

for the solid? The beautiful outside for the well-made interior?

This unreality, this deception, this oft-repeated lie, built into our masonry, woven with our garments, carved in our furniture, wrought on our ornaments, cannot fail to tell on our own character, and on the characters of our children.

Will those young minds

"Wax to receive but marble to retain," grow up unsullied by constant contact with what is false? By seeing every hour and all about them the deformed, the unfinished, the ugly, the unreal, covered up, hidden away, and made, by a flimsy curtain, a thin veneer, a little gilding to pass for the perfect, the finished, the beautiful, the real? As well expect a child to grow up strong and healthy in an atmosphere heavy with miasma, as for a soul to grow true and noble and pure with a nice sense of honor and integrity in a society weighed down with sham.

Is not the origin of much of the moral rottenness in both the commercial and social worlds at the present day, to be found here?

A thin coating of the real, or oftener still an imitation of it, is enough to secure a place for almost anything. "It looks just as good as the genuine, and costs but one-third or one-twentieth as much," is a recommendation which cannot be gainsaid in these days of Mammon worship. And if this is so in regard to more than half of the objects by which a man is surrounded, how easy is it to transfer the reasoning to the sphere of morals or religion, and to act accordingly.

The pyramids and temples of Egypt and Greece, the roads and aqueduct arches of Rome, the cathedrals and castles of Germany,

France and England would not now be the wonder, admiration and models of the world; had they been built as our houses, roads and churches are.

When a thousand years have drifted by and rocked our architecture and engineering on its billows, there will be little left to tell the tale.

We build for the present. We want water, transportation, worship room, ease and comfort, and we want them right away. We build for ourselves. Our children, if they want like comforts, must get them for themselves, as we do, but that is their look out, not ours. Posterity must take care of itself.

The sewers of Paris were begun in the tenth century, and were completed only yesterday. Who, to-day, is so mad as to begin a work which will be completed only when his children of the four and twentieth generation are walking over his forgotten grave?

The ancients lived for the future. There was an element of unselfishness in all their work which is painfully lacking in ours. They looked beyond the present, down the long vista of coming years. They looked beyond the earth, to the honor and approbation of God. Our selfishness and unreality, our unbelief and looseness of morals are mutually causes of each other.

The practical unbelief of society is due in a large measure to the cause here spoken of.

Nothing around us is real—or, if it is, we fail to recognize it. A sceptical frame of mind is the unavoidable consequence. If we are wise to be doubtful about everything we see, how can we avoid car-