in their right senses, ever think of doing without paint; and, therefore, when I said above that

the Venetians were the only people who had thoroughly sympathized with the Arabs in this respect, I referred, first, to their intense love of color, which led them to lavish the most expensive decorations on ordinary dwelling-houses; and, secondly, to that perfection of the color-instinct in them, which enabled them to render whatever they did, in this kind, as just in principle as it was gorgeous in appliance.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*July 28th.*

It seems to me, on the whole, that the feelings of the purest and most mightily passioned human souls are likely to be the truest. Not, indeed, if they do not desire to know

the truth, or blind themselves to it that they may please themselves with passion,—for then they are no longer pure ; but if, continually seeking and accepting the truth as far as it is discernible, they trust their Maker for the integrity of the instincts He has gifted them with, and rest in the sense of a higher truth which they cannot demonstrate, I think they will be most in the right, so.

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*July 29th.*

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not : each completes

the other, and is completed by the other : they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*July 30th.*

A well-disposed group of notes in Music will sometimes make you weep and sometimes laugh. You can express the depth of all affections by these dispositions of sound ; you can give courage to the soldier, language to the lover, consolation to the mourner, more joy to the joyful, more humility to the devout.

—*Two Paths.*

*July 31st.*

Like other beautiful things in this world, its end is to *be* beautiful ; and, in proportion to its beauty, it receives permission to be otherwise useless. We do not blame emeralds and rubies because we cannot make them into heads of hammers.

—*Stones of Venice.*

AUGUST





*August 1st.*

And, exactly as a good and earnest student of drawing will not lose time in ruling lines or finishing backgrounds about studies which, while they have answered his immediate purpose, he knows to be imperfect and inferior to what he will do hereafter,—so the vigor of a true school of early architecture, which is either working under the influence of high example or which is itself in a state of rapid development, is very curiously traceable, among other signs, in the contempt of exact symmetry and measurement, which in dead architecture are most painful necessities.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*August 2d.*

And here is the test, with every man, of whether money is the principal object with him, or not. If in mid-life he could pause and say, "Now I have enough to live upon, I'll live upon it; and having well earned it, I will also well spend it, and go out of the world poor, as I came into it," then money is not principal with him; but if, having enough to live upon in the manner befitting his character and rank, he still wants to make more, and to *die* rich, then money is the principal object with him, and it becomes a curse to himself, and generally to those who spend it after him. For you know it *must* be spent some day; the only question is whether the man who

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makes it shall spend it, or some one else, and generally it is better for the maker to spend it, for he will know best its value and use. And if a man does not choose thus to spend his money, he must either hoard it or lend it, and the worst thing he can generally do is to lend it; for borrowers are nearly always ill-spenders, and it is with lent money that all evil is mainly done, and all unjust war protracted.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 3d.*

Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleas-

ures, it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man, —helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music unheard of others, which so often haunts the death-bed of pure and innocent spirits.

—*Time and Tide.*

*August 4th.*

Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its au-

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thority, nor to suffer any instruments to which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules : and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*August 5th.*

Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are romantic ; founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections ; and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart.

—*Unto this Last.*

*August 6th.*

“What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age, without having, at some moment of change or disappointment, felt the truth of those bitter words; and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life, into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*August 7th.*

If your life were but a fever fit,—the madness of a night, whose follies

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were all to be forgotten in the dawn, it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours,—what toys you snatched at, or let fall,—what visions you followed wistfully with the deceived eyes of sleepless frenzy. Is the earth only an hospital? are health and heaven to come? *Then* play, if you care to play, on the floor of the hospital dens. Knit its straws into what crowns please you; gather the dust of it for treasure, and die rich in that, though clutching at the black motes in the air with your dying hands;—and yet, it may be well with you. But if this life be *no* dream, and the world no hospital, but your Palace-inheritance;—if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now, and all fruit of vic-



tory gathered here, or never ;—will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity ?

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 8th.*

And if the stranger would yet learn in what spirit it was that the dominion of Venice was begun, and in what strength she went forth conquering and to conquer, let him not seek to estimate the wealth of her arsenals or number of her armies, nor look upon the pageantry of her Palaces, nor enter into the secrets of her councils ; but let him ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep round the altar of Torcello, and then, looking as the pilot did of old along the

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marble ribs of the goodly temple-ship, let him repeople its veined deck with the shadows of its dead mariners, and strive to feel in himself the strength of heart that was kindled within them.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*August 9th.*

Compare a river that has burst its banks with one that is bound by them, and the clouds that are scattered over the face of the whole heaven with those that are marshalled into ranks and orders by its winds. So that though restraint, utter and unrelaxing, can never be comely, this is not because it is in itself an evil, but only because, when too great, it overpowers the nature of the thing restrained, and so counteracts the

other laws of which that nature is itself composed.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*August 10th.*

Will you not, then, make as sure of the Life that now is, as you are of the Death that is to come? Your hearts are wholly in this world—will you not give them to it wisely, as well as perfectly? And see, first of all, that you *have* hearts, and sound hearts, too, to give. Because you have no heaven to look for, is that any reason that you should remain ignorant of this wonderful and infinite earth, which is firmly and instantly given you in possession?

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

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*August 11th.*

All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 12th.*

The “wealth of this world” consists broadly in its healthy food-giving land, its convenient building land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, and works of art.

—*Fors Clavigera.*

*August 13th.*

It is true that symmetry is generally sought for in works of smaller jewelery; but, even there, not a per-

fect symmetry, and obtained under circumstances quite different from those which affect the placing of shafts in architecture. First: the symmetry is usually imperfect. The stones that seem to match each other in a ring or necklace, appear to do so only because they are so small that their differences are not easily measured by the eye; but there is almost always such difference between them as would be strikingly apparent if it existed in the same proportion between two shafts nine or ten feet in height. Secondly: the quantity of stones which pass through a jeweler's hands, and the facility of exchange of such small objects, enable the tradesman to select any number of stones of approximate size; a se-

lection, however, often requiring so much time, that perfect symmetry in a group of very fine stones adds enormously to their value. But the architect has neither the time nor the facilities of exchange.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*August 14th.*

The feebleness of childhood is full of promise and of interest, — the struggle of imperfect knowledge full of energy and continuity, — but to see impotence and rigidity settling upon the form of the developed man ; to see the types which once had the die of thought struck fresh upon them, worn flat by over use ; to see the shell of the living creature in its adult form, when its colors are faded, and

its inhabitant perished, — this is a sight more humiliating, more melancholy, than the vanishing of all knowledge, and the return to confessed and helpless infancy.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*August 15th.*

There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other. And it is of no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the honorableness of manual labor, and the dignity of humanity. Rough work, honorable or not, takes the life

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out of us; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against the north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee shore, or whirling white-hot iron at a furnace mouth, is not the same man at the end of his day, or night, as one who has been sitting in a quiet room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 16th.*

You cannot paint or sing yourselves into being good men. You must be good men before you can either paint or sing, and then the



color and the sound will complete in you all that is best.

—*Lectures on Art.*

*August 17th.*

There is dreaming enough, and earthliness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*August 18th.*

Labor is the contest of the life of man with an opposite;—the term “life” including his intellect, soul, and physical power, contending with question, difficulty, trial, or material force.

Labor is of a higher or lower order, as it includes more or fewer of the elements of life; and labor of good quality, in any kind, includes always as much intellect and feeling as will fully and harmoniously regulate the physical force.

—*Unto this Last.*

*August 19th.*

To those among us, however, who have lived long enough to form some

just estimate of the rate of the changes which are, hour by hour in accelerating catastrophe, manifesting themselves in the laws, the arts, and the creeds of men, it seems to me, that now at least, if never at any former time, the thoughts of the true nature of our life, and of its powers and responsibilities, should present themselves with absolute sadness and sternness.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*August 20th.*

The shortness of life is not, to any rational person, a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him ; nor does the anticipation of death to-morrow suggest, to any one but a drunkard, the expedi-

ency of drunkenness to-day. To teach that there is no device in the grave, may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dullness; but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising; nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrong-doing in a moment redeemed; and that the sigh of repentance, which purges the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain,—than it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, more probable, apprehension, that “what a man soweth that shall he also reap”—or others reap,—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no

more in darkness, but lies down therein.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 21st.*

The perception of color is a gift just as definitely granted to one person, and denied to another, as an ear for music; and the very first requisite for true judgment of St. Mark's, is the perfection of that color-faculty which few people ever set themselves seriously to find out whether they possess or not.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*August 22d.*

You know there is a tendency in the minds of many men, when they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of their life, to feel, and per-

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haps in warning, perhaps in mockery, to declare, that life itself is a vanity. Because it has disappointed them, they think its nature is of disappointment always, or at best, of pleasure that can be grasped by imagination only; that the cloud of it has no strength nor fire within; but is a painted cloud only, to be delighted in, yet despised.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*August 23d.*

Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and found that your youngest child had got down before you, and that he and the cat were at play together, and

that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child, and be sorry the cream was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with—the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human life out on the ground for the fiend to lick up—that is no waste!

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 24th.*

There is no music in a “rest” that I know of, but there’s the making of

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music in it, and people are always missing that part of the life melody, and scrambling on without counting—not that it's easy to count; but nothing on which so much depends ever *is* easy—yet “All one's life is a Music, if one touches the notes rightly and in tune.”

—*Ethics of the Dust.*

*August 25th.*

Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in



clusters crowded for very love ; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer to each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the *Mois de Marie*, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine ; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places ; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina*, and the wild strawberry, just a blos-

som or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-colored moss.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*August 26th.*

But the effect of failure upon my own mind has been just the reverse of this. The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*August 27th.*

We shall never know what you have done or left undone, until the question with us every morning, is not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing during the day; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to

acknowledge that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*August 28th.*

There is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

—*Unto this Last.*

*August 29th.*

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers scattered through the dark places of the church, evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and, for the most part, profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures ; but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's ; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter

beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church, as if comforted.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*August 30th.*

How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears!—how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well

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directed for this world : there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture ; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality : it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*August 31st.*

This intense apathy in all of us is the first great mystery of life ; it stands in the way of every perception, every virtue. There is no making ourselves feel enough astonishment at it. That the occupations or pastimes of life should have no motive,

is understandable ; but—That life itself should have no motive—that we neither care to find out what it may lead to, nor to guard against its being forever taken away from us—here is a mystery indeed.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

SEPTEMBER





*September 1st.*

If all the money in the world, notes and gold, were destroyed in an instant, it would leave the world neither richer nor poorer than it was. But it would leave the individual inhabitants of it in different relations.

—*Munera Pulveris.*

*September 2d.*

The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly

recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties ; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage.

— *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*September 3d.*

The maximum of life can only be reached by the maximum of virtue. In this respect the law of human population differs wholly from that animal life. The multiplication of animals is checked only by want of food, and by the hostility of races ; the population of the gnat is restrained by the hunger of the swallow, and that of the swallow by the scarcity of gnats.

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Man, considered as an animal, is indeed limited by the same laws : hunger, or plague, or war, are the necessary and only restraints upon his increase,—effectual restraints hitherto,—his principal study having been how most swiftly to destroy himself, or ravage his dwelling-places, and his highest skill directed to give range to the famine, seed to the plague, and sway to the sword. But, considered as other than an animal, his increase is not limited by these laws. It is limited only by the limits of his courage and his love. Both of these *have* their bounds, and ought to have ; his race has its bounds also ; but these have not yet been reached, nor will be reached for ages.

—*Unto this Last.*

*September 4th.*

No true painter ever speaks, or ever has spoken, much of his art. The greatest speak nothing. Even Reynolds is no exception, for he wrote of all that he could not himself do, and was utterly silent respecting all that he himself did.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 5th.*

Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them ; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*September 6th.*

No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labor ; smooth in field ; fair in garden ; full in orchard ; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead ; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent ; it is only sweet when full of low currents of undersound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood.

—*Unto this Last.*

*September 7th.*

Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest, or boast of it when built ? All good work is essentially

done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting ; and in the doers of the best, there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instinct of an animal—nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists, reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals as the human body is more beautiful than theirs ; that a great singer sings not with less instinct than the nightingale, but with more—only more various, applicable, and governable ; that a great architect does not build with less instinct than the beaver or the bee, but with more—with an innate cunning of proportion that embraces all beauty, and a divine ingenuity

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of skill that improvises all construction.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 8th.*

Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him ; and you will come to hate him.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*September 9th.*

“ Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire.” Yes, verily : to be baptized with fire, or to be cast therein ; it is the choice set before all men. The march-notes still mur-



mur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*September 10th.*

Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*September 11th.*

Art is neither to be achieved by effort of thinking, nor explained by accuracy of speaking. It is the instinctive and necessary result of powers which can only be developed through the mind of successive generations, and which finally burst into life under social conditions as slow of growth as the faculties they regulate.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 12th.*

So then, you have the child's character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted and become as little children."—You hear much of conversion nowadays ;

but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion,—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones ; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight, and delightsomeness.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*September 13th.*

Have you ever thought seriously of the meaning of that blessing given to the peacemakers? People are always expecting to get peace in heaven ; but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready made.

—*The Eagle's Nest.*

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*September 14th.*

Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus, while a measure of license is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their Restraint.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*September 15th.*

As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary, — the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended

cattle ; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna, by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.

—*Unto this Last.*

*September 16th.*

Ask the laborer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine ; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colors of light ; and none of these, who are true workmen, will ever tell you that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground ; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered

faithfully to the command — “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do — do it with thy might.”

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 17th.*

Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child; would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it; does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so humble a way.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*September 18th.*

But, with all the efforts that the best men make, much of their being passes in a kind of dream, in which they indeed move, and play their parts sufficiently, to the eyes of their fellow dreamers, but have no clear consciousness of what is around them, or within them; blind to the one, insensible to the other. I would not press the definition into its darker application to the dull heart and heavy ear; I have to do with it only as it refers to the too frequent condition of natural existence, whether of nations or individuals, settling commonly upon them in proportion to their age.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

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*September 19th.*

A truly valuable or available thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength. In proportion as it does not lead to life, or as its strength is broken, it is less valuable; in proportion as it leads away from life, it is unvaluable or malignant.

—*Unto this Last.*

*September 20th.*

Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they



pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy."

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 21st.*

I have not time, however, tonight to show you in how many ways

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the power of capital is unjust; but remember this one great principle — you will find it unfailing — that whenever money is the principal object of life with either man or nation, it is both got ill, and spent ill; and does harm both in the getting and spending; but when it is not the principal object, it and all other things will be well got and well spent.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*September 22d.*

The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is “Loyalty,” and the sweetest which men have learned in the pastures of the wilderness is “Fold.”

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*September 23d.*

What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honoring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

*—Unto this Last.*

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*September 24th.*

Although your days are numbered, and the following darkness sure, is it necessary that you should share the degradation of the brute, because you are condemned to its mortality ; or live the life of the moth, and of the worm, because you are to companion them in the dust ? Not so ; we may have but a few thousands of days to spend, perhaps hundreds only—perhaps, tens ; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but as a moment, as the twinkling of an eye ; still, we are men, not insects ; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. “ He maketh the winds His messengers ; the momentary fire, His minister ; ” and shall we do less than *these* ? Let us do the work of

men while we bear the form of them ; and, as we snatch our narrow portion of time out of Eternity, snatch also our narrow inheritance of passion out of Immortality—even though our lives *be* as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 25th.*

Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, “What do you like?” Tell me what you like, and I’ll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their “taste” is, and if they an-

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swer candidly, you know them, body and soul.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*September 26th.*

I have observed that in almost all cathedrals, when the pulpits are peculiarly magnificent, sermons are not often preached from them ; but rather, and especially if for any important purpose, from some temporary erection in other parts of the building : and though this may often be done because the architect has consulted the effect upon the eye more than the convenience of the ear in the placing of his larger pulpit, I think it also proceeds in some measure from a natural dislike in the preacher to match himself with the magnificence

of the rostrum, lest the sermon should not be thought worthy of the place.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*September 27th.*

There seems to me to be a wonderful misunderstanding among the majority of architects of the present day as to the very nature and meaning of Originality, and of all wherein it consists. Originality in expression does not depend on invention of new words; nor originality in poetry on invention of new measures; nor, in painting, on invention of new colors, or new modes of using them. The chords of music, the harmonies of color, the general principles of the arrangement of sculptural masses, have been determined long ago, and,

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in all probability, cannot be added to any more than they can be altered. Granting that they may be, such additions or alterations are much more the work of time and of multitudes than of individual inventors.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*September 28th.*

Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the insects that we crush are our judges—the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive us, judge, as they indulge. Let us, for



our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the Form of them, if indeed those lives are *Not* as a vapor, and do *Not* vanish away.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*September 29th.*

The first duty of government is to see that the people have food, fuel, and clothes. The second, that they have means of moral and intellectual education.

—*Fors Clavigera.*

*September 30th.*

And though it is the nobility of the highest creatures to look forward to, and partly to understand the changes which are appointed for them, preparing for them beforehand; and if, as

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is usual with *appointed* changes, they be into a higher state, even desiring them, and rejoicing in the hope of them, yet it is the strength of every creature, be it changeful or not, to rest, for the time being, contented with the conditions of its existence, and striving only to bring about the changes which it desires, by fulfilling to the uttermost the duties for which its present state is appointed and continued.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*



OCTOBER



*October 1st.*

Care in no wise to make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact—the rule and root of all economy—that what one person has another cannot have; and that every atom of substance, of whatever kind, used or consumed, is so much human life spent; which, if it issue in the saving present life, or gaining more, is well spent, but if not is either so much life prevented or so much slain.

—*Unto this Last.*

*October 2d.*

And, whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty ought, first, to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.

And sure good is first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought.

*—Sesame and Lilies.*

*October 3d.*

And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into

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simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness"—(we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 4th.*

When the sermon is good we need not much concern ourselves about the form of the pulpit. But sermons cannot always be good; and I believe



that the temper in which the congregation set themselves to listen may be in some degree modified by their perception of fitness or unfitness, impressiveness or vulgarity, in the disposition of the place appointed for the speaker,—not to the same degree, but somewhat in the same way, that they may be influenced by his own gestures or expression, irrespective of the sense of what he says.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*October 5th.*

We think too much in our benevolent efforts, more multiplied and more vain day by day, of bettering men by giving them advice and instruction. There are few who will take either : the chief thing they need is occupa-

tion. I do not mean work in the sense of bread,—I mean work in the sense of mental interest; for those who either are placed above the necessity of labor for their bread, or who will not work although they should.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*October 6th.*

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 7th.*

Among the losses, all the more fatal in being unfelt, brought upon us by the fury and vulgarity of modern life, I count for one of the saddest, the loss of the wish to gather a flower in travelling.

—*Proserpina.*

*October 8th.*

The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the Prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning: for the very depth of the Fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality,

and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God."

Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline: a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet,—so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City, and which the Shadow.

I would endeavor to trace the lines of this image before it be for ever lost, and to record, as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be ut-

tered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat, like passing bells, against the STONES OF VENICE.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*October 9th.*

Ah, masters of modern science, give me back my Athena out of your vials, and seal, if it may be, once more, Asmodeus therein. You have divided the elements, and united them; enslaved them upon the earth, and discerned them in the stars. Teach us, now, but this of them, which is all that man may know,—that the Air is given to him for his life; and the Rain for his thirst, and for his baptism: and the Fire for warmth; and the Sun for sight; and the Earth for his meat—and his Rest.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*October 10th.*

Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their

pugnacity for piety, and it's all over.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*October 11th.*

It is not enough to find men absolute subsistence ; we should think of the manner of life which our demands necessitate ; and endeavor, as far as may be, to make all our needs such as may, in the supply of them, raise, as well as feed, the poor.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*October 12th.*

And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are

now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one, consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world.

—*Unto this Last.*

*October 13th.*

It is quite true, infallibly true, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat—think of that, and every time you sit down to your dinner, ladies and gentlemen, say solemnly, before you ask a blessing, “How much work have I done to-day for my dinner?”

—*Sesame and Lilies.*



*October 14th.*

Good architecture is the work of good and believing men ; therefore, you say, at least some people say, “ Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity.” No—a thousand times no ; good architecture has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals—the pride of Europe—did their builders not form Gothic architecture ? No ; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron’s castle, and the burgher’s street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of free citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition ;

when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade—through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams ; and, in those dreams, was lost.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 15th.*

We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith ; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well

founded, while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*October 16th.*

Some years ago, in conversation with an artist whose works, perhaps, alone, in the present day, unite perfection of drawing with resplendence of color, the writer made some inquiry respecting the general means by which this latter quality was most easily to be attained. The reply was as concise as it was comprehensive—“ Know what you have to do, and do it ”—comprehensive, not only as regarded the branch of art to which it temporarily applied, but as express-

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ing the great principle of success in every direction of human effort ; for I believe that failure is less frequently attributable to either insufficiency of means or impatience of labor, than to a confused understanding of the thing actually to be done.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*October 17th.*

Raise the veil boldly ; face the light ; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears and the light of the body through sack-cloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be " Unto this last as unto thee ; "

and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest.

—*Unto this Last.*

*October 18th.*

In all my past work, my endeavor has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious—the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as

the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything dependent on "religion," they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 19th.*

Never had city a more glorious Bible. Among the nations of the North, a rude and shadowy sculpture filled their temples with confused and hardly legible imagery; but, for her, the skill and the treasures of the East had gilded every letter, and illumined every page, till the Book-

Temple shone from afar off like the star of the Magi. In other cities, the meetings of the people were often in places withdrawn from religious association, subject to violence and to change ; and on the grass of the dangerous rampart, and in the dust of the troubled street, there were deeds done and counsels taken, which, if we cannot justify, we may sometimes forgive. But the sins of Venice, whether in her palace or in her piazza, were done with the Bible at her right hand. The walls on which its testimony was written were separated but by a few inches of marble from those which guarded the secrets of her councils, or confined the victims of her policy.

—*Stones of Venice.*

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*October 20th.*

Exactly in proportion to the degree in which we become narrow in the cause and conception of our passions, incontinent in the utterance of them, feeble of perseverance in them, sullied or shameful in the indulgence of them, their expression by musical sound becomes broken, mean, fatuitous, and at last impossible; the measured waves of the air of heaven will not lend themselves to expression of ultimate vice, it must be forever sunk into discordance or silence.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*October 21st.*

The book I called "The Seven Lamps" was to show that certain



right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. "The Stones of Venice" had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 22d.*

Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of moun-

tains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

—*The King of the Golden River.*

*October 23d.*

Music is thus, in her health, the teacher of perfect order, and is the voice of the obedience of angels, and the companion of the course of the spheres of heaven ; and in her depravity she is also the teacher of perfect disorder and disobedience, and the Gloria in Excelsis becomes the Mar-seillaise.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*October 24th.*

There is no law, no principle, based on past practice, which may not be overthrown in a moment, by the arising of a new condition, or the invention of a new material ; and the most rational, if not the only, mode of averting the danger of an utter disso-

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lution of all that is systematic and consistent in our practice, or of ancient authority in our judgment, is to cease, for a little while, our endeavors to deal with the multiplying host of particular abuses, restraints, or requirements ; and endeavor to determine, as the guides of every effort, some constant, general, and irrefragable laws of right—laws which, based upon man's nature, not upon his knowledge, may possess so far the unchangeableness of the one, as that neither the increase nor imperfection of the other may be able to assault or invalidate them.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*October 25th.*

The first lecture says or tries to say, that, life being very short, and the

quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books ; and that valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price ; but not in any vile, vulgar or by reason of smallness of type physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*October 26th.*

The wonder has always been great to me that heroism has never been supposed to be in any wise consistent with the practice of supplying people

with food, or clothes ; but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is an heroic deed in all ages ; but the selling of clothes, old or new, has never taken any color of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base business, even when engaged in on a large scale.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 27th.*

The impotent feeling of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing

flowers; and they must be torn away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects of which they ought to have been attached. The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*October 28th.*

All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song. With deliberate didactic purpose the tragedians—

with pure and native passion the  
lyrists—fitted their perfect words to  
their dearest faiths.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*October 29th.*

If there is any one point which, in  
six thousand years of thinking about  
right and wrong, wise and good men  
have agreed upon, or successively by  
experience discovered, it is that God  
dislikes idle and cruel people more  
than any others ;—that His first order  
is, “Work while you have light ;”  
and His second, “Be merciful while  
you have mercy.”

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*October 30th.*

Getting on—but where to? Gath-  
ering together—but how much? Do



you mean to gather always—never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshipping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will—somebody else must.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*October 31st.*

Never teach a child anything of which you are not yourself sure; and, above all, if you feel anxious to force anything into its mind in tender years, that the virtue of youth and early association may fasten it there, be sure it is no lie which you thus sanctify.

—*Time and Tide.*

NOVEMBER



*November 1st.*

The purest forms of our own religion have always consisted in sacrificing less things to win greater, time to win eternity, the world to win the skies. The order, "sell that thou hast," is not given without the promise, "thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" and well for the modern Christian if he accepts the alternative as his Master left it, and does not practically read the command and promise thus: "Sell that thou hast in the best market, and thou shalt have treasure in eternity also."

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*November 2d.*

However mean or inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well doing of it, which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue; and the truth, decision, and temperance, which we reverently regard as honorable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative or derivative influence over the works of the hand, the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect.

—*The Seven Lamp of Architecture.*

*November 3d.*

“Work while you have light,” especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more

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wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days; sometimes prudently forget them; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain, but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned *you*, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*November 4th.*

I never can make out how it is that a *knight*-errant does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *pedler*-errant always does ;—that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap ;—that they are ready to go on fervent crusades to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one ;—that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*November 5th.*

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face

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of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them ; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance, as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line ; and though many of her palaces are forever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins, there is still so much of magic in her aspect, that the hurried traveller, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation.

—*Stones of Venice.*



*November 6th.*

By care and tenderness, we can extend the range of lovely life in plants and animals ; by our neglect and cruelty, we can arrest it, and bring pestilence in its stead. Again, by right discipline we can increase our strength of noble will and passion or destroy both.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*November 7th.*

I have given a considerable part of my life to the investigation of Venetian painting, and the result of that inquiry was my fixing upon one man as the greatest of all Venetians, and, therefore, as I believed, of all painters whatsoever. I formed this faith (whether right or wrong matters at present nothing), in the supremacy of

the painter Tintoret, under a roof covered with his pictures ; and of those pictures, three of the noblest were then in the form of shreds of ragged canvas, mixed up with the laths of the roof, rent through by three Austrian shells. Now it is not every lecturer who *could* tell you that he had seen three of his favorite pictures torn to rags by bomb shells. And after such a sight, it is not every lecturer who *would* tell you that, nevertheless, war was the foundation of all great art.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*November 8th.*

There is always more to be taught of absolute, uncontrovertible knowledge, open to its capacity, than any child can learn ; there is no need to

teach it anything doubtful. Better that it should be ignorant of a thousand truths, than have consecrated in its heart a single lie.

—*Time and Tide.*

*November 9th.*

The flower is the end or proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. The reason for seeds is that flowers may be ; not the reason of flowers that seeds may be. The flower itself is the creature which the spirit makes ; only, in connection with its perfectness is placed the giving birth to its successor.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*November 10th.*

And as thus every action, down even to the drawing of a line or utter-

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ance of a syllable, is capable of a peculiar dignity in the manner of it, which we sometimes express by saying it is truly done (as a line or tone is true), so also it is capable of dignity still higher in the motive of it. For there is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*November 11th.*

Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make

yourself a somewhat better creature : and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it ; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at ; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

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*November 12th.*

You may imagine that your work is wholly foreign to, and separate from mine. So far from that, all the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people, if it remains at peace. There is no art among an agricultural people, if it remains at peace. Commerce is barely consistent with fine art; but cannot produce it. Manufacture not only is unable to produce it, but invariably destroys whatever seeds of it exist. There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*November 13th.*

Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter, than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless,—Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests,—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*November 14th.*

We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air

brought into form by plumes ; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame ; its rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it,—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*November 15th.*

It is very strange to me to discover this ; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty,



and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace;—in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*November 16th.*

All false thoughts and seeings come mainly of our thinking of what we

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have no business with, and looking for things we want to see, instead of things that ought to be seen.

—*Time and Tide.*

*November 17th.*

Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art, that of the want of mind of a weak man. A foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one, sensibly; a virtuous one, beautifully; and a vicious one, basely. If stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure; if too little, that he was rude, or insensitive, or stupid,

and the like. So that when once you have learned how to spell these most precious of all legends,—pictures and buildings,—you may read the characters of men, and of nations, in their art, as in a mirror; nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundredfold; for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights.

—*Queen of the Air.*

*November 18th.*

We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but what we may

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honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it in our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His Revelation.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*November 19th.*

Write down then, frankly, what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into. You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help

other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*November 20th.*

And from the earliest incipient civilization until now, the population of the earth divides itself, when you look at it widely, into two races; one of workers, and the other of players—one tilling the ground, manufacturing, building, and otherwise providing for the necessities of life;—the other part proudly idle, and continually therefore needing recreation, in which they use the productive and laborious orders partly as their cattle, and partly as their puppets or pieces in the game of death.

—*Crown of Wild Olive.*

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*November 21st.*

In the olden days of travelling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when, from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveller beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream ; or, from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw, for the first time, the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset—hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of

the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent,—in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place, than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveller than that which, as I endeavored to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*November 22d.*

Of all facts concerning art, this is the one most necessary to be known,

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that, while manufacture is the work of hands only, art is the work of the whole spirit of man; and as that spirit is, so is the deed of it; and by whatever power of vice or virtue any art is produced, the same vice or virtue it reproduces and teaches. That which is born of evil begets evil; and that which is born of valor and honor, teaches valor and honor. All art is either infection or education. It *must* be one or other of these.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*November 23d.*

For it is an asserted truth that, whenever the faculties of men are at their fulness, they *must* express themselves by art; and to say that a state is without such expression, is to say



that it is sunk from its proper level of manly nature.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*November 24th.*

“Time is money”—so say your practised merchants and economists. None of them, however, I fancy, as they draw towards death, find that the reverse is true, and that “money is time.”

—*Time and Tide.*

*November 25th.*

As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly of my life—and both have been many and great—that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession of sight, of understanding.

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And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art, and its vision. So far as I can rejoice in, or interpret either, my power is owing to what of right there is in me. I dare to say it, that, because through all my life I have desired good, and not evil; because I have been kind to many; have wished to be kind to all; have wilfully injured none; and because I have loved much, and not selfishly; therefore, the morning light is yet visible to me on those hills, and you, who read, may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you; and you will be glad afterwards that you have trusted them.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*November 26th.*

Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power, and pleasure.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*November 27th.*

Of course we are ignorant and blind creatures, and we cannot know what seeds of good may be in present suffering, or present crime; but with what we cannot know, we are not concerned. It is conceivable that murderers and liars may in some distant world be exalted into a higher humanity than they could have reached without homicide or false-

hood ; but the contingency is not one by which our actions should be guided. There is, indeed, a better hope that the beggar, who lies at our gates in misery, may, within gates of pearl, be comforted, but the Master, whose words are our only authority for thinking so, never Himself inflicted disease as a blessing, nor sent away the hungry unfed, or the wounded unhealed.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*November 28th.*

The broad fact is, that a human creature of the highest race, and most perfect as a human thing, is invariably both kind and true ; and that as you lower the race, you get cruelty and falseness as you get deformity :

and this so steadily and assuredly, that the two great words which, in their first use, meant only perfection of race, have come, by consequence of the invariable connection of virtue with the fine human nature, both to signify benevolence of disposition. The word generous, and the word gentle, both, in their origin, meant only "of pure race," but because charity and tenderness are inseparable from this purity of blood, the words which once stood only for pride, now stand as synonyms for virtue.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*November 29th.*

Now Venice, as she was once the most religious, was in her fall the

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most corrupt, of European states ; and as she was in her strength the centre of the pure currents of Christian architecture, so she is in her decline the source of the Renaissance. It was the originality and splendor of the palaces of Vicenza and Venice which gave this school its eminence in the eyes of Europe ; and the dying city, magnificent in her dissipation, and graceful in her follies, obtained wider worship in her decrepitude than in her youth, and sank from the midst of her admirers into the grave.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*November 30th.*

Of Turner's life, and of its good and evil, both great, but the good

immeasurably the greater, his work is in all things a perfect and transparent evidence. His biography is simply, "He did this, nor will ever another do its like again."

—*The Queen of the Air.*

DECEMBER





*December 1st.*

All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low, find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it: the fact being, that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall; but the nature of it—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me—the *nature*

of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*December 2d.*

The spirit of God is around you, in the air that you breathe,—His glory in the light that you see; and in the fruitfulness of the earth, and the joy of its creatures. He has written for you, day by day, His revelation, as He has granted you, day by day, your daily bread.

—*Deucalion.*

*December 3d.*

All measures of reformation are effective in exact proportion to their timeliness: partial decay may be cut away and cleansed; incipient error

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corrected: but there is a point at which corruption can no more be stayed, nor wandering recalled. It has been the manner of modern philanthropy to remain passive until that precise period, and to leave the sick to perish, and the foolish to stray, while it spent itself in frantic exertions to raise the dead, and reform the dust.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*December 4th.*

But God had no more pleasure in such sacrifice in the time of Moses than He has now; He never accepted, as a propitiation for sin, any sacrifice but the single one in perspective: and that we may not entertain any shadow of doubt on this subject, the worthlessness of all other sacrifice than this

is proclaimed at the very time when typical sacrifice was most imperatively demanded. God was a spirit, and could be worshipped only in spirit and in truth, as singly and exclusively when every day brought its claim of typical and material service or offering, as now when He asks for none but that of the heart.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

*December 5th.*

Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones. If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither if, through years of folly, you

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misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted: the consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of the feast of a day.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*December 6th.*

You have had false prophets among you—for centuries you have had them—solemnly warned against them though you were; false prophets, who have told you that all men are nothing

but fiends or wolves, half beast, half devil. Believe that, and indeed you may sink to that. But refuse that, and have faith that God "made you upright," though *you* have sought out many inventions; so, you will strive daily to become more what your Maker meant and means you to be, and daily gives you also the power to be—and you will cling more and more to the nobleness and virtue that is in you, saying, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go."

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*December 7th.*

It does not much matter that an individual loses two or three hundred pounds in buying a bad picture, but it is to be regretted that a nation

should lose two or three hundred thousand in raising a ridiculous building.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*December 8th.*

Since for every idle person some one else must be working somewhere to provide him with clothes and food, and doing, therefore, double the quantity of work that would be enough for his own needs, it is only a matter of pure justice to compel the idle person to work for his maintenance himself.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

*December 9th.*

We are continually assuming that nations become strong according to



their numbers. They indeed become so, if those numbers can be made of one mind ; but how are you sure you can stay them in one mind, and keep them from having north and south minds? Grant them unanimous, how know you they will be unanimous in right? If they are unanimous in wrong, the more they are, essentially the weaker they are. Or, suppose that they can neither be of one mind, nor of two minds, but can only be of *no* mind? Suppose they are a mere helpless mob ; tottering into precipitant catastrophe, like a wagon-load of stones when the wheel comes off. Dangerous enough for their neighbors, certainly, but not “ powerful.”

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

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*December 10th.*

“Very probably,” replied the dwarf; “but,” and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, “the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.”

—*The King of the Golden River.*

*December 11th.*

All true science begins in the love, not the dissection, of your fellow-creatures; and it ends in the love, not the analysis, of God.

—*Deucalion.*

*December 12th.*

Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection ; but why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*December 13th.*

Yet, if any one, skilled in reading the torn manuscripts of the human soul, cares for more intimate knowledge of me, he may have it by knowing with what persons in past history I have most sympathy.

I will name three.

In all that is strongest and deepest in me,—that fits me for my work, and gives light or shadow to my being, I have sympathy with Guido Guinicelli.

In my constant natural temper, and thoughts of things and of people, with Marmontel.

In my enforced and accidental temper, and thoughts of things and of people, with Dean Swift.

Any one who can understand the natures of those three men, can understand mine: and having said so much; I am content to leave both life and work to be remembered or forgotten, as their uses may deserve.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*December 14th.*

There are different kinds of slaves and different masters. Some slaves are scourged to their work by whips, others are scourged to it by restlessness or ambition. It does not matter what the whip is ; it is none the less a whip, because you have cut thongs for it out of your own souls : the fact, so far, of slavery, is in being driven to your work without thought, at another's bidding. Again, some slaves are bought with money, and others with praise. It matters not what the purchase-money is. The distinguishing sign of slavery is to have a price, and be bought for it.

*—The Crown of Wild Olive.*

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*December 15th.*

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the riversides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

—*The King of the Golden River.*

*December 16th.*

It would be difficult to overrate the value of the lessons which might be derived from a faithful study of

the history of this strange and mighty city : a history which, in spite of the labor of countless chroniclers, remains in vague and disputable outline,—barred with brightness and shade, like the far away edge of her own ocean, where the surf and the sand-bank are mingled with the sky.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*December 17th.*

A great Idealist never can be egotistic. The whole of his power depends upon his losing sight and feeling of his own existence, and becoming a mere witness and mirror of truth, and a scribe of visions,—always passive in sight, passive in utterance, lamenting continually that he cannot completely reflect nor

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clearly utter all he has seen,—not by any means a proud state for a man to be in.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

*December 18th.*

The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know ; they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husband and the nobleness of their children ; they are only to be divined, not discerned, by the stranger ; and, sometimes, seem almost helpless except in their homes ; yet without the help of one of them, to whom this book is dedicated, the day would probably have come before now, when I should have written and thought no more.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*



*December 19th.*

When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will ; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions ? A youth thoughtless ! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour ! A youth thoughtless ! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment ! A youth thoughtless ! when his every act is as a torch to the laid train of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death ! Be thoughtless in *any* after

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years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done *there*.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*December 20th.*

So far as education does indeed tend to make the senses delicate, and the perceptions accurate, and thus enables people to be pleased with quiet instead of gaudy color, and with graceful instead of coarse form ; and by long acquaintance with the best things, to discern quickly what is fine form from what is common—so far acquired taste is an honorable faculty, and it is true praise of anything to say it is “in good taste.”

—*Fronde Agrestes.*

*December 21st.*

In these, then (and of course in all minor ways besides, that you can discover in your own household), you must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness.

—*Sesame and Lilies.*

*December 22d.*

Exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself, to look up to, in that degree, you are ennobled yourself, and, in that degree, happy. If you could live always in the presence of archangels, you would be happier than in that of

men ; but even if only in the company of admirable knights and beautiful ladies, the more noble and bright they were, and the more you could reverence their virtue, the happier you would be. On the contrary, if you were condemned to live among a multitude of idiots, dumb, distorted, and malicious, you would not be happy in the constant sense of your own superiority. Thus all real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*December 23d.*

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven

from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley.

—*The King of the Golden River.*

### *December 24th.*

If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the

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gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters enclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was

to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea-surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth, in world-wide pulsation, the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.

—*Stones of Venice.*

*December 25th.*

The temper by which right taste is formed is characteristically patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it. It does not trample upon it,—lest it should be pearls, even though it look like husks.

—*Frondes Agrestes.*

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*December 26th.*

The strength is in the men, and in their unity and virtue, not in their standing room : a little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools ; and only that nation gains true territory, which gains itself.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*December 27th.*

Do not talk but of what you know ; do not think but of what you have materials to think justly upon ; and do not look for things only that you like, when there are others to be seen.

—*Time and Tide.*

*December 28th.*

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts.

—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*



*December 29th.*

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again ; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him ; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be

dead before I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

—*King of the Golden River.*

*December 30th.*

I hear strange talk continually, "how difficult it is to make people pay for being educated!" Why, I should think so! Do you make your children pay for their education, or do you give it them compulsorily, and gratis? You do not expect *them* to pay you for their teaching, except by becoming good children. Why should

you expect a peasant to pay for his, except by becoming a good man?—payment enough, I think, if we knew it. Payment enough to himself, as to us. For that is another of our grand popular mistakes—people are always thinking of education as a means of livelihood. Education is not a profitable business, but a costly one; nay, even the best attainments of it are always unprofitable, in any terms of coin. No nation ever made its bread either by its great arts, or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts or manufactures, by its practical knowledges, yes: but its noble scholarship, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold for a livelihood.

—*The Crown of Wild Olive.*

*December 31st.*

And so I wish you all good speed, and the favor of Hercules and of the Muses ; and to those who shall best deserve them, the crown of Parsley first and then of the Laurel.

—*The Queen of the Air.*

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