

tive. The superficial observer looks at Europe and he sees nothing but military camps, with monarchs watching one another and millions of soldiers ready to engage in deadly strife. The more thoughtful and far-seeing is not so much attracted by this spectacle, for he is studying forces that are at work to undermine the thrones of all monarchs. He sees the growth of ideas that will at length prove more powerful than the sword or the sceptre. He sees the daily-increasing number of those who have no regard for the trappings, pomp, and circumstance of war, and who think it of little moment who may govern Europe, provided there be no tyranny or oppression. You may say to me that the nihilist is the worst of characters, and the very thought of his teachings and his horrible deeds makes you shudder. Well, I will admit for the sake of argument that he is a guilty wretch, but I would remind you that the causes which produce such a miscreant are the oppression of the lower orders in Russia and the diffusion of knowledge among the people. Of course, I do not believe that the extreme views of anarchists and socialists will ever be accepted by mankind, for common sense will never allow the adoption of theories the most of which are impracticable; but the teachings of these men will stimulate others to think of social problems. Indeed, to such an extent have they done so already, that Europe and America are now in a state of agitation, and there is a growing sentiment, with the growth and diffusion of knowledge, that there must be a radical change in the whole organization of society, no matter how it is to be brought about. The world must advance and no mortal can stay its progress. A mad Czar may play the role of Canute and command the rising tide of knowledge to recede, but he shall speak with no prevailing force. The earth moves and we move with it. We shall never be able to go back where our fathers were. "The old order changeth, yielding to the new." Never again shall we behold the olden time, with its feudal knights, powerful barons and absolute monarchs. The day is coming when we shall no longer stand in awe in the presence of a lord or bow with abject servility before a

king. Virtue and wisdom alone will command our reverence. Blood must give place to brain, fiction to reality, brute force to intellectualism; yea, everything shall change under the resistless force of education. Many will lament the days of the past, and say that honor, reverence and true nobility have departed from the earth. Poets will sing of kings that were and are no more, of haughty dames and aristocratic ladies, of the courtesy and magnanimity of princes, and bright eyes will sparkle and fair cheeks glow; the beautiful and good will listen—not unmoved—but in their heart of hearts they will believe they live in a better time, in a more advanced civilization.

The study of social conditions does not, however, fully enable us to meet the charge that education fosters discontent. The question may still be asked: Does it increase the sum total of happiness, either in the individual or the nation? Sir William Hamilton says that perfection, or the full and harmonious development of all our faculties, comprises happiness, but we know the road to perfection is beset with difficulties at every step. The word "suffering" is deeply engraven on every milestone. I am not inclined to admit that immediate happiness is the chief end in life. Indeed, we instinctively do not believe it is and do not act as if it were. We somehow think the folly of being wise is better than the bliss of ignorance, and that a discontented Socrates is better than a contented Zulu. Like one of old we believe in the excellence of knowledge, even when experience teaches us that "much study is a weariness of the flesh, and he that increaseth in knowledge increaseth sorrow." Education does not strew life's path with flowers. There may be beds of roses to charm with their exquisite beauty, but not to lie on, for they are all thickly set with thorns, and only perchance with bleeding hands and lacerated feet can you come near enough to pluck them. The amaranth that lures you on far beyond your reach, it is more difficult to obtain than the edelweiss on the white, cold Alpine heights. In vain you will seek it here; it has never been transplanted in this ungenial soil. It still blooms only—fadeless and in immortal