

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE

G. W. Doane*

The men who make a state must be intelligent men.

I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or that six percent a year is half percent a month. I take a wider and higher range. I limit myself to no mere utilitarian intelligence. This has its place. And this will come almost unsought. The contact of the rough and rugged world will force man to it in self-defense. The lust for worldly gain will drag men to it for self-aggrandizement. But men so made, will never make a state. The intelligence which that demands, will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know itself. What else can govern men?

The right of suffrage (the vote) is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? These are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be honest men.

I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single face. I mean men with a single eye. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right, and do it at whatever cost. I mean men ...no king on earth can buy. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl where they cannot climb; these are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be brave men.

I do not mean the men who pick a quarrel. I do not mean the men that carry daggers. I do not mean the men who call themselves hard names; Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men who

dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are today where they were yesterday, and will be tomorrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds his first — these are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be religious men.

States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. To leave God out of states, is to be Atheists. I do not mean that men must cant (spout pious platitudes). I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. Someone shrewdly called hypocrisy, "the tribute that vice pays to virtue." These masks and visors, in like manner, are the forced concession which a moral nature makes to him, whom, at the same time, it dishonors. I speak of men who feel and own (acknowledge) a God. I speak of men who feel and own their sins. I speak of men who think the Cross no shame. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state are made by faith.

A man that has no faith, is just so much flesh. His heart—a muscle, nothing more. He has no past for reverence; no future for reliance. He lives. So does a clam. Both die. Such men can never make a state. There must be faith, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes could not find, for the long lever that should move the world. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shine as cheerily on high as on creation's morning. There must be faith that can lay hold on heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way men are made, to make a state.

The men, to make a state, are made by self denial.

The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its waves up in continual pulses of

refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shoulders through the blast. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up towards the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell. And then, you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

The men to make a state, are themselves made by obedience.

Obedience is the health of human hearts; obedience to God, obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and masters, who are in place of father and mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and the powers that be, which are ordained by God. Obedience is but self government in action; and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

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