

THE ONLY OBJECT IN LIFE

In all ages people have sought the purpose of life. What does life ask me to do? How can I learn how to live? Here is a commentary by Margaret Fuller, as she discusses her youth.

“I was now in the hands of teachers, who had not since they came on the earth, put to themselves one intelligent question as to their business here. Good dispositions and employment for the heart gave a tone to all they said, which was pleasing, and not perverting. They, no doubt, injured those who accepted the husks they proffered for bread, and believed that exercise of memory was study, and to know what others knew, was the object of study.

“But to me this was all penetrable. I had known great living minds, — I had seen how they took their food and did their exercise, and what their objects were. *Very early I knew that the only object in life was to grow.* I was often false to this knowledge, in idolatries of particular objects or impatient longings for happiness, but I have never lost sight of it, have always been controlled by it, and this first gift of thought has never been superseded by a later love.”

Ref: *The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, vol. 1 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, 1852), pp. 132-133.

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