

world of industry. True, there are exceptions, because there are labours expended and objects produced which have an end and purpose differing altogether from the purposes of commerce. The end of commerce is gain,—profit to those who are engaged in it. But gain, though absolutely necessary where men live in a world of exchange and competition, may have a higher counterpart,—the gain, not of ourselves, but of others. Hence, all works of charity, benevolence, and moral instruction, originate in a higher principle than that of commercial gain. So also in the region of literature, which abounds with what the mercantile world would term unprofitable speculations. Books are produced from many various motives, entirely separated from the commercial principle. Some authors produce books from a desire to enlighten their fellow-men; some from the spontaneous desire to give utterance to the native voice of genius,—the “Paradise Lost,” for instance; some from a love of fame; some from a miscalculated estimate of their powers. In almost every department of art there are artists who regard excellence as higher than profit, and who pursue it sometimes to their own loss; just as there are philosophers who pursue their inquiries after truth without regard to the accident of remuneration; and just as there are inventors who perfect machines and processes with minds so ardently bent on the realization of their special idea, that they sacrifice fame and fortune to an achievement that may have great results, or no results, as the chance may be, yet which bring to themselves no element of worldly prosperity. Thomas Waghorn’s overland route to India, and Morgan’s paddle-wheel, are notable instances of skill and perseverance which brought no commercial reward; the first saving hundreds of thousands of pounds annually to this country, and leaving Mr Waghorn’s widow on a pension of fifty pounds a-year; the other being a most beautiful piece of mechanism, which cost the fortune of the inventor,